ALFRED ROSENBERG

DER SUMPF

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The Swamp

Cross-Sections of the "Spirit"--Living

November Democracy

From

Alfred Rofenberg

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Foreword

The picture of a time is drawn not only in philosophical books, but also, and here particularly characteristically, in the statements of the day on the events

that are passing by. And therefore, in order to know the state of mind of an epoch, it seems necessary to aggregate these thousand details, in order to see whether a general line can be drawn through the above. public opinion. That has been done here. Glosses and observations of the last four years (mostly published in the "Weltkampf") have been collected and arranged in terms of content, but what is revealed to us is a single terrible deterioration of character, which is shown by the fact that all insults to the German character have been accepted without contradiction by today's society.

So the swamp is a moral one. But it is also spiritual, inasmuch as the thought processes of today's leading personalities reveal a chaos that is also incapable of giving birth to an organic world-view of its own.

The present cross-sections are evidence of unculture, of cowardice, but also of the wildest arrogance of all internal and external enemies who triumph over today's weak hour of the German. We National Socialists will save these documents for the future, we do not recognize any statute of limitations in the matter of insulting and slandering the German character. The imprudent self-confessions will therefore one day be submitted to a German state court.

For the rest, this collection speaks for itself.

In April, <>zo.

The Author

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Racial Question and Racial Fragmentation

Progression of the idea of race

America, the democratic land of "freedom," was regarded by Jews all over the world as an untouchable Rleinod. Now the Japanese and Negroes have seen to it that the idea of raffle protection has been forced upon the Americans, as it were. One step further, and it will be necessary to recognize that the Jews are as great a danger as the blacks. The beginnings of such results had infuriated the Zionist "Wiener Morgenzeitung". She wrote on December 1, 1925:

"In his recently completed annual report, the head of the U.S. Department of Labor recommends the expansion of immigration legislation. On the radical side, of course, in the sense of the direction that wants to surround America with walls in order to keep out any influx. In a country where every second person talks about democracy and freedom from morning till night, chauvinism reigns almost completely. Here, in fact, the theory of races has penetrated into legislation to a degree that is not dreamed of in the darkest corner of Europe, behind H 0 rthy. The doctrines devised by German scribes about the superiority of the Germanic race, invented a d hoc (!!) have found the strongest spread in America, and all political and social intelligentsia moves along this line. It goes without saying that Rraftmeierism must be present in the economically flourishing country with

its gigantic dimensions and its traffic, which is not restricted by any customs lines, all the more luxuriantly because it has the contrast of Europe suffocating between national borders as a warning example daily before its eyes."

These are very gratifying confessions. Germany, in particular, has every reason to open its territory only to Germanic immigrants. The idea of rapaction must one day become part of the legislation of all states. In the past, recovery is out of the question.

The world of Rocoschka

We know Gskar Kokoschka, everywhere his "work" is printed on magnificent handmade paper: the beauty hero who gave "our time" its ideal. Giant heads, dented and crooked; deep black, round eye sockets, from which the eyes squint to the right and left at the same time; crooked legs, gouty knotted fingers, hollow cheeks and crooked shoulders, like old embryos, these figures of Kokoschka haunt our art salons and are praised by all those whose spiritual prostination they represent.

Hanns Heinz Ewers once told of an abnormal child who caressed the sick afflicted with elephantiasis and admired the bloated limbs as the most beautiful of all. Those who are enthusiastic about elephantiasis in art naturally see their ideal in the "Austrian" Kokoschka and are happy when the colors of his "works of art" fluctuate between dirty yellow and black, green with a few red and blue blobs in it. Since Mr. Kokoschka had a new big exhibition organizer. In Frankfurt, of course. And, of course, in the Salon Goldschmidt. And, of course, he was praised by Meier-Graefe and von Westheim. The "whole body" is well connected. And the equally German- pure "Franks. Zeitung" wrote about the great Kokoschka and his landscapes December 02, 1025):

"How it breathes, how it is incarnate. really, that's what a European painter did, not because he painted the Tuileries and Tower Bridge in one year, a sunburnt roof at Aigucs Mortes and a canal in Amsterdam, but because the

S

The intellectual horizon corresponds to that vision which is probably only granted to the European eye today. It is purely a coincidence that it is not a piece of the Louvre faffade that is painted, but the vast green area between its wings, "when it is not the vibrant life of the boulevards that is captured from the perspective of a coffee house, but the entire landscape of Paris. On a large arc, it boldly cuts through the sky as an eternally moving earth. In Kokoschka's landscapes, the section of nature that Realism created with a "motif viewfinder" has taken on a completely new meaning. The Thames picture (one of the most beautiful) goes in the foreground over the poles of the masts to the roofs of the chalky and red masonry. Are we to speak of an air-plane show, of that way of seeing under which the world is disillusioned, becoming objective like a geographical rarte, a seeing which, however, contains in the interlocking of the disparate a wonderful, never before suspected audacity of tempo – much may be lost in the process: the ink-coloured shadows make the Louvre plastic, aggressive, and the delicate tint of Parisian air is blown away. The heavy surge of color matter (this is Jewish expression for hewn dirt. A. R.) Kokoschkas (a picture from 1913 still gives an idea of this), nervously driven into each other, perhaps even overexerted, as if painting with gasping breath, has vanished. The blank canvas pops out, and what used to twitch from our nerves, seemed to change before our eyes, now becomes, for a more mechanical reason, one might say, a hurried rhythm. One has the feeling that someone has drawn a line under the past, has traveled away, has entrusted himself to the world. Completely without sadness and resignation, completely without sentimentality, even if he once has the figures of the Grand Gpora dance in Paris in front of longing sunsets."

Schmock, as Example shows, did not go to great lengths to persuade us of the Elephantiasis as realism and a new "European way of seeing". So: broaden your horizons, Europeans, the Moses of today has come. The "Franks. Ztg." it says. So it must be true.

The Pious Hanna

For the goyim, the "progressive" press teaches that the chocolate riddies are just as good decent ladies as the Nordic blond women. Among themselves, however, they speak of "royal blood" (the Zionist chief Weltsch in "The Jew" 19)6/17, p. yzo) and do not set the table with poisoned spiritual goods. For example, a Mr. Bin Gorion has just written a new book and called it "The Born of Judas." This "Born" is the preservation of the "royal blood". A high Greek governor, the Hasmonean son Eleazer, is to marry the daughter of the high priest Mathathia. But lo and behold, at the feast this daughter, named Hannah,

stands up and tears off her purple robe. When the brethren wanted to rise up against their sister, the "Virgin" said: "Listen, my brothers, and you, my friends; At the fact that I, though otherwise without sin, have placed myself naked before these righteous ones, you are so exasperated; but that I should be brought to an uncircumcised man, who satisfies his lust for me, you do not get jealous about it. You are your five brothers, of the younger priests you can count two hundred; put your trust in God, and He will help you." And the pious brethren said, "Our sister is the daughter of the high priest, and so it is not fitting for his daughter that a governor should be present with her, but it must be the king himself. Then we will attack him and kill him; after him his servants and princes shall take their turn; the Lord will be with us and will make us conquer."

And so it happened according to pious, Old Testament custom. The "Lord was with them," we have no doubt that Mr. Bin Gorion, much praised in the Jewish press without batting an eyelid, is a mortal enemy of the "retrograde" Nordic idea of rapture. The blood myth is preached only in relation to the holy people. But the most amusing thing is that Bin Gorion has set up his table at the Island publishing house. There must be a friendly Goi in a leading position who supports Jewish raffle policy, hopefully he will not marry another high priest's daughter like the pious Hannah. . . .

Heinrich is bored

Nationalism bores the great Heinrich Mann. Or to put it more correctly: German nationalism. Of course, he made no objection to another. Namely, nothing against the Jewish. He is even very interested in this, which is of course known and used in the Hebrew camp. So the Zionist-minded "Truth" in Prague (No. 24, 1925), concerned about the growing knowledge of the nature of the administered democratic euthanasia pills, asked a great circular question to the famous spirituals. "What do you think of racial anti-extremism?" she asked poor Henry. And he wrote:

"He (racial anti-Semitism) did not understand the origin and mechanism of modern society, will never understand it, and in his distress looks for "culprits" where there are only types of people who adapt more or less, why negotiate with ibm; Nationalism, along with its anti-Semitic complement, has long since been intellectually finished, and it is getting boring to deal with ibm. It is only in the facts that it still has a clumsy physical effect and, thanks to the perseverance that characterizes its followers, it will still haunt even in a future world that has been changed beyond recognition without any connection with it."

Nicely put, Heinrich Mann! The "newer society" is the Saly Fischer, Paul Laffirer, Moste, Ullstcin, Jacobsohn, the big banks and stock exchanges, those

most sacred powers to which types of people like Heinrich Mann "more or less adapt". But, of course, more rather than less. And there are still "mentally exhausted" people who interfere with this "mechanism", and who know how to do it. "adaptation". Appalling! what would become of the Heinrich Manns if there were no Saly Fischers?

The "Truth" has placed his portrait next to his words of propht, evidently in order to honour the genius Henry. She did him a disservice by doing so. For of this poor "type of man" it can be understood that in order to be considered anything at all, he had to "adapt" to the Ullsteins. And they, in turn, must have been glad that the Manns, Unruhs, Deimlings, and Schönaichs came together to recommend the large Alljudaan department store as advertising Christians.

By the way: we got a small foretaste of the "world changed beyond recognition" that Heinrich Mann announces in Moscow. Heinrich Mann was to be recommended as court poet by Zinoviev-Apfelbäuum. Through Fischer, Laffirer or Oscar Lohn. He will then become just as famous as Ernst Toller, who is already allowed to speak in London's Pen-Rlub. And foreign royalties are not to be sneezed at either*).

Genius without character

Paul Laffirer shot himself. Out of grief over his wife Tilla. With him died a "noble Bolshevik", in whose salon the newly introduced Galician youths were endowed with curtailed spirits and learned "European" manners. "Spirituality" was the trump card there, and the slogan was to make the world of Kokoschka and Pechstein appear as similar greats alongside Titian and Dürer. Now he is dead, the great Paul. But he has received beautiful obituaries. This is also the case with Sr. Excellency Max Liebermann. He has not been able to tame his philosophical genius and begins:

"Paul Lassirer was a genius, but he lacked the charisma, that is, the talent to develop his genius. He found no support, neither in the family, nor in religion, nor in business: hence the restlessness. But that didn't prevent him from letting himself be carried away by momentary enthusiasm, by the highest energy and efficiency."

The "B.T." can't do enough to paint the German backwardness of the rapacious idea. And in doing so, he puts down sentences like those of Max Liebermann! really unlucky! For the Nordic Raffe, "genius" without a lharakter, i.e., without a psychic impulse of will, is not a genius. For Iehova's chosen ones, everyone becomes a "genius" with fluttering long maars and confused

*** Heinrich Mann floh 19;; ins Ausland und hetzt gegen das Deutsche Reich.**

speeches (of course, only as soon as he is a Jew or a friend of the Jews). That the "genius" is there. is still closely associated with the business, it should be noted only in passing.

At Christmas 1925, Max Liebermann had a high Bavarian rating. Order of the European Union. So he has his "genius" to unfold

and "found a foothold". For the "genius" of the Bavarian ministry, which, as is well known, controls the "Christian Rurs", Liebermann's award is a good sign of his progress towards true democracy.

The poisoning of Ludwig Lewisohn

Romanticism around -so tried to fall back on the idea of the people. This, of course, is a mortal sin from the point of view of the selection from the Jordan and their table parasites. As early as 1608, the pious Asher spoke out against the "miasma of Germanism". Today, Romanticism in the form of völkisch thought is once again haunting the country, which has caused deep concern among the "European spirituality". Their leaders do as the divine Talmud teaches: they declare recovery to be a state of affairs. And even write entire books about it. For example, the Frankfurt Societäts-Druckerei (publishing house of the "Franks. Ztg.") published a yearbook (1925) "Der Eiserne Steg" (The Iron Bridge), in which a pious man named Ludwig Lewisohn writes about the "poison of Romanticism". Deeply concerned about Europe (what Lewisohn has to do with Europe is quite incomprehensible) the said gentleman complains:

"Europe has been poisoned by its romanticism, has fallen prey to a false and dangerous historicism. Young France dismisses Anatole France and considers Voltaire to be a corrupter of the people. The even younger Germans let the Romantics rise from their graves and babble about the destructive, corrosive, analytical spirit of Judaism. The radical right-wing and left-wing leaders of the youth movement understand each other well. Both believe in discipline, loyal allegiance, and the founding state as if they were panaceas—they become entangled in ideologies as if they were stuck in steel pegs. Almost everyone is strangely religious, often finding belligerent paganism paired with false Christian romanticism. The Central Europeans are flirting with America, they no longer really trust their own intellectual rapt. They suspect that a free, purifying wind will weave from the west."

You, Rabbi Lewisohn, should have been more careful and those of us

locked lines. That's how you notice the intention. And you're not allowed to do

that, are you? The lion's son then continues:

"The germ of Romanticism is spreading, of course, one thinks of Chesterton and Belloc in England, of the series of Americans who adopt the tone of the mystical Northerners and try in all innocence to carry the romance of the Rasten myths of hatred and blood into our midst. But they are relatively harmless. A short stay in Poland, for example, would recommit my friend Mrs. Austin to the genuinely American tradition of liberty and equality of privilege, and would lead her back to Thoreau and Whitman. Our newer young literature is not yet infected by it."

The last sigh of relief is evidently addressed to Georg Kaiser, Thomas Mann and his brother Heinrich, and the other "boys" whose colportage work is certainly the only healthy thing in the eyes of Lewisohn. And that they have all healed themselves by colportage, no one will dare to doubt.

With whips and red-hot wire

In Fürth-Nuremberg it rains highly embarrassing cases. There the believers of the Talmud sit together in larger crowds than elsewhere, and thus the Eastern soul can work more energetically than in the other "diaspora".

Recently, a terrible trial was held in the city of Hans Sachs, which went back to the revelations of the folkish raging paper Der Stürmer. The pious Jew Louis Schloß was accused of eight counts of violent fornication, assault, etc. Schloß had hypnotized young, non-Jewish girls, animated them with wine, raped them, tied them up, beaten them with whips, photographed them with a whip in their mouths, and organized other nice things.

He speaks in court as if the desecration of girls, the flogging and flogging of his victims, and even the branding of them with red-hot wire, were a sport which gave him special pleasure. He is astonished, he says completely

Unprejudiced that one should find it so terrible; until now he had thought that this was the general custom (!i). So he seems to know many co-religionists with similarly pious sporting instincts. He has a sadistic disposition; It was innate in him. Even from his youth, he couldn't have done anything else. Then the judge reproaches him for having had a perfectly normal marriage with a fine woman (a Jewess), from which a son had also emerged. Then the Jew explained that a fine woman had also been initiated, i.e., that she had known about his "sport." (See the Talmud: if the Jewish husband has intercourse with a non-Jew under his own roof, the Jewish wife has no right under Rabin law to deny him so.)

The witnesses describe the hypnotic influence, if that did not help, liqueur

came in as an anesthetic.

The bound and gagged had a cloth tied around their eyes. Then the pious Jew made a wire bent in the shape of L. S. (Louis Schloss) on a spirit flame and presses these first letters of his seed onto the bodies of the defenseless victims. A Rnebcl put in their mouths prevented the poor girls from screaming out their pain. This is a custom practiced by the Argentine farmer when drawing the race of his cattle.

In the confiscated photographs, the prisoners usually had the whip across their mouths. Just as you often see with the finds. Laughing, Castle said that he had always been particularly pleased with these pictures. A man of the soul! Here the Talmudic attitude is fully expressed. The Jew wanted to see his victims as animals, as cattle, as it says in the Talmud: "You Jews are called men, but the non-Jewish peoples are not called men, but cattle." (Tr. Baba mez. 144 b.) ----------

Castle has never touched a Jewess. When a witness complains in tears, a Jewish defender of the castle says: "He has proved to you that he loves you. He burned his name on you, he drew you so that you wouldn't be able to run to anyone else." ----------

He then feels sorry for the sick man: "All the ladies' Rörper taken together are worth far less than the one Rörper of this sick man!" And asks for — acquittal.

The other counsel says: "The defendant is ill, he says, and if he is imprisoned, his illness will not be eliminated, therefore he should be acquitted." — A logic as characteristic as it is Talmudic.

Schloß is then sentenced to a total prison sentence of four years for fornication and grievous bodily harm and deprivation of civil rights for a period of six years.

but what would the poor Jews do if they were only among themselves? They would have to renounce their dearest pleasures! So they prefer to stay with the goyim, whom they love and respect so much, if only the accursed folkish would not disturb the long-standing pleasure with their "agitation". It is high time that the world took a closer look at these common people.

Cultural decay . . .

No. 90, iord, of the "Bühne" in Vienna. A photograph: Two revue Jews, Grünbaum and Farkas, in the midst of a large number of non-Jewish "girls". Blond and dark pretty girls, who are later "tested" by the Hebrews for their

suitability for revues. Both Jews laugh with their mouths twisted and their lips hanging down. They have reason to do so. About the new revue you can read below: "Music by Benatzky, inlaid with Lehär, real original Amerj. and Ludwig Hirschfelds. Garnished with girls who dance, mannequins who will be dressed, and girls who will be undressed. In addition, boys, male girls, dressed according to the latest fashion magazines, i.e. several choirs like in ancient tragedy. But it will be a revue in about forty pictures, not exactly based on nudity, certainly not literary ambitio- niect, but cheerful, uninhibitedly cheerful. And not much, but costly, sheer splendour. For example, a lace picture or the history of Schönbrunn or . . ." Undressing girls and "male" girls, Judaized Vienna under the rule of the Christian Social Party, which has just preserved the memory of its great founder, Karl Luegcr,
Celebrated. Lueger was an anti-Semite, but the prelate Seipel handed Vienna over to the Jewish slaughter hyenas. Is this "Catholic politics"?

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Two pages further on is a portrait of the Negro dancer Jofephine Baker. Almost naked, "dressed" only with ostrich feathers. Underneath it reads: "Jofephine Baker is very much in vogue in Paris at the moment. It is the last sensation in the field of revues, and Parisians and Americans alike are so enraptured by it that they copy it as Sarah Bernhard once did. In Paris, people suddenly wear Negroes, paint themselves brown, and it is the latest fashion to dance like Jofephine Baker."

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A few pages later we read under "Fashion Letter from St. Moritz": "A ruler of fashion has her summer residence in the Rulm Hotel. Madame H. Gruenbaum de Vienne. Perhaps the best-dressed woman in St. Moritz, unfortunately the only Viennese woman I've seen." "De Vienne", i.e. from Vienna. In German, Judeo-French. The real Viennese is robbed, plundered, the Galician Gruenbaum "ruler of fashion" in St. Moritz. The Christian Social Party has done a good job of "building up" . . .

Syrian Hohn

We know from the frank confessions of Rurt Münzer, and also from Paul Meyer's "Wanderlied", in which this Galician rejoiced over the German brides who were driven into his arms, "the sputum of the desert".

Now the "Ulk", the supplement of the "Berl. Tageblatt" (No. 70, 1027), has

also poured out its spar over the German woman. A Jew I. Wiener-Braunsberg publishes the following poem under the title "Fasching":

At the age of eighteen, the Rarte would be brought to her at the Rünstlerball.
Then she rejoiced, inexperienced:
"That's my case! That's my case!" She was a very lovely little mouse with maars, golden blond and frizzy! she was over the moon with joy and looked straight to eat.
He danced with her in the crowd at festively colorful traffic lights. It was sultry in the hall, and he gave her champagne and sweet wine in abundance. . . . Today she cradles a fat boy and sings softly:
"Su, su, su!" ---------- It was your case, you blond angel—you foreboding angel you!

The "B.T." is, as is well known, the leading paper of the November Democracy.

He knew his way around

The Bernhard Rellermann, namely, on the nature of his breed comrades. In his "Tunnel", as is well known, the Jew woolf plays the main role as a money broker. But there's more: Rellermann also knew how the Jew "takes revenge" on the Aryans. Instinctively and consciously. By desecrating their wives. Rellermann writes:

"S. Woolf was the model of a gentleman. He had only one vice, and he carefully hid it from the world. That was his extraordinary sensuality. The blood began to crack in his vhren as soon as he saw a young, pretty girl. He came to Paris and London at least once a year, and he had his girlfriends in both cities, and he often brought back 'nieces' from his travels, whom he also transplanted to New York. (So, Girl Dealer, a nice hero of a novel!) The girls had to be beautiful, young, and blonde. S. Woolf avenged poor Samuel in this way

Wolfsohn (his father!), whom the competition of well-built tennis players and the big turn of the month had beaten out of the field years ago with all beautiful women. He took revenge on the blond race that had once trampled him underfoot. And above all, it compensated itself for a youth full of deprivation."

The idiocy of genius

An American Jew named Jacobsohn goes even further than his comrade Lombroso. we learn the following earth-shattering things of the most modern Syrian philosophy:

"It is an irony of natural events that it is the vagabond, the criminal, the insane, the disinherited and outcast of society, in short, that it is the abnormal elements of humanity that produce genius." This assertion, which only comes as a surprise to those unfamiliar with Jewish methods, culminates in the investigations of the "American" biologist Dr. Arthur C. Jacobsohn, which he wrote down in his work "Genius". The scholar sees the reason for the origin of unusual human beings, for good and bad, in the mixture of different races, by which a contradiction and a revolt of instincts is produced in the individual personalities.

"Genius tends to appear as a product of mixed ethnic elements and widely divergent hereditary predispositions," the Jew boldly declares, thus eliminating from the world all that is genius which consists precisely in the repetition of racial characteristics. "The same processes are decisive for the production of inferior members of society. Humanity has to pay dearly for its geniuses. Just as nature in general is wasteful in the destruction of individuals for the development of a new species, so we find a strong prodigality of men for a similar purpose. One can look at the mentally ill and inferior.

These are the most valuable and unsuccessful attempts to create a few geniuses. It seems that battalions of the mentally ill, inferiors and criminals are necessary for a genius to emerge." Dr. Iacobsohn imagines the breeding of genius from the mixture of different hereditary masses in the light of processes observed in animal breeding, "if one mixes different snatches, whether they are human beings, dogs, or horses," the Hebrew teaches, "one obtains a progeny that will behave differently from their ancestors in certain situations. A certain type of dog reacts to a given situation by biting; another will run away in the same situation, if these two species are crossed, the result is a dog in which the impulses of the parents cross in the situation mentioned. The one inheritance urges him to bite, the other to flee, and out of this discord develops a higher intelligence, since the dog is forced to find a new form of reaction, if something goes wrong with these breeds^, then crime or insanity arises. The criminal cannot fit into the legal order out of such inherited impulses; the insane suffers from the new ideas that arise in him and from which he finds no way out."

Now, of course, every dog breeder knows that mixtures of only very special predisposed breeds, followed by inbreeding, create organic-high-quality types, but that raffle mixtures in general lead to hybridization, never to genius. Through such "science" the Jew wants to elevate his own scoundrels to the role of a model for others.

As you can see, there is no remedy that is not used to undermine Aryanism.

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"Towards hermaphroditism"

Under this "attractive" title, a certain Walter Finkler deals with the hermaphrodite problem in the kosher "Wiener Sonn- und Montags-Zeitung" (No. 15, 1926). First of all, "factual", whereby a statement is made, which the pious "L.-V.-Ztg." will certainly not print:

"Adulteration, intersex, must have a more powerful biological factor as its cause. Now, modern biology knows such a factor. It can, by a certain selection of parents, make the offspring hermaphrodite, intersexious. With experimental certainty. And it does so by rejuvenating different races."

This is a confession that we welcome, although it is self-evident that Mr. Finkler does not demand the conclusion of the expulsion of Jewish Asians from Europe, but continues to talk quite innocently:

"The fact that sexual intermediate stages, interzeffe, arise as a result of racial cross-breeding is certain.

"The human experiment was carried out by the big city.

"The big city shakes up the Raffe, it is in it that most of the Raffenkreuzen take place, and in their wake the Interzeffe. Humanity is becoming more and more alienated from the countryside and turning to the big city. It is approaching hermaphroditism, the blurring of sexual characteristics, the third gender. This may perhaps be interpreted as an evil consequence and as a wind into the mill of chauvinistic racial protection. However, hybridization has its epperimental good sides, such as the lupuration: doubling the size and luxuriance of the features. Just think of all the grafted flowers that have been obtained by the breeding of inconspicuous races. If, therefore, the theory of the Viennese surgeon is justified, according to which the inguinal hernias are a symptom of hermaphroditism, of not fully successful masculinity, the frequency of this hermaphroditism should also be an effect of the racial mixtures in the big city, the advantages of hybridization outweigh this disadvantage, so far as the similarity

of the sexes, the reduction of sexual dimor- phism, is a disadvantage in general.

"Of course, the wearing of hernia ligaments is not a comfort, it is just as much a punishment for man's biological original sin — namely, his upright gait — as flat feet (H A. R.) and corns. In return, the arms and the head were freed. Racial crossbreeding and hermaphroditism also have light and shadow. Or does the extreme breeding of sexual characters, such as steatopygia (please look up what that is in the encyclopedia!), have a biological or moral value; Even if the famous German hygienist rails against women's fashion and the "masculinization" of women, it is all the expression of a biologically deeply

founded transformation of humanity, the turning away from the shining red monkey buttocks, of the fragmentation of man into: here male and there female, the transformation of species unity into a state in which no more treatise on the highly learned subject will appear. "whether the woman is a man," we will become a sexless sex with its own drones and queens after the bee type, or is the assimilation of the sexes merely a temporary reaction to the artificially bred differentiation; No one can know, only one thing is certain: man is only at the beginning of his kind of life as a state-building living being and must still go through many crises and transformations to become a true 'zoon politikon.'"

This is called preaching chaos under the guise of a "scientific view". In the end, the impotent hermaphrodite appears as the flower of a great development to ward off the "chauvinistic snatch fight" of which Finkler and Rohn express a desperate fear. It won't help them . . .

The new Berlin "society"

The fact that since the invasion of Gerson Bleichroeder and the marriage of Prussian Guards officers with obscure

more and more orientalized by the curly-haired daughters of the Rommerzienrat, was noted with some horror even before the Rriege. Since the victory of the glorious revolution, but especially after the inflationary raid, the German element has had to give way almost everywhere when Israel marches in diamonds and pearls. The houses of the German, Mendelsohn became so-called "spiritual centers" and Mrs. Räte Stresemann, née Rleefeld (great-granddaughter of a Jewish butcher from Hofgeismar near Raffel, granddaughter of the moneylender Sußmann Rleefeld), set the right tone that today's Berlin loves so much around the Memorial Church.

Dr. Gustav Stresemann's son, for his part, was active at Jewish charity festivals, and many ladies gave their names to puppet propaganda for the Jewish department store Wertheim.

So everything is in the most beautiful democratic order, as it has been for a long time in Paris, the longing of all the Tucholskys, Bernhards and Lcvis, where the Montmorencys have long and definitively been supplanted by the Rothschilds.

A lovely picture of the parliamentary conditions in Parker Gilbert's residence can be found in the kosher "Rleine Journal" in Berlin (14 December). It starts with the dancing tea in the Secession:

" . . . Fräulein Abramczek creates a mood that does not need to be artificially created here, but this festival is important insofar as it proves once again that Professor Spiro is still the most distinctive, chic and clever lady in social Berlin. And anyone who, like me, was able to observe her at the time of her love affair with Ronrad Veidt in Bristol, must confess that she looks better now than she did then. Although Veidt looks more decorative next to this unusual woman, the magnificent Spiro may be granted the happiness of this rare possession, hallelujah!

"The women's association, Raheb had invited to the yellow marble hall of the zoo ... The most charming dancer of the State Theatres, Eugenie Nicolaeva, is never seen. She's too proud; Is their ruffianism too much emphasized; She lives at her mother's side in seclusion; It is a bad testimony to the gentlemen of Berlin society that this Russian thoroughbred, this unique appearance, is still not regarded as the wife of a great industrialist or a banker. kiers steers their Hispano. This would be an opportunity for the little Tetelmann, who likes to manage so much and so skilfully, to prove his social talent.

"Bai pare with State Secretary Weismann, this most skilful and representative diplomat of the Republic, who as a public prosecutor already played a role in the Berlin gambling clubs — at a time when gambling was vigorously tackled, if I am not mistaken, it was the club in Lennestrasse. A public prosecutor who can do this in the Empire without his position being shaken has proved his unusual ability. I don't mean that ironically, we need

worldly people at the top, not civil servants, weismann is a grand seigneur — and it doesn't matter that he is a model of bureaucratic correctness. His wife was born in Reichenheim, so she came from one of Berlin's best patrician families. Ambassadors and envoys were on his bai pare, and — participants confirmed it to me that same night in the "Queen" — took with them the impression of having been in the best-run house in Berlin (Mrs. von Schwabach and Marion von Goldschmidt-Rothschild must forgive it).

"By the way, Mrs. von Schwabach was also present, as was Herbert Gutmann with his wife, with whom, strangely enough, one always has the feeling of being confronted with nouveau riche. Herbert Gutmann comes from a good stable. His brother married the millionaire Herzfeld, who is now in personal and business relations with Otto Wolff — and Herbert Gutmann himself, as founder and president of the "Land- und Golf-Club wannsee", has a social position that should finally free him from the snobbery that so harms him.

"What are they talking about? From the night performance in the 'Comedy' on 5 December. Everyone who belongs to society must be there. Shaw, the socialist, will have a restless night. Because he will be portrayed by the millionaire ladies of Berlin society. Baroness von Thyna and Baby Friedländer-Fuld, married Goldschmidt-Rothschild, play the leading roles. The film is directed by the amiable actor Stahl-Nachbaur, who, as the son of the late Privy Councillor Guggenheim from Augsburg, belongs to a first family himself."

To be a first family: for that you have to have a lot of money in a democracy; "Good stable" means purely Jewish breeding without the admixture of bad German blood, which does not fit into the women's clubs "Rahel" and among the Friedländers and Schwabachs.

And State Secretary weismann, this "most representative diplomat of the republic", had been publicly accused for years of having moved his money "earned" in a dark way to Switzerland with the help of Radek-Sobelsohn. He did not complain, the Lord. And his position became more and more consolidated. In government and "society". And in the case of the Rirche, for he was made a "Catholic," belongs to the Center, and presided over the new Bishop of Berlin. . . .

really, the achievements are colossal. And racially German workers still elect as their leaders people who have bred up this "society"!

culture

2In of the top of culture

without question marches the orthodox "Berl. Tagebl.". At least that's what the strictly ritualistic editors think, and that's certainly what Mr. L(hesker) Z(wi) Rlötzel, who has matured in South Africa for Moste's money, believes. Even in the distant village of Louren^o- Marques, this man has found the "B. T."! Outrageously grandiose! He writes ("B. T." s.). 26):

"In Louren^o-Marques, the 'Berliner Tageblatt' is constantly hanging in the window of a shop whose owner, despite all warnings, has had the proud courage to open his shop ,Ba; ar Allemao — German Bazar" and in principle to sell only German goods. The daring experiment, begun a year ago, has been surprisingly successful, and the "German Bazaar" counts both Portuguese and English among its rounds. It is perhaps not entirely uninteresting that the merchant who thus restores the reputation of the German name in formerly hostile territory bears his Old Testament family name with equal pride."

The last words reveal the whole magical secret. An Old Testament man who displays the "B.T." is looked upon kindly by the Ententelanders. The services of the "B.T." in the disintegration of Germany and in the preparation of the democratic poison cake have probably not yet been completely forgotten.

But on the other hand, the "B.T." also ensures that African culture is spread in its diaspora (Germany), just as the Bettauers in Vienna portray the chocolate kiddies as the leading fashion leaders.

His "Weltspiegel" (No.), 9rü) announces the "Revue Negre" from Paris with a large picture and the following signature: "After the 'Lhocolate Riddies' comes a new Negro troupe from Paris, which is much more eccentric and grotesque

than its Berlin predecessor. Jofephine Baker and Douglas are the artistic heads of this black ensemble." which is of course tremendously important for the readership of the "B.T." and is a more than clear recommendation. At the same time, however, the other supplement of the racially pure "B. T.", the "Ulk", brings a drawing of German eaters and drunkards under the title "Diner at the new pschorr". Below, however, is the German Christian hymnal, verse: "Oh, that I had a thousand tongues and a thousandfold mouth."

Only a small, modest excerpt from the cultural work of Joseph Wirth's beloved "German" newspaper. But he, too, shows us democratic spirituality in its fullest development: the nigger blood of Jehovah's curly-haired, pious people speaks clearly and audibly.

The rhythm of trudging

Blood wants to go to blood! Now that we are under the sign of the niggers' struggle for freedom and culture, the red juice in the veins of those "German citizens" whose Bei. Once upon a time, the chosen people were given the tufts of curly hair growing in clumps and the drooping lip as racial characteristics. had borrowed. The tones of the Ia; In the subconscious, the band awakens the "music" that a part of the Nubian ancestors once struck on veals and skins on the banks of the Vlil, and the dance of the black bandmasters moves our electoral elite even more than the Ge. sang the Rol Nidre prayer. we therefore understand when "Berl. Tageblatt" and "Frankfurter Ztg." simultaneously outdo each other in delighted essays on the glory of art. The latter paper writes (June 6, 1926, 1st morning paper) on a Sabbath:

"The jazz band is the orgiastic dance orchestra that has never existed in Europe. It is the instrumental and

rhythmic expression for the primitive instinct of movement that reveals the primordial instincts naked. Originally originated by the Negroes of America, adopted by the sailors and by the broad masses of the people, the jazz band, as it presents itself today, has developed within the above-described rlang habit of the Anglo-Saxon peoples into a kind of fixed "Rammer music setting" in which the instruments are brought to bear with a naïve but all the more astonishing characteristic.

"The old rhythm is dead for everyday musical life. A single, simple, familiar rhythm to all human beings, primitive and highly civilized, lives, that of the rapid march. The hymn-like tempo of "Prince Eugene, the Noble Knight" seems legendary, the Andante majestoso of the Frederician marches is legendary. It is not only Allemande, Gavotte, Minuet that are historical; faded away forever (!) are also polka, gallop and waltz. Italian, Spanish, Scottish, Bavarian and Hungarian national dances have disappeared. Subsidized by the tourist associations, they still eke out a short life in the hearts, ears and legs of the older generation. The whole of European youth knows only one rhythm, the two-part rhythm of pushing forward, of stomping, of the step p."

We have had the opportunity to observe the trudging rhythm for years: in the row of deputies who walked to the memorable Weimar National Assembly, on trading days, and more than ever in all the sliding floorboards. The slogan is: Away with all European national rhythms! Bring on the folkish platt! And let's call this "European youth development".

But it seems to us who are left behind that the "non-European" authorities — i.e. the German, Russian, etc. — are already fed up with this fuss of instruments made for drumheads, we believe that the "Europeans" from Africa and Syria with their lobbies and immys will soon trudge rhythmically alone. And hopefully in the not too distant future not in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, but by moonlight somewhere on the Nile or Zambezi.

Case

„Black People"

Berlin is conquered. Not by Jews alone, but by mulattoes and niggers, who are the first artists to be presented to the asphalt mob in tailcoats. Black white women are allowed to be whipped on stage, white and black love scenes are performed, while on the German Rhine mulattization is pursued as a foreign government system. But the Jewish newspaper can't contain its joy now that a Berlin theater has staged a black revue, "Black People." The writer of the "Vossische Ztg." exults (No. 165, 926):

"But that's when the music kicks in; it drives into their narrow songs, and their legs begin to twitch to the sharp foxtrot rhythm that is tried out in the orchestra. The dancer's blood of this "black sex" is awakened. Depending on the mood, one dances more bouncy, the other more bobbing or swinging around; in a third, the hips get into that horizontal swing which our Tharleston dancers so eagerly and so vainly try to imitate. One does somersaults with fabulous elegance, another practices handstands. One of them takes her feet in her hands and rolls around the stage.

"They continue this private acrobatics in the background even after the stage rehearsal has started at the front. Playfully like young animals, they delight in their dancing and acrobatic skills. 2Iber broad and serene, mighty as a mother lion, Maud F 0 rest — we also got to know her juicy art at the Nelson Theater — leans far back in her chair while she is idle, her mighty thighs stretched out, her arms crossed. As soon as her cue is mentioned, she is collected; her limbs tense, and with twinkling eyes she sings her 'yes — sir — that's my baby,' while her hips and knees move inexorably in the cat-soft, gliding rhythms of her gathering."

There is no doubt, therefore, that the "Voff. Ztg." is called upon to fight in the front row for the reconstruction of Germany. Once she praises Stresemann and then the cabaret. In today's Free State, every subject must find out for himself the connections that lead to this, and we are not allowed to do so publicly, because

the republic could once again be terribly endangered. In the meantime, the "mighty thighs" of the black Maud Forest sufficiently distract the intellectuality of Berlin and allow it to create new rrapt in the service of democracy. Germany cannot give in!

Black Prussians and Europeans

Today, a black man from Madagascar only needs to submit an application in Berlin and become a "German" in no time at all, at least that's what our democrats think. But the nigger himself who writes this petition has much more honour in his body than such a Marxist and Democrat soul. And in view of today's "spirituality" also more impudence.

Is there a actor who calls himself John Richards? He graciously granted an audience to a guy who calls himself Doro Hoy and talked about his "career." The nigger concludes with the following words:

"In America, the Negroes are in a bad way. The clerk in the restaurant is not allowed to show us the door, but he is hard of hearing when we order something. In South America, Negroes are not allowed to ride on the streetcar. I can't give to America. I was also isolated in Hamburg. Although I am European, I speak four European languages, I have unfortunately forgotten our Ewe language. For the sake of the world order, I am a Prussian citizen, a German. But I think radically, I'm first and foremost a Negro."

Needless to say, all this is in a Jewish magazine, in the Viennese "Bühne" No. §5, 1926.

Ullftein's love

It goes without saying that Allisrael is anxious to celebrate the niggers: if there are other colored people running around in Germany, the Jew is less conspicuous. This is how the "Berl. III. Ztg." (June 12, 1027) the "inexorable" rise of the nigger in the United States, we are preceded by the "first elected black justice, A. B. George, in Lhikago," Senator A. H. Roberts in

Illinois, Negro tenors, even Jewish-believing blacks. And we hear about $100 million in computing, 100,000 black students, 1; Provincial parliaments, where Negro deputies sit, of 72 Negro banks: "There are black manufacturers, there are black speculators, millionaires and profiteers with . . . white servants! Crucial to her career advancement was the Tuskee Institute in Alabama, an excellent trade school and teacher training school. Through this institute and replica institutions, it has been brought about that there are now 900,000 independent black farmers in the States (over 200,000 landowners, the rest of the tenants). This is how their Rajse consciousness has grown — but it has remained American. The ideal of Africa does not appeal to her. They go to Africa as Christian missionaries (they teach that God and Christ are black, and the devil is white!) or as Christians. Amusement". and hunters..."

"This whole development from slavery has been done in 60 years, it is a much faster development than that of the Russians or the Japanese!"

This is how the black plague is known, but no one is stirring to stop the decline of the whites by fighting on a large scale.

The nigger parasitizes on the powers of the whites like the Jew.

The Confederation is, of course, . . .

Georg Bernhard, however, is editor-in-chief of the Ullstein newspaper "Voffische Zeitung" and chairman of the Reich Association of German Journalists ... Is this not the height of progress?

The Sanctified Jazz

The Niggccoper "Jonny spielt auf" devastated a number of good German Gpern stages for a long time. Even Dresden has degraded itself to bring the art of Rrenek to the stage. It goes without saying that the art-criticizing trolls are trying to dress the new monster in beautiful old garments in order to introduce it into the salons. For example, we read in the "Voss. Ztg." (No. 236, 1927):

"Jazz has illustrious ancestors. He came from a pious family, because his grandparents were religious songs that the Negroes in America, who had been whipped into Christianity, imported from their homeland and after baptism provided them with biblical texts, mostly deeply tragic songs that told of Heinlweh, oppression and a thousand anguish of the heart. "Nobody knows the trouble i've seen, nobody knows but Jesus." But all the U.S. affiliation has not taken anything away from their African originality. Often, rudiments of the original text are carried over into adoption; so when we speak of King Iguba,

who actually once reigned in Africa."

It would be very much to be hoped that the critic would withdraw into African insouciance and originality. Together with his Krenek and the "Ionny". Forever.

Niggering is thriving

There is a so-called "independent weekly magazine for all women" in Vienna, which is called "The Dissatisfied". The magazine in question seems to be particularly angry at the lack of niggers, and at any rate welcomes the appearance of such precious specimens with a great cry of joy. So we learn (5.11.1927):

"The International is growing! — We had this pleasing and beautiful impression a few days ago at a meeting in the Favoritner workers' home. One Negro, Klemens Kadalie, secretary of a large Negro union in Johannesburg, South Africa, gave a lecture."

And this nigger talked about "persecution" on the part of the whites. The audience wept painfully. Listen:

"But the black working class does not only have to fight against the European capitalist. They are rejected and despised even by their white ramerads. Pure Negroes can be accepted into the white union.' Indeed, once when a crowd of natives revolted indignantly against the low wages, white workers shot at them. Capitalism also wants and knows how to arouse discord among the workers. While South Africa's white workers are among the highest paid.

The blacks are terribly exploited: lowest wages and 14 to 5 hours of working time.

"The union is growing rapidly. With one hundred thousand members, it is now the largest in South Africa. It is particularly noteworthy that the black woman also participates in this movement. Five, ten, to twenty thousand of all members are female and six are employed as union secretaries.

"In spite of insufficient educational opportunities, for Negroes there are only missionary schools without compulsory attendance, in spite of political and social enslavement, few Negroes can vote, no one is allowed to be elected, and no one is allowed to hold a public position, in spite of what the Rirche considers the trade union to be very sinful — the Inter. National is growing!"

The white workers in Africa have thus retained a remnant of reason. In Europe, however, international idiocy is growing.

The Divine Josephine

The democracies on the Seine and the Spree have their stand. dardwerk as a gift. From a woman she's been seeing for months. long in their illustrated magazines as one of the most charming of them. testimonies of nature and around which the An. pendants of the idea of "Mosse" were worshipped. It is Josephine Baker, the chocolate child, the mulatto, abdominal dancer, who has just published her "Memoirs".

Josephine, the Great, of course, philosophizes about her existence, purpose: to wiggle her butt. And this for the edification of all the great-mindedness of democracy as follows:

"It's about wiggling your hips, going right, left, from one foot to the other, letting your butt play and waving your hands. For some time now, the butt has been hidden too much. But it's there, the butt. —

"I don't know what to accuse him of! It is true, however, that I know bottoms who are so stupid, so pretentiously. that they would be just good enough to sit on it and even that..."

That will probably suffice.

It goes without saying that those who fight trash and filth do nothing about it.

Fresh Negro Wind

The (Jewish) director of Dr. Hoch's conservatory, B. S e k les, had advocated the introduction of the jazz band at the universities of musical arts. The German-led Munich Tonkünstlerverein (Vors. prof. h. w. von Waltershausen) had unanimously protested against this. In the main paper for new German nigger culture, Mr. Sekles now gives an answer which must be called "Klaffisch" ("Franks. Ztg.",)z. December 1927):

"Regardless of everyone's personal attitude towards jazz, today there is the fact that a high percentage of our musicians are forced to join a jazz ensemble without being stylistically and technically prepared for it. The result is that distorted image of jazz that we all detest, which — if no attention is achieved here — can poison the musical taste of ever wider sections of the population. But also in the development of the musician himself, I consider jazz to be an educational opportunity that should be tried at least once. For the reproducer, it is the most vital of the rhythmic means of education that have become known

to me. In addition, it revives the almost lost important ability of improvisation. For the creator, however, it opens up new possibilities of expression of an instinctive kind under the self-evident precondition that he knows how to implement the suggestions of jazz artistically, but as far as the national moment is concerned, it must be asked whether it has done our great masters from Haydn, Schubert, Brahms and Liszt up to the modern age any detriment to have made use of suggestions from primitive folk music. Finally, emphasizing that, as in all important matters, I have acted in agreement with the Board of Trustees of the institution, I commend our pedagogical attempt to all those who are open to the arguments mentioned. B. Sekles."

In addition, the "Frankf. "At the same time, the Board of Trustees of the Frankfurt Institution, which was strangely dismissed by Waltershausen in

the polemic has been dragged into it, a harshly worded counter-declaration in which it expresses its opinion that the path proposed and taken by Director Sekles is the right one, despite the unsolicited advice of Mr. vonwaltersHausen. Incidentally, the feud that has broken out over the jazz decree is a welcome sign that a fresh wind is now beginning to blow in the care of music, we refuse to publish the statement in its entirety, because a strictly objective discussion of the matter seems to us to be the most productive, but besides, those protests are not in our country. but in VIr. 32s of the 'Münchner Neueste Nachrichten' have appeared, we have spoken our word. It will now be up to the management of Dr. Hoch's Ronservato- rium to prove the justification of the planned measure in practice."

Soon the time will come when, in addition to the Levis, the Jonnys from Timbuktu will also conduct our symphony concerts. And what are German artists doing about it?

Jonny plays up!

This "jazz opera" is still played in Germany. In Vienna, it was even accompanied by thunderous applause from the people of Leopoldstadt. The meritorious "D.-Ö. Like us, the daily newspaper has taken the ramp against Jewish niggerism and writes (10th January) prS):

"As a symbol of the victory of disgusting sharkhumanism over Aryan noble blood, the negro Jonny has been placed on the stage of our State Opera, who in the sixth scene of the second part, after the successful theft of the violin, swings it over the woolly skull with a roll of his eyes and "sings" the words:

"Now the violin is mine, and I will play from it, as Old David once struck the harp (Rvonne, an Aryan maid raped by him, kneels before him in adoration at

these words!), and praise Jehovah, who created men black!"

After this Jewish-Negro praise of the Jewish God

Jehovah "sings" Ionny further: "All that is good in the world belongs to me. The Old World created it, it doesn't know what to do with it anymore. Then comes the New World, sailed across the sea with splendour, and inherits the old Europe!" And then, in the eleventh scene, Ionny, the symbol of the bastarded, Jewish-Negro rulers of the world, plays up, standing on a large globe, and at his feet the white humanity jazzes and bucks in the circle around the Rugel, as the Jews once did around the golden Ralb, and "sings" in chorus: "The crossing begins f This is how Ionny plays us to dance. The New World is coming across the sea with splendour and will inherit the old Europe!"

These words of the white humanity dancing in hideously lustful convulsions around the negro Ionny, thanking him for the unleashing of the lower instincts, rejoice the triumph of the victory of the Negro Jewish blood over the old Aryan regime throughout the world. "The crossing begins!", and since they dare to say this, it is almost complete.

Thus this disgusting jazz sketch, which Jewish newspapers hypocritically want to see put on the opera stage for the sake of modern "runst", reveals itself as a cynically impudent, people- and blood-mocking tendentious piece, with the help of which the Jews, as rulers of the world and slave owners of all true humanity, want to intoxicate themselves with this victory of theirs in front of all the public.

And at the end of this, her very own festival, she has Thor "sing" the admonition in an Old Testament tone: "Accompany yourselves to his violin sound wherever you go, and thank him! For behold, he appears among you (what condescension and mercy!), Ionny plays!"

However, in order to be able to fully recognize the actual, deliberate, impudently jubilant, frivolously corrosive tendency of this piece, a few other passages should be mentioned. In the third scene, Ionny confronts a white woman, Anita, and, as the libretto notes in Rlammern, "animal" (a mistake, it should be "Syrian"):

"You are so beautiful, I love you! G I'm strong, you don't guess it! Just ask the girls of Paris! why don't you want to; Everyone wanted to and didn't regret it, why don't you want to feel my draft; Just one night, you should see me
I don't want to see you white people again! First you defend yourselves, then you are happy!" — She: "He disarms me with his shameless frankness! . . . I feel my strength sinking . . . I'm dizzy . . ." Or Rvonne the next morning in the fourth scene: "I got rid of Jonny and I didn't have the other one — too bad for the night!"

This filth has not been forbidden by the "Christian-Social" politicians any more than by the German Centre Government, which is led by pious champions of truthfulness such as the Centre leaders Dr. Marx and Raas.

Discreetly veiled Roftümlosigkeit

we discussed above the "memoirs" of the abdominal dancer Josephine Baker. Now she was in Vienna, in the most terrible chaos in Europe. The entire democratic-Jewish rabble was there to pay homage to Africa, about which we read in the "Neues wiener Journal" (r. March z orS):

"The carriage drive in front of the theatre took about an hour. It is estimated that about two hundred cars drove up to the Johann Strauss Theatre last night. The carriages were already jammed on Wieden's main street, so that the visitors could only get to the theatre with a considerable delay. The start of the premiere, which was fixed for VrS Uhr, had to be postponed by half an hour. Among the many curious people were about forty young boys, who apparently belonged to radical right-wing organizations and who had appeared in front of the theater as demonstrators against the Bakers' appearance. They obeyed without resistance the guard's request to disperse. No stops were made. As a result of the delayed start, the performance did not end until long after midnight."

we welcome this indignation of the "left-wing radicals" against the "right-wing radical troublemakers". It could show the German workers what their real mortal enemies are. Especially, if we read about the performance itself:

"The great sensation is over. Josephine Baker yesterday

for the first time in front of the audience on a Viennese stage. To put it bluntly: it was a great success. From the beginning it was more of an amazement, then an appreciative admiration and finally a rushing and rushing. The winning personality of the Bakers had won a victory that would hardly have been expected from this direction. She didn't have to conquer the audience first, she conquered the sympathies in a flash, how she looks, how she walks and dances, is not the real surprise. The preconceived notions with which one enters the theatre are right. Their lances and walking and the lack of costumes discreetly veiled by dark paint form the representative framework of their performances. The figure, of course, has line and attitude. The jet black hair with the shining parting, the bright white of the eyes, the dark skin — all this contrasts splendidly with the colored costumes she wears, so that the eye is completely captivated — be it the simple banana belt in the jungle picture or the costumes made of green ostrich feathers or blue chrysanthemums. But she only completely captivates when everything exotic falls away from her in the course of the evening. The Baker knows how to charm, smile and make mischievous eyes in a very international way. And another secret: she sings delightfully, those who expected the most from her dance accept her 'retty Little Baby', which she knows how to bring as a chansonette of stature, as the strongest success of the 2lbend. he who comes as an unprejudiced person will be defeated by an interested person. No one can escape the rhythm of this personality."

By "interesting person," the Judenblatt means, of course, the "wiggling buttocks," which Baker herself praises in her memoirs as her most effective tool of the trade.

For this wiggling the mulatto receives 400 dollars — 1680 gold marks a day!

Poison for the cattle!

The Social-Democratic "Vorwärts" publishes a supplement every fourteen days, entitled "The Friend of Cattle," in which the Marxist poison is systematically instilled into the ranks in order to prevent a national awakening of the young generation, just as the Jewish Grand Prix of New York purposefully sets out to breed a nigger army for the future, just as France is arming fine blacks against Germany. so the all-Jewish "Vorwärts" must logically stand up for the awakening niggerism even in the days of the still continuing Black Ignominy. Old blood memories of the "Vorwärts" editors, whose tufts of hair are still reminiscent of the beautiful land of Gosen, probably speak here.

No. 12/1928 of the "Cattle Friend" was now dedicated to the Ionnys. On page 1 was boldly written the motto: "The Negroes continue to be human beings with lesser rights and are despised." From a Heinrich Bauch (!) we learn

that in America all races become Americans; only one thing hurts the stomach: "The treatment of Negroes is a disgrace to America," he sighs. And after a few lamentations, the belly discharges as follows:

"Every white person should be ashamed of this behavior towards people who have no other fault than having a different skin color. But we don't want to look down on the Americans so arrogantly; for in our country there are also enough compatriots who sin in a similar way. I mean the Jew-haters. They claim that all people of Jewish blood are inferior, and that the Germanic tribes are the noblest of scoundrels. Impartial researchers have, of course, long since established that there is no such thing as a rift either among the Jews or among the Germans. Many blood mixtures have taken place; but all this does not change the behavior of incorrigible people. Hatred is in their blood or is instilled in them by irresponsible people. So it is with the Americans vis-à-vis the Negroes. In the past, the Jews were said to have caused some trouble or misfortune, poisoned wells and killed small cattle. Then the stupid people burned the houses and shrines of the Jews, desecrated their cemeteries, killed innocent people. Today
no one believes such horror stories any more; but the feelings of many people have not changed, we socialists turn away from such unreasonable and unloving people, we do not recognize that individual races are destined to be heavers over others, we are ashamed that white peoples act ignoble towards people who today do not have the strength of resistance."

We therefore take due note of the fact that Heinrich Bauch of the "Vorwärts" wants to teach the German working-class children to strengthen the resistance movement of the blacks, whereby we must assume that it is clear to him that with Germanism the freedom of the German worker will also be finally abolished: for the "Black Africa" of which Garvey, Dubois and other Negro leaders dream In order to consciously organize the coming struggle, this is the goal of the extermination of the whites.

And the belly of the "Forward" is the prophet of these spitting Ionnys. A new example of Marxist-Jewish "culture".

By the way, if the gut rejects the idea of individual scoundrels becoming masters, it would have to be all the more anti-Semite against the Jewish stock market pushers.

But he will beware!

A Negro Theatre in Paris

The "Neue wiener Journal" (August 19-92s) rejoices: "In the end, Paris also received its permanent Negro theatre. Of course, in the Rue Fontaine in the Gatty. There hasn't been one for long enough, which is amazing. Because

being a Negro today is a business..."

Finally a little progress in our European cultural center! where is Berlin, where is Vienna, where is London; It is high time to set up cultural centres there as well, in order to complete the Reichstag and parliaments and to firmly anchor the spirit of democracy.

A leader of his time

In September 1928, the world learned that the Jewish millionaire's sons Loeb and Leopold (USA), who had murdered their schoolmate Frank in order to know what it was like to murder, would soon be released from prison. The two hopeful sons had formerly been saved from the electric chair by the millions of their honorable fathers. Then they became teachers (!) in the penitentiary, and now the golden freedom beckons to new deeds.

They were defended by the lawyer Dorrow. The "Voff. Ztg." (September 15, 1927) with unstoppable delight:

"Where his time is not needed for trials, he uses it for debates about the death penalty, about prohibition, religion, about tolerance, about the right to one's own opinion. He takes on defenses such as those of the Rnaben murderers Loeb and Leopold because he opposes the death penalty and because they bring him the money he might need to pay for a trial for a Negro woman. He denies life with all determination, but he fights like no other to make life more pleasant for those who want to live it and cannot under the present conditions, what is more natural than that he should be the advocate of the lawless blacks in America today?"

It was similar types that once symbolized the decay of antiquity.

Iofephine mixes on bald heads

Jofephine, the abdominal dancer from Africa, has now settled down at home with her Rurfürstendammers. And since there are no immigration difficulties for her and the Galician exotics, she "welcomes" the scum of Berlin in her bar. The "S-Uhr-Abendblatt" (30.10.2S), one of the most beautiful spiritual symbols of democracy, which has now turned 12 years old, writes about this:

"At last I had the pleasure of meeting a lady whom I had

had always seen him naked, even when he was fully clothed. She appeared as charming in the bleu complet as she did without, and if I had not recognized her face to face, she was from behind, as she stretched out the main requisite of her dancing far back into the hall.

"It hardly needs to be added that we are talking about Josephine Baker, who

gave a welcome tea at the Mascotte, with "rehearsals of her runst". She danced, as I have already indicated, as wildly in comedy as she did in incomplete suffering. Instead of her own nakedness, she played all sorts of tricks on the naked skulls of the more mature youth present, mixing a cocktail of cream, tea, spit and hair scraps on their bald heads, as she is accustomed to from her Parisian restaurant near the Place Pigalle.

"Then the gentlemen also had to tap with her, solo and en groupe. One passionate man had so many trouser buttons burst off that he had no choice but to leave the hall in time. In any case, during the evening hours, in different parts of our city, one met various gentlemen who boasted of having been engaged by Josephine Baker as a dance partner."

We hope that there will be many more Syrian bald people who will let themselves be spat on by Josephine.

Negro is Loup

We can't be expected to read the novels of the "Berlin Illusions", because what is shown here is highly boring and mind-numbing for people who don't just commute between Josty, Villa d'Este and Hoppegarten. But the other day in the café I grabbed a lobster to take a look at the latest product of the Vicki Baum "People in the Hotel". And read the following passage:

". . . farther. Two giants enter the ring. One white and one Negro. The Negro is long, slender, covered with a velvet skin that reflects silver reflections of light — the white is broad, with muscle packs on the shoulders, with a square animal.

face. (ü) Kringelein loves the Negro at once. The whole ^all loves the Negro. Introduction through the megaphone. The hall will be indescribably silent for the ramp..."

I'd had enough. We understand that the little Jewess Vicki Baum loves niggers so much and finds an "animal face" in the white: the primal memories of the land of Gosen come alive and the black curls curl with delight even without artificial perms. But: why do Germans care what such a small Jewess thinks perverse Berliners must feel;

Against the German Ethnicity

Hello is happy

Wrote in the "Vofs. Ztg." (October 6, 1925) a novelist who goes by the name of Andro: "A man's heart has room enough for wife and lover." (Why Monsieur Andro was so modest as to advocate only one mistress—ten would have been more unprejudiced, more democratic, more intellectual—is beyond our knowledge.) We had to think of this generous word of the man who goes by the name of Andro when we read the "memoirs" of Hello von Gerlach in Siegfried Jacobsohn's "Weltbühne". "From Great Times" is the title of the brave Hello's essays on border harassment, the experiences of rafters and the censorship difficulties of a pacifist's life. Among other things, we also find the following humanitarian sentence:

"If the world war had ended in victory, there would have been a nice quarrel between Bulgarians and Turks. But the decision of the German God has saved us from this evil eventuality."

Hello is right to rejoice. The "great time" in which the disintegration of Germany was carried on has produced the victory of glorious democracy, in which the voice of a Gerlach can be raised to pacifist conferences and conferences of theoretical deserters. The brave Hello does not have to fear "evil contingencies", at least not in the near future. But finally, even the Jewish God can make a calculation error. And then we hope to meet Hello again.

The Great Brotherhood

In an issue of the "Weltbühne" (No. 6, 1926), the (now dead) editor Siegfried Jacobsohn wrote, among other things:

"Plague bubonic collector. "Whoever now advocates pacifist views is a

bubonic plague on our national body, he is consciously or unconsciously working on Germany's downfall/ what the Germany of this Diederich Schäfer's branch (Art;) concerned: we are conscious."

The same booklet gives the best example of how the modern descendant of Abraham carries out this destruction. L. Ignaz Wrobel (Rurt Tucholsky) writes about the German week in Paris (the Hebrew A. Rerr and the Jewish-related Thomas Mann were allowed to speak in a closed circle in Paris) and greets the two darlings of the stock exchange as "emissaries of the German spirit", what "one" understands by the German spirit in a Wrobel brain is immediately apparent. The pacifism of the Kerr men is not enough for Tucholsky; he tries Bolshevik ideals: "As long as the state power to dispose of the lives of the people remains untouched, this kind of pacifist rapprochement is a harmless parlour game." Ignaz is probably thinking of his old sigh that "too much was spared" during the revolution. The state of affairs, since it is not the state that disposes of its members, but the mob led by the Ignazes and other Knights of the Red Rooster over the state and the people, would have been too glorious. But patience, Jacobsohn also works consciously ...

♦

Another faithful writes about the Bohemians, about R. Bang and Nansen (both "Scandinavian" Jews), about their letters and their transience. And he adds: "One is tempted to think of Alfred Douglas and Oscar Wilde, and it would be better to know all the correspondence, be that as it may: Bang lived alone and died alone . . . restless and drifting, Ahasver, of which all those who belong to the great brotherhood have a piece in them."

If one now understands Jacobsohn's conscious work; He, too, knows what he owes to the "great brotherhood." . . .

the old elf still feels tempted by Lasker-Schüler. The poor tormented old aunt sighs desperately:

Damp scents creep out of spring blossoms —
Wrap your strong sailor's arm around my waist.
My spirit has searched for the Holy Spirit.

That the old elf doesn't catch a cold during this damp-smelling sailor's walk!

*

After the excessive Bronnen has been faithfully praised, the destruction of the "Diederich-Schäfer Germany" continues cheerfully, what could be more appropriate than to devastate the chocolate riddies instead of a Gudrunideal? This worries Alfred polgar (a Jew from Budapest): "long-legged, graceful creatures" who exhibit a "great rhythmic certainty". "It's very nice when they twirl their foot syncopations on the floor without music." Now we know what to stick to in order to learn rhythm: niggers and the polgars.

Jacobsohn's work continues successfully.

*

This is followed by an ecstatic hymn of praise for Kapellmeister Bruno Walter-Schlesinger from the pen of Paul Schlesinger. Ten years ago, this Schlesinger had already told the other "to the (!) Delight and Shock". At Rorngold's (of course!) One-act play, to which Bruno Schlesinger had "devoted". The people of Munich (curse on them) would then have disgusted Bruno Schlesinger away "to their own shame". Simply infamous! Now the great man came to Berlin, where Kleiber was enthroned. And it became very big. But in order not to forget him, Siegfried Jacobsohn had Paul Schlesinger write about Bruno Schlesinger.

This is part of Siegfried Jacobsohn's chosen profession.

And he has many, many friends. The "great brotherhood" knows what its duty is, and it nibbles patiently and tirelessly where it is allowed to gnaw. Hopefully, capable dentists will soon emerge everywhere to break out their teeth from these pious rodents.

The "most uncertain terms" *

On). On March 6, the assembly of the Association for the Defense of Anti-Semitism met in Röln. Among other things, Pros also spoke here. Dr. Baumgarten, Kiel. The ITA. from). März reports on this verbatim: "The second speaker was Privy Councillor Pros. Dr. Baumgarten, Riel. He traced the

deeper causes of the völkisch movement: misguided, repressed patriotism on the one hand, and the weak sense of reality of the Germans, further weakened by the World War, on the other. In addition, there is the leadership by former officers, i.e. 'political cattle'. The grossest falsehoods are not only repeated again and again, but are also believed and juggled with the most uncertain terms such as 'Ras s s e' and 'people'. The Völkisch betray the Lhrist man not only with their cult of Wodank, but above all with the 'denial of Rreuzes', which is replaced by self-adulation and self-glorification.

"The Catholic Raplan Thome, Bonn, explained that Christianity and Judaism are inseparable from the theological point of view.

"With a toast to the German fatherland, Gothein closed the meeting."

People for whom the term "people" is one of the most "insecure" must of course come together in the defense against anti-Semitism, why they then let an even more "uncertain" thing like the fatherland be elevated is completely incomprehensible.

For the rest, of course, we give thanks for a Christianity that is "inseparable" from Hebrewism. In the circles of Baumgarten, Fehrenbach (vice-president of the said association), Thome, etc., the Talmud and Shulchan should also be declared holy books. That's where the most beautiful and genuine Judaism lives.

"Thanks to the Fatherland"

We confess to our boundless shame that we do not read the novel of the "Berl. Tageblatt" continuously with the necessary devotion. But once we regretted this duty of the demo-

and we read the 9th sequel to "Christine Munk" (No. 27), i srd). Several people are debating here, one of them tells of a "woman of the people" who screams out from a guard who is holding her young man captive:

"All you have to do is shoot him," she screamed, raising her fist against the guard, "I'll go for the first one of you and scratch his eyes out. . . . From whom do we allow ourselves to be offered; Of such pants-here; I'll see if I can't go for a walk wherever I want."

And she put her hands in her sides like a washerwoman and marched off to the post...

"Stop!" shouted the soldier. He had a tenor voice, very dashing, but quite melodious. "Well, there she is, if you can, you a---- "Yes, I will!" cried the

soldier. He sprang back a few paces, so that there was a small, open space between him and the woman, and with strangely exact movements, which looked learned, and therefore seemed so terrible at that moment, he rushed at the woman with his rifle dropped, and drove the bayonet into her body. She didn't scream, she was probably dead instantly. He drew out his bayonet and stood in front of us with his rifle under his arm. He was pale, his eyes shining proudly. Worse than the soldiers in the army probably not either.

Severin paused for a moment, looked for the shot glass, but did not drink. Christine was freezing, her face and her whole body were constantly being torn apart by tremors.

"We didn't do anything. Some went backwards. The machine guns had stopped firing, I forgot to say that before... I sprang at the S t u d e n t e n, snatched the rifle from his hand, and stabbed him to death. He was also killed instantly."

The Munks' room was silent. Some of them wanted to take up the glass, as Severin had tried to do before, but their hands were ashamed to do so, they could not raise them, "why," thought Bruges, agonizingly, "why is he telling this?" Elf Munk thought that the story was over, and as the silence had to be broken for once, she thought it was her as a housewife

whether. She was very uncomfortable. But Severin smiled now and went on:

"But even though he was dead, I stabbed two more - or v i e r m a l z u." That was really the end of the story.

*

It's just a small test of rust, but it's finely placed: one who pierces a woman compared to the defender of the people and the fatherland. Of course, the "B.T." has not been banned, but still the spokeswoman for democracy of November 9)9)S.

Whether Reich Chancellor Marx or Josef Wirth will not soon write essays for the "B.T." again;

The penitentiaries in the coming German Reich will have to be great, very large.

Only one German

Otto peltzer has run a world record. He even beat Nurmi, the "fastest runner in the world". And he seems to have — his greatest sin — no Jewish Schmock as a friend and adviser. There is great clamor in Zion. Mosse is the first "company" to give vent to his heart.

Dr. peltzer had been offered $50,000: he refused to produce himself as a paid runner of America. To which Moffe's "Berliner Morgenzeitung" replied: "Doctor, take the 50,000 dollars, we really don't feel betrayed . . . Or do you want to pay the traitor?"

That's called attitude! Noble, purest desert needle. And peltzer's crimes; He is German, and nothing is known about Jewish vecsippung or preference for Mosse and Ullstein or Singer. Reason enough to insult him! This is called "objective democratic ramping".

Original Sin

Now it's out! From a qualified mouth we have learned what the fall of mankind consists in. Pros. Oppenheimer betrayed it to us in red Vienna with a man who was also greeted with great applause by his Syrian audience: the state is the original sin of humanity. According to the Zionist "wiener Morgenzeitung" (rz. September 1026), Gppenheimer declared:

"The state is not," said Prof. Oppenheimer, "to be regarded as the highest stage of an uninterrupted series of development, which, by its own inner strength, rises higher and higher from the simplest human associations, but the state was established in the age of migration and conquest, when the stronger peoples attacked the weaker peoples in order to systematically plunder them and finally to subjugate them permanently. Accordingly, the historical state is a class organization, while the prehistoric human group is a classless community. It is a legal institution imposed on a subjugated group by a victorious group, with the sole purpose of taxing the vanquished as high as possible for the benefit of the victors. To this end, border and legal protection had to be created. The state, therefore, has first established the inequality of human beings with all its consequences. And this was the fall of mankind, the expulsion from Paradise in its prehistory. In order to excuse the conscience for the sin committed, so to speak, special legal theories were constructed, such as the reverberating theories, which justified the disenfranchisement of those of different origins, and furthermore, the state raised the belief in its necessity to a fundamental law through the norms for the socially bound human being. Thus the robber can still appeal to the conscience of the robbed."

So the "intellectual" professor, Marx and Bolshevism are all of the same opinion. That for the European the state means safeguarding the individual against the war of all against all, Mr. Gppenheimer has forgotten to say.

The German Ranaill Mother

"In front of the Breslau judges stands Reichswehr Corporal Schönborn. He killed the girl who gave herself to him in love when she felt like a mother to him. That doesn't happen in Germany, it happens all over the world ... But this German soldier ... this beastly man killed out of calculation—not out of lust—at the moment of the most sacred feeling known to any creature. Private Schönborn is as devoid of humanity, as depraved and heartless, as only a German soldier can be. Symptoms. They throw a spotlight on the much-vaunted German soul, on this German spirit that cannot be praised loudly

enough by our nationalists. It is the same picture that the femicide shows us, the same that looks back at us from the grimaces of Ludendorff, William II and others, it is the F e l d w e b e l f r e f f e of Prussia, which in a hundred years of training has killed the man in itself, but has awakened all the lower instincts, it is the German mind, the German soul! Ugh, devil!"

where to read this; Not in a French newspaper, oh no.' In the middle of Berlin, unhindered by judges, police and the Reichswehr, this is written and sold in German. The "German" paper is No. 40, 1926, of the Jewish weekly "Tribune". In Italy, in France, in America, such a "writer" (he draws M. G. — Max Gruschwitz) would have been beaten to death in the street and thrown into a latrine, if someone called the Jewish author a canaille, he would be able to sue, and the German court would mercilessly condemn the "insulter."

They don't believe; Vhm, this has already happened to me. In Berlin, for example, there is another Hebrew who goes by the name of Stephan Großmann. This person, after the French incursion into the peaceful Ruhr area, published a long essay in which he made fun of the German girls and spoke with palpable love of the French troops who fired their rifles at Germans for fun ... I called the "Lord" a

Ranaille. He complained. I was convicted in Berlin for insulting the man of honour Grossmann.

Incidentally, in the same number of the "Tribune" it can be read: ". . . this Ranaille is a German mother, a German woman. And German soldiers come from such journeys!"

Do you think that anything will happen to this newspaper? Oh yes: the whole Rucfürstendamm will move into them and continue to cheer them on to continue to serve the spirit of November 9, 1918.

Dof is dof; German is German

Ever since Siegfried Jacobsohn was summoned to his fathers by the "Weltbühne" rather late, Panter-Tiger-Wrobel-Hauser, in reality Rurt Tucholsky, has taken over this Bolshevik-Democratic-Palestinian weekly of Berlin's asphalt heroism. As is well known, this person was allowed to call Germania a whore without hindrance from the public prosecutor, while Germans were locked up in prison if they used disrespectful language about the Rathenaus and Erzbergers. This man, who recently adored the France of Br. Poincares, is now "writing poetry" in the aforementioned "world stage" (No. n, ;?. March 1927) under the title "Unity and Justice and Freedom" the following poem:

what freedom is among the Germanic peoples, it usually
remains heavily incognito.
Some are the eternal subjects, would like to and just can't do so.
'Cause a hundred years will always strike you
a patient sheep's gaze through the glasses.
Dof ist dof.
No pills will help.

what Justitia is to the Teutons, she has a bandage on top.

But she likes to take it easy, and she doesn't always tie it
around.
Down below, they whine like the dear cattle.
Some still believe in good will...
Dos ist dof.

No pills will help.

as for the unity of the locals, it is distributed twenty-fourfold.
For the countries, you have a huge
Writing apparatus filed:
Hamburg almost shoots
with Alton";
Bavaria is harsh, shouting: "Long live the Republic!"
Everyone thinks only of their private realm ... A republic against its will.
German is German.
No pills will help.

Freedom has certainly suffered greatly in our country, otherwise Tucholsky would not confuse it with toleration of Jewish audacity. We note that the said Jew is walking around unchallenged by the court and that no one has drawn the Star of David with a whip on his face.

The "dumbest ideal"

The "former" Bolshevik Ernst Toller is, as is customary, a zealous contributor to the stock exchange newspaper "Berl. Tageblatt". Therefore (4/8/27) he asked in him all his burdened her; poured out in a feuilleton, entitled "The Fear of the Horror". It is not every day that such a delicious Syrian self-confession is to be found, and we ask our readers to remember the following words unforgettably." -coin. Toller writes:

"There is no more stupid ideal than the ideal of the hero. The nearer to life a man is, the nearer he is to death, in other words, the more deeply he is endangered. Every truly brave person knows the hours when helplessness suddenly assails him, fear of the elemental forces that beset him with uncanny magic. It was left to the European to make a virtue out of his misery, his cosmic isolation."

we understand the fears of Ernst Toller from Krotofchin. He was once the "commander" of the Red Army in front of Dachau near Munich. In April 1919. There he discovered his forgotten Jewish ideal, let the Germans fight and evaporated into a small communist castle in the Schwabing suburbs. There, after many months, a detective pulled him out of a linen closet. The madman

had dyed his black Galician locks red, and in his linen closet he bore witness that the ideal of the hero did not suit him at all. The neo-Talmudist now makes a virtue out of this necessity: to be really "stupid", to be a hero: much wiser to let others, non-Jews, die for him. In 1919 it was Germans, now it is supposed to be the Rolonial peoples. Here's how it happened:

When the Jew Münzenberg convened the Brussels Anti-Colonial Congress, the clever non-hero Toller represented the "young German intellectualism". And he called on all colored peoples against Europe. To the fight.

Now he reads daily, full of delight about the fighting, about the deaths of many thousands in China, and writes in the "B.T." that there is nothing more stupid than a heroic ideal.

The Talmud teaches: If you go out into war, go out last, so that you can go out first.

Comrade Toller is a worthy addition to this illustrious gallery of ancestors, from this Talmudist to Kurt Tucholsky.

The yellow peoples, however, now know what "clever" leaders they have.

The "Spiritual Weapons" of Democracy

Some Germans know the lamp H. G. Scheffauer, who fought so berserker-like for "German rebirth" that he once teamed up with Thomas Mann to distribute Raschemmen novels from all over the world to us. Then the (now deceased) "pioneer" had landed, guess where; In the case of Rurt Tucholsky in the "Weltbühne", this paper in which Germania is openly referred to as a whore and any denunciation of the military finds the most loving all-Jewish attention. Initially, H. G. Scheffauer provided this "world stage" with translations. We want to print a "poem" from the 1927 issue rz, in which Scheffauer's translation of a sociological essay appeared.

Students.

The dumbest sheep's head is still useful to wear a colorful cap ...

And even the microcephalus proves itself when one has to strike. Because a real donkey's skin is probably built up by every blow. The Gchfenmaul is very keen on the salad, which it also speaks. However, the ox's eyes may be ,

women are a feast for the eyes.

And patented dog-ears don't lose a lot of money entirely. On the whole, the sheep's face is not suitable for an objective all-round view, which a German man can do without by nature.

So let us swear with choruses of joy on the coloured Ralbsfell.

Arnold knows. Rüthcl

Democracy always emphasizes spirituality and politeness and "genteel language".

This poem is the most beautiful example of this, we recommend reading it in democratic student clubs in order to celebrate the glorious

To recruit further champions of democracy, how wonderfully the Tucholskys will only "write poetry" when Marxism has stripped the German student body of all its rights. Rose words such as "Gchsenmaul" and "dog-ears" will certainly be taken as the greatest flattery.

Blood and Red Literature

Certainly not an appetizing headline. But it is only intended to hint at what the democratic spirituality today considers valuable enough to offer to the public rabble that has arisen from the birth pangs of November 9.

The name Rlabund is not unknown. Modest as our heroes of today are, he even wrote a literary history that culminated in Rlabund.

Now he wanted to surpass -927 himself. So he went to the Jewish publishing house Reiß in Berlin and offered a book called "Novels of Passion". And, of course, he found a buyer. Now it's out; as a recurrence to the "novels of the world". All the intellectuals of Berlin were annoyed with envy when they read the following publisher's announcement, where it was said after a few hymns of praise:

"He also sings the life of Mohammed the Prophet in dreamy, flower-like prose, in the sun and gold of the Orient. Thus, in Blood and Red, in Intoxication and Slavery, he gives the image of Peter the Great, the Tsar, and the great prostitute Ratharina... And that's how he shapes us, too: the pure fool and the muscular impostor, the eternal Protestant and the little pawn catcher, the Eichendorff soul and the friend of the rascals, the schnapps and the peasant maids in his hero Bracke, this lyrical, robust union of the German man."

The German man united in Eichendorff and in the schnapps drinker! If we were to name Rlabund, who is dead today, with the right VT<xms, he would run from the grave to the prosecutor so quickly that he would lose his tongue on the way.

So let us speak of him only Shakespeare: staircase work.

Five years under Gojims

how lovingly the Jewish "citizens" strive for their "German fatherland" is shown in the following story of the "General Jew". Familienblattes" in Leipzig, round 0 July 1927):

"One day a gentleman came to the publisher Staakmann in Leipzig, who introduced himself as the writer L. Pfefferkorn and handed over an extensive manuscript. Interested, Staakmann asked: "What kind of work is this;" — "My memories of Rriegs!" — Shrugging his shoulders, the publisher said: "Dear friend, no one buys that today! You can also come to Ludendorff, Tirpitz and a hundred others! The title alone frightens the rafter!" — "But I have a great title!" — "And that would be;" — "Five years under Gojims, their manners and customs!"

The "L.-V.-Ztg." was to print it and send it to the goyim among its readers, and Mr. Gothein was to read it out on his Abwehrvec collections, in order to prove how "intimately" Germanism and Judaism are fused together.

how Israel slimes

Rurt Münzer writes about Max Liebermann in the "wiener Morgenztg." (1. 7. 27):

"... And there grew up, lived, painted the great man who gave us the light! He himself is now a little old, grey, hunched over, tired. His hand trembles now, after decades of creatively recreating the world, recreating the creature more durable than flesh and blood can.

"In his exhibition, you wander through a life. It's royal, because it served so well: the Runst. how many have been made to see these pictures! And the greatest thing: these pictures, this man, are an integral part of the development of the Runst. Liebermann: it is a name on which German painting lives."

"From whom German painting lives!" really and truly! Only Liebermann himself "lived" on it. And not bad. A house on Pariser Platz and admiring goyim who live in this

skilful shallow pinsler should admire a "genius" as the journaille desires.

why only here does it use the otherwise so hated word "royal"; wouldn't it be "bank-like", "barmatic" also nice in the glorious November democratic times of the beauties of the Jordan and the dignity of Lebanon;

What empowers him ...

Max Liebermann turned 80 in 1927. It goes without saying that Israel held great celebrations. In the consciousness of dominating our reign today. The "Allg. Jewish. Familienblatt" in Leipzig wrote about this on June 10:

"His affiliation with Judaism enabled him to become the leader of a new German direction."

Now our democrats know from authoritative mouths what alone can give them the final consecration to the leadership of the people: Abraham's seed.

Steady dripping

Stresemann raved about the French landscape in Locarnopolitik, "Weltbühne" and "Tagebuch". With tirelessness, the mood for Paris is being created in Berlin; even the gothic-gothic Paris has to serve as the basis for today's stock exchange policy. After Rurt Tucholsky, Hermann Wendel was also in the city, where today the Rothschild Fröres rule in place of St. Genevieve. And he writes delightedly in the "Diary" (dated 30.7.1927) of Stephan Großmann, who in 1923 found the French burglar troops on the Ruhr so funny when they deigned to shoot at defenseless Germans:

"Once again: O Strasbourg . . . now the capital of the Bas-Rhin. In this spacious, bright city, a piece of youth has been squandered. spawns all of the literary Sturm und Drang cronies of yesteryear have ended well. Although RenL Schikele and Otto Flake and S. Grumbach are flourishing, now the

while Brismann for German affairs (only Stresemann would have a similar one for French affairs!) -"

Salomon Grumbach is known to be a Jewish deserter, a German-agitator of the worst kind. There is no counterpart to <this in our country that would have behaved so meanly towards the French, we read further:

"Here, in a sympathetic sense, the soldiers look like citizens in disguise, while elsewhere the citizens look out into the world under invisible steel helmets."

The French landscape has a "calming" effect on the Wendel.

"Even a Ranal, drawn dead straight with a ruler, something mathematical: a wet line between two dots, reinforces the impression: La douce France, because it is lined with towering elms and reeds whisper at its edge."

According to a report of the meeting: "And everyone laughs a merry, gal.

lifches laugh, even the glossy black Negro deputy from Senegal."

We rejoice that Wendel is already praising the blacks as Gauls, although it will soon be the other way round: the French will be. And then the usual anti-German mockery:

"At the thought that Father Iahn once wandered through this city, swinging his rnote-stick and cursing at the French, the worm of doubt pierces the promise that the world will once again heal from German character."

Oh, we don't want to heal the "world," but we do hope that the Iahns will once again march with the canon. And this time also through Berlin and Frankfurt.

Syrian Slime

We have dealt several times with Ignaz Wrobel, one of the worst Jewish agitators. In the "Weltbühne" (VJr. 20, -927) this fellow has now picked out an old book "Dienstunterricht für den Infanteristen des deutschen Heer" (Service Instruction for the Infantryman of the German Army) in order to

smarm. He sneeringly tells of the musketeer pietsch, "a tall and broad-shouldered German man who makes a good living by selling decals" (look at this vile mockery!), who gave him the booklet with shining eyes, wrobel then continues:

"Involuntarily I took my stance. 'Ia,' said Pietsch, and let out a huge cloud of aromatic tobacco, so that the Ranarien-bird fell dead from the perch in its burrow, 'so that was my Bible, so to speak. And I can tell you, my boy, we prayed well, back then! when I still think about it .. He sank into a sweet reverie, during which I went into the next room to break the marriage with his wife for an hour. When we came out again, Pietsch rose to all his imposing height. 'Take it with you, my boy,' he said. 'You shall also learn something!' And I took it with me."

After this infamy, the still unchastened wrobel then mocks the contents of the book.

"It is true that there are many who speak of general peace and disarmament; but history teaches us that warlike clashes of peoples are inevitable. "We Germans need a particularly strong army, since we have no natural borders, and since we have neighboring peoples who do not begrudge us our position in the world, the constant upward movement of our people in industry and commerce, in runsts and science, and our prosperity. Is it conceivable that, just in order to create a position for his lust for power, one persuades rational people that there is only one full-headed person on God's wide earth who "goes out of envy"; — It is conceivable. In Germany, such a thing was conceivable and successful.

And then:

"The 'honor' of the soldier is stabilized as if it were something that exists, something that is there a priori. There it is an 'honour' to be allowed to carry a gun — there it is another to belong to this or that battalion, there every corporal has an 'honour' — in short, one finds
under so much honor. Very typical is also this insane point of view that one's own honor can be violated by the behavior of others. O thou my Prussia.'"

We take note of the fact that Ignaz wrobel's honour does not need to be stabilised, because it cannot be counted on because of his admission, and how could a Syrian know what honour is?

The Humble Rabbis

Now we know it from a chosen mouth: the disciples of Rabbi Abraham

fought a heroic battle over what; Good heavens, what else is there to do but to — Tannenberg! There was certainly a holy Jewish spirit present when this battle was fought, for the ancient prophetic gift of vision hovered in the headquarters of Hindenburg and Ludendorff. At least that's what the Berlin Maccabees of Rurfürstendamm think. And when in 1927 the Tannenberg. When the national monument was to be unveiled, the pious rabbinical was urged to give a speech as well.

Nothing more of the Jewish "Berliner-Tageblatt". Decomposition work. No more of Eisner-Kosmanowsky, Levy, Levien, Levins, etc. No, now it was time to make consecration speeches for the fallen heroes, i.e., for people who, according to the testimony of the "Berl. Tagebl.", had fallen for the most stupid of all ideals. .

And the unbelievable happened: the monument committee agreed to negotiate with the Talmud believers at all. In a concession desecrating the dead of Tannenberg, it was suggested to the rabbis that they should place their sayings on the hero's grave after Hindenburg's wreath-laying ceremony and before the laying of the throne of the victor of Tannenberg, General Ludendorff.

There was a great deal of clamor in Israel, especially in the legendary League of (all-)Jewish front-line soldiers: it was a tremendous insult not to let the rabbi speak at the same time as the Protestant and Catholic clergymen, but a little later. The "dignity of Judaism" could not tolerate this.

Lo and behold, the Maccabees did not appear for the celebration. The Germans were punished for keeping to themselves.

But an unparalleled howl of rage began on the part of the righteous. The "D.T." railed in true Galician fashion about the German front-line soldiers, the "Münchner Neueste Nachrichten" reported the fact that rabbis and Jewish front-line soldiers would not appear as a telegram, and the Hamburg "Isr. "Family Paper" did not know how to fry itself with "patriotic" grief. It also told the following story under the heart-rending title "Unser Rampf um Tannenberg":

"In the same letter to the R.J.F. it is said that the assertion of the Königsberg rabbinate that the change of program was made under national pressure is objectively untrue. It is an established fact that nationalist associations have threatened to march off immediately if the rabbi speaks. These threats were not only known to the monument committee, but they even circulated quite openly in public, not only in Königsberg, but also in the rest of the province of East Prussia."

We do not know whether this is true, but we hope that the East Prussians have indeed spoken a clear language.

we expect the next statement: "We, the center and the rabbis, have fought the battle of Tannenberg!"

Ruppler poet as pacifist leader

we all know Kurt Tucholsky to some extent. He is the "spiritual" head of the "world stage". That is, a weekly magazine that sees its "morality" in the fight for treason and consequently adds pornographic stories.

Consequently; Yes. Read what the said Tucholsky dared to write in No. 4, 1927 under the name of Ignaz wrobel:

"From the gratitude we owe to our dear, highly revered, heroic, blessed and fortunately mute fallen, from this hocus-pocus to the next war is only one step."

"Since there is no state worth dying for, and only

Br

It is not a question of prestige of these megalomaniacal associations, so the symbol for Gyinbol, externality for externality, monument for monument must be contested, conquered, laid down (!! A. R.). There is no pacifist war memorial, the only way to commemorate the victims murdered for a filth. — There are only murky hints about following the example of the drunken-drunk and hero-called compulsory members of the club in question." Tucholsky demands the explanation: "That none of us wants to die — and certainly none of us wants to die for such a thing. That soldiers, these professional murderers, flee to the front."

"That no one can be compelled to obey a conscription order—that is, that first of all, the blissful obsession must be eradicated, which makes man believe that he must, must, must trot when the wind blows. You don't have to. Because this is a simple, a primitive, a simple — great truth: you can stay at home."

"And you can't just stay at home. To what extent one is to sabotage is in the decision of the group, the moment, the constellation, that is not discussed theoretically. But the right to fight, the right to sabotage against the most infamous murder: forced murder — that is beyond doubt. And, unfortunately, outside the much-needed pacifist propaganda. You can't beat the wolf with lamb's patience and bleating."

"You'll be persuaded that the enemy is over there—he's on the other side. You will be told that all Latvians, Swedes, Czechs or Frenchmen are scoundrels — the storytellers are. You do not owe your life to the state; you do not owe your life to the state; you do not owe your life to the state."

"To stay in the ranks wherever you can, as I and hundreds of my friends have done."

These lines breathe the morality of the "other Germany" (from "Different from the others"), and so that one does not have to be unclear about their nature, Tucholsky sat down again and, together with his racial comrade from Hungary, Polgär, wrote a "Song of the Matchmaker". The second stanza reads:

I'm stubborn.
Sometimes only
Strikes the clock in our salon.
Wäsche bauscht
— Water rushes —
I hear how eena Rüßkens swaps.
There's a hard time on karting . . .
Mattress creaks.
Incidentally

And there is a third pearl in this single booklet.

Somewhere in the Czech Republic, a gang was arrested, which had a distribution of pig films. This caused great melancholy among the whole of Israel. All the more so because there was even a trial and — think what a shame for our democratic time — even a small condemnation. about this rotten thing we read in the magazine of Kurt Tucholsky:

"In his (the dealer's) wallet there are six photographs of the smallest size, recognizable by the gear wheel as copies from a film, and depicting naked people, a process of extraordinary, even unsurpassable frankness, from where; To be given a gift by a stranger, for what; For entertainment, for friends—for private use, if you will allow him to speak. He is restrained, his apartment is searched in order to get hold of the lewd film. You don't find anything. And yet he finds a letter, a business letter. Someone, a Mr. Lecker from Kolomea, orders "another thousand meters of spicy."

After the preparatory hearing comes the film review:

"The president of the court, now without a gown, with coat and hat, a childlike Austrian, rises and offers the chair to one of the defendants. A polite word strcit. The old gentleman is forced into the square. To his side, to the right, is the fat man from Galicia. On the left, one of the jurors, a forfeited

a man with brushed-up gray hair, conquers a seat. In front of and behind, to the right, to the left, jumbled together, the necks of defendants, jurors, lawyers are sitting, standing, stretching. Everything is present;"

"The projection apparatus has begun to rattle. Writing tumbles on the white wall. 'Le songe d'opium.' Then: 'Pierrot a perdu ses amies.' And suddenly, that blaffe stands in front of the front bench, flanked by the judicial officer—that pale shadow and doppelganger stands on the flickering curtain, made up and dressed up, Pierrot, and he sways, light, lightly movable — so light and so light that one forgets for a moment the demonic rattling of the projection machine. He has lost his two girlfriends, searches for them, but can't find them. He becomes sad and, to console himself, reaches for the gpium pipe. He sinks back and he dreams. There it is the smaller of the two women, the shy one, who stands in front of his lowered eyelids, dainty, in a dancer's step, a light dance dress wrapped around her chest and hips. The other, the Immaculate One, appears, is to the side with a jump of the first. Put the white arms around her body. And now, ripping, unbridled, whipped up in the shimmering light, the unleashed process unfolds. Every breath dies. But from the front, hacked to pieces by the electric rattle of the apparatus, the weeping of a small, lonely woman's voice seeps monotonously out of the darkness. Policemen's hands support a tottering shadow.

"In the meantime, on the light surface, these two have been joined in their struggle by the man Pierrot. The process gets confused. Three securities, open-minded by the experience, detached from sitting down over intertwined limbs, breathe inflamement. Beat becomes dizziness. Red intoxication, a scourge flashes lightning over the convulsions. The projection apparatus rattles."

And then the noticeable regret that the tall slender one has to disappear behind the iron door. This is moral pacifism.

what even the "Weltbühne" has not yet discovered, the "national" "Kasseler Post" has found it. Namely, that blue eyes are an omen of criminal tendencies. In the Sunday edition of October 9, 1927, we read with astonishment:

"Blue eyes are said to signify fidelity; But no, the opposite is true. The majority of men who cheat on their wives have blue eyes! It is not that their wives will give them their blue eyes afterwards. They have it by nature, and the color of the eyes is the cause, not the consequence, of their extramarital behavior. Because, according to an English expert who has a lot to do with criminals, blue eyes are the hallmarks of the activist temperament. 90% of all spouses who are not satisfied with domestic happiness are naïve. Landru, the French Bluebeard, had blue eyes, as did Rasputin, the idol and seducer of women, and no less the wicked Dr. T r i p p e n, who cruelly buried his wife under the floor, and then pinched her to America with another. In general, says our informant, the majority of criminals have blue eyes. All blue-eyed readers be warned, if they are not on their guard, dark shoots can awaken in them at any time. Blue eyes are the heritage of the wild northern peoples. Saxons and Vikings, horsemen, Germans and Danes — they all have blue, hungry eyes, which drove them across the sea, made war on foreign peoples and brought unrest into the world. One need only think of England's turbulent history. It wasn't until the Normans imported gentle, brown doe eyes in the eleventh century that peace came to the country. As a result of the many intermarriages, blue-eyed marriages have become rarer in today's England. But those who still roam freely today are a constant danger (think of the Valais, Scots and Irish). Of course, there are exceptions. Anglican clergymen, for example, often have sky-blue eyes. And, of course, it is clear that they are not committing crimes. But as we all know, exceptions are only there to prove the rule. After the harrowing festivities, it will be necessary to call out to every mother of a blue-eyed cow: "Beware—your son has what it takes to be a successful robber!"

One does not know whether to read this stuff with serious eyes or whether it is a failed "satirical" work of a less gifted writer. who may be the "English expert" of the intellectually neglected author;

Or has a Jew "set his table" here;

A fine society

In German-French "understanding" great business is being done today. The whole of today's "spirituality" cannot be left behind. So the "German-Französische Rundschau" appears. First lead essay; Of course, by the Palestinian Arnold Zweig, who once railed against the German "Möcdernation" and the "beastly Boche" and thus beautifully symbolizes the actual goal of the "Rundschau". And now the so-called German-French Society has been founded. In its presidium we find the following selection of Judaism: Dr. M. Alsberg, Albert Einstein, Rommerzienrat F. Guggenheim, Dr. R. Rauffmann, Henri Lichtenberger, D. A. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Heinrich Rosenthal, Leopold Silberstein, Leo Simon, Ruct Sobernheim, Fr. Wallach . . . At the "special disposal" are G. Bernhard ("Voff. Ztg."), E. Bromberger, Emil Faktor ("Berl. Börsen-Lourier"), Fr. Haber, Hugo v. Hoffmannsthal, Viktor RIemperer, L. Levy-Brühl, Rlothilde Magnus-Levy, Dr. E. Stern-Rubarth, Jakob Wassermann, Th. wolff ("Berl. Tageblatt"), Paul Zucker, Stephan Zweig.

Als Halbjuden gelten prof. Gallinger, Dr. Südekum.

Of course, Thomas Mann, H. Rippler ("Tägl. Rundschau", Stresemannblatt), the Jesuit Muckermann, Center Leader L. Sonnenschein, Prof. Hoetzsch (German National People's Party) and similar figures . . .

The organ is published by Walter Rothschild, who is also treasurer. which probably means a matter of course.

Pure fear! Germany is dying out'.

we have the honour of having one of "our" secretaries of state named Hirsch. He sometimes takes up his Palestinian pen and then lets us know what he has deigned to write down in the "Berliner Tageblatt" of the Rüben Moses company. This is also the case now, when Mr. Hirsch is initiating a great action of sweariness towards the glorious Republic of Rothschild. ("Berliner Tagblatt" No. 399, 19rö.)

France fears Germany's population growth; Pure cause, Dr. Hirsch from Jerusalem neatly calculates that the increase in the population is only due to the fall in the mortality rate. The number of births, 0 please, has already reached the French level. So don't worry! The republic counts the atrophy of the German nation as its greatest achievement, and Rabbi Hirsch is too tactful to make demands here that would make a natural increase possible!

He "forgets" — one cannot think of all the trivial things — that 16,000

people commit suicide every year, because there is a lot of money for the Dawesvögte, but all the less for the simple guns who have to see to it that they quickly turn off a gas tap or pump themselves a revolver. In addition, there are a measly 100,000 "adventurers" who emigrate across the water every year in order not to have to walk in the freest republic with the most glorious constitution. The 450,000 unborn Germans who cannot be born due to misery and housing shortages are probably not counted by the magnificent Dr. Hirsch either. People don't like to talk about these "successes" of international understanding.

We could count about 600,000 more Germans a year than we do now, when we are oppressed by an intolerable peace treaty (Scheidemann's "Peace of Conduct"), which our masters regard as so inviolable that they guarantee it doubly and trebly in Locarno, Geneva, and even in Paris. But these 600,000 meant a great disturbance of peace and order.

That's why you don't say anything about them.

if only the Rurfürstendamm grows and expands over the whole world.

What Goldschmidt sees

Alfons Goldschmidt, the deep admirer of Soviet Russia, also took a look around Germany. Recently, he wrote a whole book about it. In a chapter of this book, teeming with filth, entitled "The (German! 2s. R.) Face" we read:

"There can be no doubt that today a man's heart finds many a good feast in Germany. But the faces, the faces! The face of a jazz band, the face of a bar, this sameness, expressionless uniformities. To be sure, they are nicer than the triangular faces, sharpened over the millennia, or than the fat blond faces, the Thusnelda faces on colossal heads, on booming masses, or than the shabby faces, the flannel faces, all the prickly faces, those faces with the sium-pimp Blasur, Germanic mother-in-law faces, flattened Rriemhild faces, the whole collection from the time of heroic imperialism. That mixture of inbreeding and fornication, the starched cousins, the half-elegant appel faces, the horrible ladies with pigtails and estrusses.

O God, what barren faces, effigies, miserly faces, what gallery of shrieking Rleinbücger faces I still found in my country. Snapping noses, gutters like a slide, dut, grim faces with strained wrinkles between the eyes, roaring wooden faces and that horrible Rriegswoman's face, the face of maternal betrayal, the ranon agitation, the false armor face, shameless heroine face from the Wagner era. Lost chastity faces, brutal house faces, obtrusive violet faces,

resentful gun faces, helmet heads, kneeling guäl spirits, sanctimonious porcelain faces, I saw them all again, the smile of annoyance, the sword maiden, the Raffeestipper, the proud army woman, the carrion in all the mares that cheered the men and sons of Rrieg. Woe to you before these women! Woe to you before the descriptors of the great feast of slaughter."

And the state of affairs in Germany: nothing will happen to Alfons Goldschmidt. And if we were to call him a canaille, he might sue, and the court would condemn us severely for insulting the man of honour under §-S5!

This is the German judiciary of today.

Mature for iron curtains

In an issue of the "Weltbühne" (46, 1928) we read a "poem" by Theobald Tiger (Dr. Kurt Tucholsky), in which the second stanza reads:

> If the Germanic has lost the game in football or politics, then the feeling overcomes him up to both ears, then he is pious and philosophical (with music). If all goes well, he opens the opponent's eyes; if it goes wrong, then a Doitsch song is sung, because it always pulls — he's one third hero, one third waiter and one third Nibelungen...

In the reply corner of the same issue you can read: "Willy Hellpach. You write in the "S-Uhr.Abendblatt^: ,... one would almost like to pray to the genius of our history that he ... Won't a genius soon give us again, who will put political gifts in our laps? The genius has answered your prayer."

we add: neither geniuses nor mediocrity, just Syrian swamp bubbles.

Just no punishment for deserters' agitation

Among today's first-class citizens are undoubtedly the members of the League for Human Rights. For these noble contemporaries, even today's draft penal code is still far too strict, and in particular the incitement to desertion has still not been declared a crime against gentlemanship. It's a miracle when Dr. Lohn

summoned his loyalists in the hall of the Reich Economic Council (!) in Berlin. The first speaker was Rudolf Olden, a member of the "Berl.-Tageblatt".

According to the report of the "Berl. Volkszeitung" (Dec. 19, 1926), also of a newspaper in Moffe, this gentleman stated:

"While incitement of soldiers was previously punishable by imprisonment for up to two years, under the new draft this offense is punishable by penalties of up to five years in prison!

Even more worrying is the treason legislation with the paragraph on the 'spying on state secrets'. According to this, any journalist can be punished if he complains about poli. It wants to focus on questions that are being kept secret from the public by a government that is currently at the helm.

The legislators believe that they can promote the protection of the family by increasing the penalty for adultery from six months to one year in prison.

In conclusion, the speaker expressed the hope that it would at least be possible to achieve the abolition of the death penalty, which is still being fought for in the Reichstag."

Once again, this was masterfully drawn. In the near future, for inciting the soldiers (in the event of the necessity of an inconvenient government, of course), an honorary award with the Star of David must be offered.

Afterwards, Counsellor Dr. Werthauer and Arnold Zweig spoke. Both are also from the best Palestinian breeding. The first is known for his enormous fees and deliberately false corrections, the other by the expression of the German nation as the "beastly hole", of "murderers and official carcasses".

really a selection of men who talk about German law.

Levi Screams in Versaffungsbruch

Dr. Paul Levi, formerly Bolshevik, later draped in black-red-gold over blood-red, died in February i9ro, also wanted to get rid of the superfluous loss of jokes in his own way. And so the little man from the Middle East chose the current President of the Republic,

whose essence cannot be entirely concealed by Hindenburg. And Paul Levi wrote the following about his Reich President in the magazine "Der Klaffenkampf" (No. 13, 1929):

"To the delight and reassurance of the German Republican, it was reported in the press on Sunday that a commemorative coin was struck on the day of the faffing; Value three and five marks. On the obverse is Hindenburg's ropf;

what goes on the back is still the subject of the well-known considerations of the government, if the government does not want to be unfaithful to what the Lord God created on the sixth day as the crowning glory of his work, then, according to anatomical laws, if Hindenburg's head is on the front, a buttocks should be on the back. To look at him would be more useful to the German citizen, taxpayer and subject than to look at the face of Hindenburg, which is almost already known by heart. For he, the buttocks, is not the center of spiritual powers, he is the sign of perseverance and inertia, he is the sign of undifferentiation, he is the abandonment of individuality and character, in other words, he is the symbol of a coalition."

"It is almost an idle thing to point out, from week to week, from month to month, the political decay that this present coalition represents."

Since we assume that Levi's friends are not among the tax evaders, but among the enthusiastic supporters of the Republic, the invitation also applies to them, so we give them the good advice to press their "face" quite deep into the reverse of the Hindenburg coin. That would certainly be an activity corresponding to the taxpayer Dr. Levi.

Our luck...

Erich R ä st n e r, who is no longer completely unknown to us, is a zealous collaborator at the organ for those who have been neglected in terms of character, writes in the "Weltbühne":

if we had won the Rrieg ?
with waves and storms, ^ then Germany could not be saved
and resembled a madhouse.
The women would have to throw cattle.
One cow a year. Or imprisonment.
The state needs cattle as canned food, and blood tastes like raspberry juice to it.
Then reason would lie in saving.
And would be in court every hour,
And Rriege would be like operettas if we had won the Rrieg
— fortunately we didn't win it!

We are fortunate that at least the Rästners, Hilferding and Hermann Müller

have remained with us.

The new Socrates

Georg Raiser, the well-known painting specialist who had to be imprisoned for this reason, is, of course, a convinced pacifist. As such, he has now imitated Platonic dialogues (the main strength of our literature today). He has Socrates say the following about Rrieg and the prohibition of Rrieg:

"You have decided to ostracize the Rriege. how can you outlaw a thing if you shower honors upon the bearers of that thing? — Your Rrieger remains a man of honour — but the Rrieg is a crime. So call your men of honour criminals. Chase them away from their seats—lead like light-shy servants! They walk through the back streets at dawn before the good people get up for work. Let them run in rags—with black plague badges—an abhorrence for cattle already: run away—a rrieger! Do that: Then what has to be outlawed is outlawed, the Rrieg in the Rrieger!"

we are no friends of Socrates, but we must protect him against such a desecration of corpses. He himself had fought for Athens as a soldier and would have met Georg Raiser,
if it had run into his hands, in spite of his sluggishness, he would certainly have been beaten to a nappy edge.

The United Front

As is well known, the German petition for a referendum against the enslavement of Noung aroused the highest moral indignation among the chosen people and their servants. Of course, it was also a scandal to want to screw up the big business of the exploitative politicians, who had hitherto seemed unhindered. And an extremely kosher newspaper once dropped the mask and pronounced what today's republic actually represents. The "Israelite" (No. 45 of November 7, 1929) wrote:

"The outcome of the referendum has brought one good thing. It has shown the governing authorities and the supporters of the republic that the agitation against the Jewry is in reality an agitation against the rich and the state, against the republic and the constitution, against law and order and peace."

Judaism, then, is our "empire," our "state," our "foundation." Why, then, does all Israel cry when they speak of the Jewish Republic? It should be proud

of it!

German human exports

The Knights of the Roung Front are out of luck. They complain daily about "slander" when they write about the coming export of slaves from Germany as a necessary consequence — and intended effect — of the Aoung Plan. It can be proven beyond doubt that German slave colonies already exist in France and that more and more German workers are being deported to the French colonies as "reparations" helots. Now comes the leader of the Democrats himself, former Minister Erich Roch-Weser, and — don't fall over, Moffe, Ullstein, Mahraun! — demands the export of German workers to the colonies of our enemy.

In No. to the "General-Anzeiger" for Dortmund of November 12, 1929, the great leader of the Democrats writes a leading article.

sentence on "Pan-Europe and Germany", which concludes verbatim as follows:

"The circumstance that France must bring her world colonies into a pan-Europe needs to be taken into account. They are not as independent as the English dominions, and do not have the same importance in relation to the mother country. In the long run, it would be fortunate for Europe, and especially for the African rolonies of France, if more European people were available to make use of this Rolonia than France can provide. It seems that there has been a strong inclination among French statesmen lately towards the idea of European unification. It would be fundamentally wrong to oppose this from the outset. It is a great and necessary opportunity for German efficiency to be able to provide valuable work for a larger area than the German Reich. Only then will it be possible to exploit what is in German and is now withering away or is being worn down by a few places in the internal strife and jealous competition of many Gualifies."

You can't be more explicit! Since we don't have enough space to live — out into the fever colonies of Indochina, out into the deserts of 2llgier and Tunis, out into the jungles of Madagascar, into the swamps of Senegal ... To indulge in a "larger area" — Pan-Europe, including Indochina.

It is interesting to see how closely the pan-European idea coincides with our presentation of the Koung Plan. It turns out that the leaders of the "German" democracy are quite clear about the consequences of their policy:

exporting German slaves in favor of the rolonies of foreign peoples as a substitute for the blacks and yellows.

Antichristianity

Schabbes-Lhriften

Full of jubilation, the ITA reported. December 26, 1025 from Detroit: The Committee for Friendship between Jews and Christians held a meeting at the Temple "Beth El" in Detroit, attended by 12 bishops, 0 university directors, and numerous clergy and rabbis. Presentations were given by Rabbi Dr. Leo M. Franklin, Mr. Milford Stern on behalf of the Congregation "Beth El", as well as the President of the Federation of Sisters Rev. John W. Hering, Episcopal Bishop Hermann D. Page of Michigan, and Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr of Detroit. In his speech, Reinhold Franklin explained that the prerequisites for mutual respect between Jews and Christians in America are:). the Protestant Church in America must take public action against the unchristian and un-American Ku Klux Klan; 2. All attempts to convert the Jews must cease; For example, the story of the euphoria of Jesus must not be taught to children in Christian schools, as the Jews were guilty.

This is really impeccable done, we propose a 4th point with something like the following version: Jesus was handed over by the Völkisch Pilate of that time because he appeared against the usurers in a Wodanshain. But the Jews rejoiced in Jesus because they were the persecuted and robbed.

The Hunt for God

A rabbi by the name of Bernhard Lohn has become one of the poets. He feels like a prophet like Hosea and Isaiah, who pasted fine speeches on the walls of Jerusalem. He wrote a play under the name Bernhard, which he entitled "The Hunt of God". Reward hunts his god as follows:

A Jewish boy leaves his hometown and is baptized. Then go back with the intention of plundering his comrades. However, he is received as "Meffias" and feels comfortable in the role. The worship of the Jews makes him repent of his fine intentions, he acknowledges that the Jews are better than the Lhrists. In the end, the poor man is stoned to death by the common anti-Semites.

In his preface, the Talmud rabbi says: "It is more than interesting that Jewish doctrine has placed evil at the service of God as well as good," which is really very pretty and sincere in its wording. The noble Shulchan aruch recommends lies, deceit, and deceit, and puts this evil at the service of the good, i.e., the Jew. If he wins, the god is hunted and a new hunt can begin. These religious exercises have been performed for zooo years; as the present shows, this continuous training has produced beautiful Mefvian fruits.

Gourmet...

Christmas and Easter are in the habit of celebrating Jacob's agreements in their most beautiful way: namely, by mocking the founder of Christianity according to the tried and tested pattern. The universally "famous" author of the "Merry Vineyard", the half-Jew Zuckmaier, wrote a spring poem in order to celebrate Easter 1926 in a dignified manner, the second and fourth stanzas of which read as follows:

> When the wind blows in spring from the north, it is called Rnofpentod and flower murder.
> On the rooftops the rats cry out, Like the Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane.
>
> When the wind blows from the east in spring, It brings sun, rue and strong rust, Chickens lay, cocks swell the ram, And we gladly slaughter the paschal lamb.

All sorts of respect for so much — insouciance. The "poem" had evidently

found great popularity in high-minded circles: it was printed in No. 73 of the "AZ. am Abend" (Munich) and in the "Mannheimer Tagebl." from ro. March 1926. Presumably in other papers of the Chosen One.

The "Franks. Ztg.", the main organ of the "young German democracy", reports on the Rarfrcitag. This time a "lady" does it. She writes (r. April 1926):

> I slept that night.
> Next to me you, the night without sleep, hung on the Rreuz I gave you the next, I assigned you, I slept.

Unfortunately, the assigned one has woken up again. What a pity.

The Unwhipped Sublime

In Berlin 0 the "Tribune" of the Map Gruschwitz appears. A Sheet for Atheism and Jewish Freedom. The following stylistic flourishes from No. 56,)927 show which "spirit" dominates the street today:

"But the worst enemies we have are those fellows who have the audacity to want to link socialism with religion are the so-called 'religious socialists'. It cannot be emphasized often enough that these people are liars, criminals of the idea of socialism! People who dared to falsify the words "Religion is opium for the people" or, as Bebel said, "Religion and socialism are like fire and weapons — they are mutually exclusive!" into the ridiculous sentence of the famous SPD State Secretary Schulz: "I can very well imagine a pious Ratholikm who is a socialist."

They spit in the face of the noble idea of socialism and the struggle for freedom and then finally come to the Scandinavian confession of the Social Democratic pastor Hartmann in Cologne, who directly recommends religious convictions to his party. We see how dull-witted the German worker in general, and the Silesian worker in particular, is, but one thing should be expected of him: that he will take up the cudgel when a scoundrel under the mask of a 'religious socialist' approaches him, how low has the Social Democracy sunk, how utterly rotten it has become, that it is already prostituting itself with the priests!!"

as you can see: even Kurt Tucholsky could still go to the Shabbos school with Gruschwitz. And so that the mockery of the German par excellence is not absent, there is a poem right by the way, large in the middle of the first page:

> Be German!
> German, gobble only German grass! Does it also smell of Rieselfeld . . .
> It's tasty when you taste the German wetness

Firm and faithful solidarity!

German Rase is not without . . . Roquefort; Gervais;
Hereditary filth! Swiss; bah! Neutral zone! Foreign goods!
Hands off!!

German, dear German women! even if they are often bland . . .
Get married with a Gretchen: every year you get a cow!

Hindenburg needs soldiers, like Rnül; the filth and filth . . . If
you're looking for a woman, let me advise you: Rönigin-
Luise-Bund!!

Always drink faithfully and conservatively, lime blossom,
German tea!
Sing real German songs, Then your stomach won't hurt!

For example: In bed has flounders, Our aunt
Henrieutt' ---------- Germans,
trust only German miracles: Trademark:
Ronnersreuth. . .

The man still walks along unwhipped today. He would still do it if he had put his real name under the poem.

A Girl's Cross Iguny as a Revue

In the "Völkischer Beobachter" of October 27, 927, 927, we find a report which we bring verbatim below, as it is certainly one of the most terrible documents of our time.

"Under the leadership of the Jew Em. T a u s i g is currently being shown a 'revue' to the people of Bremen. Until now, this has never existed in the beautiful Hanseatic city, where Hauff once found the motifs for his 'Ratskeller fantasies'. But now Bremen has had its 'Revue' for a few days now. On the advertising pillars and poster stands, it is praised as a 'night revue'. The game doesn't start until 11 a.m.; and every evening young and old lusty old men fill the hall to sip on the poisonous cup of morbid eroticism that characterizes the event. and nudity celebrate triumphs! The audience goes wild and thinks everything is beautiful. The programme unfolds in 24 pictures, a 'poem of the legs', as one of the announcers remarked. From a purely artistic point of view, the thing is not worth much. Runst doesn't seem to be the main thing in the story. Nudity is to be shown, for speculation on the sensuality of the crowd has always brought in money—and that is what matters! Unfortunately, the word 'runst' is often the most appropriate cover for dirt these days. And the Bremen Revue brings a lot of dirt. This is most disgusting and morbid in piece 17 of the pantomime 'Delirium' (the title 'Mimo Grand guignol' was added to the programme as an explanatory measure).

Said Viennese Jew Em. Tausig is responsible for this — but no police authority, no public prosecutor holds accountable the one who inoculates mental poison into German people night after night.

what is offered to the audience in the pantomime 'Delirium' are swamp flowers, sprouted from an un-German Griental brain. what stands there on the stage has nothing of the bubbling tingling of a joyful operetta, no — heavy and tired, like the stagnant basic weapon of a bacilli-infested swamp, the truck creeps over the ramp.

But let us let the Jew Tausig speak for himself, taking the most striking lines from the article he wrote accompanying the libretto the textbook:

"There sits a beautiful lady of the best company. You can see... how they help the intrusive "Oriental" (!) ... The brutality of his race towards women breaks through.

"She wants to escape, but he grabs her and tears her dress to shreds. He forces her to dance, to a sultry, lustful dance!"---------"While she hovers in mortal fear, the man reaches for cocaine to whip up his nerves further." — "Demonic rage seizes the Oriental ----------" --------"The white daughter of the Christians shall atone for his God.

He seizes her, paralyzed with terror, and binds her in symbolic crucifixion...'

"Tear off her clothes." "He throws knives at the woman"... /The knives fly faster, and one hits the heart. Bleeding, she collapses, the shackles give way, she rolls down the stairs. The animal, the vampire, is awakening in him. He pounces on fie, he drinks her blood. His God was gracious.""'

In other words, the brutal outrageous deeds of the Nuremberg Jew (Mayer) and friend of Count Pestalozza of the pious Bavarian People's Party are presented here on stage to a wealthy audience!

The fact that the Oriental appears in the mask of a Europeanized Buddhist does not matter. He is and remains the Jew who celebrates his greatest triumphs in the desecration of the German woman!

But the fact that such deliriums of disgusting perversity are allowed to romp across a stage in public without a storm of indignation breaking out shows us better than anything else how morally unspeakably low the German people have sunk in the Barmat and Kutisker democracy!

S Rosenberg, Sumps

S)

Chaplin, the dear Jesus

The papers of the German People's Party cannot, of course, lag behind the "Voffische" in terms of progress, etc. Thus the "national" "Hannoversche Kurier" (No. 209, 1-927) tried to find Charlie Chaplin, the Galician ideal of heroes of today.

"Chaplin: Rerlchen in major, ravaged by fate, unarmed long since abandoned to treachery ---------- Still: she's forgiven ----------, but he's always like that. His trousers jiggle helplessness, his stick a timid longing for the gentleman you will never be. O Saint Chaplin, you are the dear Jesus of our time, when we are all so immeasurably lonely. And you suffer for all of us. But: You, my boy, are a rubbed dog, you are a crook, my little, longing Charlie, you have your small and then a little big trump cards and usually a happy ending, you are just a little one after all."I'm American, my Charlie—in Russia you were called Raskolnikoff. Brother, brother, you are not as characterless as all actors, to be able to play a different character every day, no, you are very lonely, and Nietzsche once ran from the feast into the street and hugged a horse. You'll understand."

It goes without saying that Mr. Liepmann has not been prosecuted for blasphemy. This happens only when one finds fault with Jehovah and his famous laws.

"Hello! Glory to God in the highest"

Every year, as the Christmas season approaches, the Hebrew Rultur centers begin to make Christmas poems. This is also the case with Stephan Großmann, in whose "Diary" (No. 4z, 1927), Lion Feuchtwanger, who was also Jewish, wrote thus:

Christ was born in Bethlehem (Palestine) in the year 1 BC on the night of December 24-25. Hello! Glory to God in the highest.

Sr

Three Roents from the Orient came by the quickest traffic,

not without risk, in order to put first-class gratuities at the feet of the infant.

Hello! And peace to the people of the earth.

Still in isr6 people were partying all over the USA. the great and lasting significance of what happened at that time.

Hello! Glory to God in the highest.

And since the sale of liquor was forbidden in those times, on the night of the Lhcistmass nine people died of substitute alcohol and 3 niggers that year.

Hello! And peace to the people of the earth.

„Happy Halleluja"

In the comedie of the Lhamps Elysees in Paris, Mister Lohn is enthroned as director. To make his name more melodious, he calls himself Mr. Jefferson-Cohn. And gave the Lhristus film "Rönig der Rönige". With the smell of incense in the hall, with oriental par. füms, front seats at 500 francs for Raffe.Stock market pirates, who all wanted to see the deeds of their forefathers. In the main box as a guest (the ridicule is not bad) the M i st i n g u e t t e, the Revue. Soubrette, the noble street prostitute of Paris. Opposite her (not bad either) is the — German ambassador and the whole diplomatic — rorps. Then came the "Eroika", later the "Rare Friday Magic". And then the "Frankfurter Zeitung" tells:

"Meanwhile, the carpenter heals the blind and the lame; for the Zu. Showers invisible. Only the excellent types of his disciples appear. At last his face appears. Gentle and soulful with biblically wavy hair. Very quietly there is a little g e - clapping...

"Christ and the disciples leave the room. The realm on the table begins to glow, a trumpet flutters by, the ravel plays the entrance to the Grail Castle, and the curtain falls.

"Pause. You've gotten hungry and head to the foyer. "Is'u it reslly imprv88wg? Splendid made up!" "Source belle femme

Mariemadeleine11 *. . . Elegant waiters serve elegant dishes at reasonable prices. You talk to your acquaintances, ver. makes an appointment for the next day and returns to his seat refreshed after the bell rings.

"The Passion: prayer on the Mount of Olives, the imprisonment, the judgment of Pilate and the way to the place of execution. (here my companion discreetly departed to fetch his wardrobe.) It was a long way to Golgotha. The cross is placed on the ground. Christ must reach out. You can see the executioner's striking — the nails are driven in, the cross is raised...

"The audience applauds!

"Quietly, a neighbor leaves the pen of his LliLpeLuclsgue leaping departure is near — and behind me a voice says: '?gräon, il n'y a rien plus d'interessantl'

'And there was darkness over the whole land...' — Applause — Judas hangs himself — applause — the temple curtain tears in half — again applause — and when Christ rises in spite of the stone and the guards, those who had not yet left after the crucifixion clapped with sustained enthusiasm.

"One o'clock. It's pouring down. Slowly, the removal of the audience takes place. On the pavement, someone whistles the last hit: "Sing hallelujah, b a p p y h a l l e l u j a . . ."

*

The Jews applaud at the crucifixion!

The height of democracy has been reached.

The process to be revised

The Easter of 1928 also gave Syrians the opportunity to let off steam in the full sense of the power they had gained since November 1918 and to throw off that mask of "humanity" that they had previously found expedient to put on from time to time. On Good Friday, April 6, 1928, the "Berliner Börsenkurier", published under the main editorship of Dr. Emil Faktor, published a "Good Friday Reflection" by his raffegenleiter Hermann Friedemann under the title "Back to Barrabasr"

We reprint the most important parts below, but they and the fact that they have remained without contradiction are evidence of the most terrible decay. So Friedemann writes about the Rare Friday in Jerusalem, among other things:

"This Friday, just before the Jewish spring and Be. The feast of liberation, in an unascertainable year during the reign of the raiser Tiberius, was for the

Roman world a day like any other day; no event that could have struck even the Mediterranean peoples as remarkable lifted him out of the passage of time.

"Only for the inhabitants of the city of Jerusalem had the proximity of the feast brought such an event, not a great one, but nevertheless a great one. In these troublesome times, one already convicted freedom fighter, the Roman, enemy and political murderer of Yeshu Bar Raban, had been released at the request of his fellow citizens. the. Such an amnesty was a fixed custom, to which the Roman pro. Praetor Pilate had not been able to deny himself. However, the concession had only become possible because of a distinction between two Ge. and because the other, who also happened to be the same as Hamens Yeshu, could be handed over as a corrupter of the people and blasphemer of the faith to the foreign rulers who were actually or allegedly offended by him. But this had no meaning.

"Many centuries later, one about the Occident has spread out. The growing community, which in ancient times could no longer have any measure of the realities of the Tiberian period, felt the fate of two prisoners as a symbol. The Western-distorted names of Jesus and 'Barrabas' oppressed an overworld. contrast, received heavenly and infernal rlang; although the order in which contemporaries must have heard these names was naturally reversed. For the few people who were present in the controversy over the amnesty of Pontius Pilate, the exchange of prisoners took place in the realm of triviality; and insofar as there is any difference in meaning at all. It can only have been in favor of Yeshu Bar Raban, quite apart from taking sides. This 'B a r r a. bas' was understandable. He had been guilty of

but not unlike the heroes of popular history, he was not a common murderer. The sentiment which had driven him was disapproved of by thinkers, secretly shared by many, and in any case it was an attitude that was quite earthly, tangible and ready for action in all its zeal for faith. What to do with the other Yeshu, the itinerant preacher; With what common reasons to stand up for him; Might he be harmless; his confused, ambiguous speeches were therefore no reason to sacrifice the other, Befferbegriffe, in his place. Perhaps he was also an enemy of the Romans; but the utterances, which were certainly sufficient to deliver him to the knife of the foreign master, were provocatively obscure, breathless intellectual, and far removed from life, in so far as they were not senseless, they lacked reliable simplicity. Could one follow a man who immediately devalued every attempt at the expression of his will with the paralyzing word: his kingdom is not of this world;

"Only the revaluation of all values, to which the life and still more the death of this man has forced the human spirit, made it possible to turn the juxtaposition: Jesus-Barrabas into a trial of God, an unparalleled self-accusation and self-condemnation of human nature, the victory of the kingdom that is not of this world, over the kingdoms that are of this world, of the spirit over matter, of being children of God over the will, of peace over struggle.

"But all this was only submission to the Word that was "in the beginning"; the earthly powers are unconquered and invincible. The great trial which the Gospel interpretation leads the followers of Barrabas to wage against the disciples of the Saviour has not yet been decided, and sometimes, especially in our day, it even seemed as if an attempt was being made to decide it for the second time in favor of Barrabas in a retrial.

"The Crucified One, this is what the Christian churches teach and this is how it confirms, in a spiritualized sense, human history, is risen. But Barrabas is not dead either. His Spirit leads
a condemned life, despised by the confessions, but on the other hand a more powerful life, stronger in external effects, than that of the Nazarene. And even the fundamental condemnation is shaken, it would really be a grave injustice to the old Rämpfer if none of the innumerable who are blood of his blood had the clarity of mind to confess to him and to the revision of the great trial with words."

Ran to ask for even more; The common murderer of Barraba 1900 years ago is being falsified into a patriot in the same way that the pilaster railway murderer Schlesinger (who set out to rob his victims) was "turned into a hopeful musician". This murderer of Barraba is therefore of "reliable simplicity", of "ready for action", contrary to the "confused" Jesus of Nazareth!

A miracle!

In today's democracy, a veritable miracle has taken place, which we note with due reverence: the new portfolio of the filth and trash artist Georges Gross; was confiscated by the prosecutor for blasphemy. The things that were drawn here must have been quite outrageous. The Berlin newspaper "Welt am Montag" gives the following account of them with delight:

"In the first, we see a clergyman balancing a Rreuz on his nose, next to symbolic figures of uniformated militarism; Signature: 'Be subject to authority.' what does this mean; To any insightful person, the meaning is immediately clear: during the reign there were clergymen who juggled with the Word of God and falsified Christ's doctrine of peace into a murder parole. . . . In the second incriminated picture, a savage priest spits grenades from his drooling throat from the knapsack adorned with an image of the lamb.

Ranons and bayonets at his — not very reverent — compulsion, listening; Signature: 'T h e distribution of the hei. In the case of the S&P — The third drawing shows a crucified Christ; one has his bare legs tucked into military boots through which the nails have been driven; In one hand of his bound arms he holds a fainting Rreuz, and a gas mask is strapped to his face. Signature: 'Shut up and continue to serve.'"

According to "Bayer. Rurier" (-April 4 isrS), the Jewish paper, furious that such a slander was withheld from the all-patient public, adds:

"I don't know where they (the Christian priests) get the courage to hang on the necks of those who speak the truth and defend Christ's doctrine in its purity, as they do to Gross; . . . Tried... After all, even the people in their widest circles will recognize that it is not the God who blasphemes who draws Christ with the gas mask, but the one who ties it around him!"

And the all-Jewish "Monday Morning" sneers:

"You have to be a public prosecutor of the old Prussian shot, an advocate of throne and altar, to see God blasphemed in these pages. Certainly, Great is great; no religious mind, the myth of the Immaculate Conception or the visit of the Three Kings to the Lbristkindlein is unlikely to inspire him. He is an artist who has both feet on the ground of today's earth. But one might think that in these three sheets, which the prosecutor regarded as blasphemy against God, he was writing a veritable one. This deep piety reveals that such bitter hatred of those who have desecrated the name of God in a war patriotic manner could only arise from a great love for the blessed faith in cattle (!), which has been disappointed . . . Fortunately, we in Germany can enjoy certain democratic freedoms. It is foolish and superfluous for the prosecutor to try again and again to disturb us with this little joy."

The mockery is not bad. And that the great; will not be locked up for 0 months, but the victorious Larmat spirit guarantees that.

Big; was really acquitted. ..

SS
The Marxist Lord's Prayer

At Easter, 1928, the following version of the Lord's Prayer circulated in the Marxist press, which must be ranked among the highest achievements of New German spirituality. This new seal reads:

"We don't pray:
Forgive us our trespasses! we will forgive ourselves for our debts. We will be forgiven of our guilt at the moment when we have plunged our knife through the ribs of our Zwinghecrn, for we have murdered the spirit

of authenticity within us. Then, when we are all-knowing, all-sentient, all-sentient, all-knowing, all-powerful, then, when we are free! — Amen!"

So vote for Romunists and Social Democrats! Then there are free knives to murder and afterwards free beer for every confessable Mefferfchwinger.

Jesus, the "loafer"

In the "Neumarkter Zeitung" of April 1926, the municipal council of Rackschütz published a report on the last community meeting, in which, among other things, facts from the official effectiveness of the school board Dr. Rur; were presented. The deputy chairman of the parish church council would bring two minutes to be read out:

1. Protocol of Rl. Bresa, negotiated on October 23 -927- School Council: where did Jesus live; — In Bethlehem. — Schoolmaster: Oh, Bethlehem was just as much of a filthy nest as your Bresa. — continent; Cattle: Asia. — School Counselor: Well, he was an Asian. — we Germans believe in an Asian! At childbirth — diapers, what are they for; — So he canned himself like any other cow, he wasn't any further! — his mother's lamp has run away! — And again and again Lümmel. — With

Regarding Jesus' cleansing of the temple, if he had done that today, he would have come into conflict with the prosecutor! He didn't have any followers at all. Twelve have been brought together. One was afterwards too! He died a criminal. On the cross alone. He also called his father in vain, who did not help him either.

Read, approved, signed. Drawn Adolf Rose, teacher; Neugebauer, pastor. we also attribute this to the achievements of the 9th of November)9)S.

Blasphemy with impunity

Gossip is all the rage. Not blasphemy against Jehovah, of course; that will be severely punished. But blasphemy against Christian beliefs. Nothing happens, and if the public prosecutor intervenes, he closes the case. He knows how to behave in today's state.

For example, Walter Hasenclever's comedy "Marriages Are Looped in Heaven" was not persecuted despite all Christian protests. To get a little idea of how far things have come, an example from the). Act of Comedy:

The stage has been transformed into an elegant ladies' salon. On the walls you can see the emblems of the sky and tapestries with images from the story of creation, on the ceiling constellations. The sun appears in the form of a large mirror, the moon in the form of a floor lamp. The table telephone has the shape of a snake, the loudspeaker that of the mouth of hell.

In front of the mirror, in the middle of cardboard boxes and hat boxes, the "Saint Magdalene" stands like a modern bon vivant, trying on a new dress. A maid with angel wings helps her with this.

Maid (announcing): "His Excellency, St. Peter."

Magdalena: "I'll let you ask." (The maid lets St. Peter enter. He is a ponderous old gentleman in a black coat with a white beard and gold glasses and a briefcase that he places on the table in front of him.)

Saint Peter: "Good day, my child. Are you happy;" Magdalena: "Peter, I'm unhappy."

St. Peter: "What's the matter;"

Magdalena: "I don't have any money."

Sankt Peter: "Business is bad. People don't pay church taxes. And when they pay, they negotiate down half. Our budget is limited."

Magdalena: "At the last big severance payment for saints, I was promised

a twenty percent allowance."

St. Peter: "You got it."

Magdalena: "But they're not enough."

Saint Peter (desperately): "Where am I to get it? St. Francis also wants to live. The angels cost me a fortune. Our reparations run into the millions."

Magdalena: "Look, Peter, I have to look decent. see. With us, everything should be perfect. I can't wear a dress for two years. Do you have any idea what hats cost; Just ask St. Thérèse. I have to behave in a befitting manner."

Saint Peter (opening his briefcase): "We paid two tailor's bills for you the other day. Your perfume consumption is enormous. You'll need a new set of clothes every month. D u r u i n i e r st u n s."

Magdalena: "Then you don't have to go to Hei. l i g e n m a ch e n."

St. Peter: "Your case is also extraordinary."

Magdalene: "It is written, 'She is forgiven many sins, for she loved much.'"

Saint Peter: "We forgive you your sins, but not your debts."

Magdalena (sitting on his lap in high spirits): "p e t e r, I must give you soot."

Saint Peter (frightened): "Stop it." The good Lord can come at any moment."

Magdalena: „woisterdenn;"

St. Peter: "He's finishing his game of golf."

Magdalena: "I'm not going away until you pay my debts."

St. Peter: "But that's the last one"!!"

Magdalena (gives him a soot): "Thank you, Peter. do you want a vermouth;"

Saint Peter: "You'd better give me a whisky." Magdalene (pouring): "What's new in heaven;" Sankt Peter: "A lot of trouble, lawsuits, memoranda, petitions, we work day and night. People don't even know how good they have it."

Magdalena (with a deep bow): "Master!"

The good Lord: "Let it be, Lenchen. We are among ourselves." (He sits down.) "You're nicely furnished. Very tasteful. Even a speaker!"

Magdalena: "Do you want to listen to some music;"

The good Lord: "What's in the program;"

Magdalena (reading aloud): ")0.zo o'clock: Lhoräle."

The good Lord: "Out of the question."

Magdalena: "5 p.m.: Radio play: The passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

The good Lord: "Takes too long." (To St. Peter): "Has mail come;"

Sankt Peter (opens the briefcase): "The dissertation of a student of theology in Heidelberg."

The Good Lord: "Theme;"

St. Peter: "Ran God in his omniscience, all-goodness and all-righteousness to admit evil;"

The good Lord: "People are worried!"

Saint Peter: "The General Directorate of the Canals of Mars asks for an extension of the roncession."

The good Lord (signs): "Approved."

St. Peter: "The heavenly hosts are in ferment. The angels demand the eight-hour day. They don't want to be worse off than the people. St. Augustine complains about favoritism for St. Anthony. He didn't have a good seat at the last reception."

The good Lord: "St. Augustine should be quiet, if you have led a life like him, you don't have to complain."

Saint Peter: "Master, St. Augustine has relations with the press, we have to be careful." ...

The good Lord (knocking out his pipe): "The thrones are shaking. I don't want to play a role anymore that has become a comic figure. The monarchy has run its course. My colleagues on Earth are packing their bags. And since I am nothing more than the last representative of an outdated form of government that claims to be the supreme authority, I want to set a good

example. I want to be."

Maid (reporting): "An orderly is out with a message."

The good Lord: "Let it come." (A Reichswehr soldier with a helmet and wings enters and stands at the door.) "Stir! Didn't I tell you not to stand tall in front of me? I'm not a sergeant. (The orderly moves.) what's going on;"

Orderly: "Tell me most obediently: three suicides have just arrived in heaven."

The good Lord: "People make it easy for themselves. If they can't go any further, they'll shoot themselves in the head."

Saint Peter: "Have the files;"

Orderly: "At your command, Excellency." (He takes three files from his report pocket on his belt and hands them to him.)

Saint Peter: "Resign!" (Ordonnanz turns around and disappears.) "The number of suicides is increasing at an alarming rate. we don't have any more space, we have to grow."

I bet that if the name "Jehovah" were written everywhere instead of "the dear God": in a few days the "world press" would be filled with German cultural brutality, the book would have been confiscated and the author would be locked up in prison for six months.

Theatre, Film, Music, Dance

Rönigin Esther in Paris

just as "French" Jews are played in Berlin, so in Paris "German" Israelites are played. Heyermanns, Schnitzler, Natansen, Rößler. ^)un the pious "self-defense" is thrilled that after Bernstein, Porto-Riche, Bernard a new play has appeared, which "delights" the theatergoers. It is "Esther, the Jewish Romaness" that was performed at the Grand Opera in Paris. Written by Andre Dumas and Sebastian Lecont, Romponist Mario. "Genuinely Jewish," as the aforementioned paper exultantly emphasizes. After the reproduction of the modernized content, from which it is evident that the pious business of mocking Christianity is being eagerly pursued, the "self-defense" (j) concludes. December -925):

"This play is performed with charm and has a large dose of wit and humour; Particularly comical is the scene in which the clergyman performs the

baptismal ceremony. On the other hand, the picture where the grandmother from Frankfurt appears and learns what crime her son and his family are about to commit (he wanted to be baptized. A. R.) must be felt with strong feeling. She cries out with all her heart, 'Scorn Isroel' (hear Israel), and these words must make a powerful impression on the listener."

As you can see, the whole of Israel listens breathlessly to the fact that the "royal blood" is to be preserved from contamination with the goyim, who were so stupid as to grant them equal rights.

Lirce's Love Stories

It is the good manners of the Jerusalemite aristocracy not to suppress his most intimate feelings, in so far as they resemble those which once moved King David at the sight of the wife of Uriah, but to present them to the public in an unformed form. We know this from the "works" of the Schnitzlers, Bettauers and Genoffens. Now a descendant of the pious Solomon lives in Paris as a "Frenchman", who has taken the name Andre picard. He has written a "play" entitled "Tirce's Marriage". Of course, this work of genius has been translated into German and performed at a ritual theatre in Berlin, unfortunately we have not yet found an opportunity to get hold of the new wonder of the world, but we are compensated for this by the pious democratic "Berliner Tageblatt", which at the end of 1925 discusses picard's muse-product as follows:

"Circe is surrounded by lovers. But finally she succeeds in the big toup, she catches the rich industrialist for the registry office. But before that, she bids farewell to her young girlhood, so to speak, and a night of love with a sweetheart ensues. You see the bed, you see the couple. He came to her as Pierrot, she was enthusiastic and spoke in Zoten. Mad with love, she denies her principles and no longer wants to marry the fat man. But afterwards, Pierrot becomes damn practical. Whining, quite offended soul, she throws the loafer out and now takes the fat one after all."

There is no doubt that democracy has once again been transformed a few inches deeper into the hearts of the "B.T." readers, and modern spirituality has celebrated the triumph it deserves.

Bring on preventive censorship!

Jokes;! As much as you want. Scorn;! Every day in all the feuilletons of the

big city preffe. But ridicule and scorn only on the non-Jews: on clergymen, generals, on racial studies, on patriotism,

about a sense of honor . . . That's fine in a democracy. But a mockery of Abraham's agreement? Impossible! This is cultural disgrace, crudeness, baseness. But now something very, very horrible has happened. Just think: in Frankfurt (Frank, furtcr!.') On the radio, a Goi told a Jewish joke. And the kosher Frankfurt "Israelit" (No. 49, 1925) is quite puzzled by this. Listen to what he writes after a whining introduction:

"On one of the last evenings, for example, one could hear a little histrionic that wanted to be funny, something to the effect that a Judd (the speaker spoke good Saxonhouse dialect) did not want to talk about it. would have crept into heaven, when as such it actually belonged somewhere else entirely. And it goes on to tell how pretty Peter did to lure him out of heaven and back to hell with the pretense of an 'auction'.

"Probably no one laughed about it, if only because the so-called joke is as old as all anti-Semitic jokes of this kind. However, many of Frankfurt's 50,000 radio subscribers were certainly annoyed by this bottomless lack of tact and taste. The radio station, which even insists on denominational parity in the Sunday morning celebrations, should also show a little more willingness to tact and taste in the evening cheers.

"Perhaps the Frankfurt management of the radio does not always have the individual artists and the individual artists themselves their temperaments in their hands. But you should try to get your hands on them. And if anywhere, preventive censorship is very much needed here. Maybe all that was needed was this suggestion."

We have not read anything in the pious rabbinical paper against the sale of pig literature, let alone that it has called for preventive censorship, we propose that every repertoire be checked by a dozen Talmudic rabbis and their Rebekas to see whether it is kosher, whether it does not even contain an anti-Semitic passage from Goethe, Grillparzer, and Wagner. Perhaps the best thing would be to have only Yiddish and Hebrew sing; Music only by Meyerbeer, Schönberg. Of the 50,000 subscribers, 40,000 will be very happy about it. "Maybe all that was needed was this suggestion."

Profitable import

Heaven is reflected in the smallest waffle, and the great spirit of the House of Ullftein is reflected in the most inconspicuous pious writer. In Berlin, French and Jewish-French works of the latest fashion have to be performed. Naturally! This requires the honour of European humanity of Jewish-Berlin character. And, of course, they must be praised. This requires the honour of Ullstcin. Thus, Mr. Franz Leppmann writes in the "B. Z. am Mittag" (December 19, 1925):

"From France comes a satirical-political comedy by Robert de Flers and Fran^ois de Lroiffet, the import of which was worthwhile, because we don't have this genre, maybe not yet, maybe we never will have it. Our politicization is still too young, our wounds are still too painful, for us to be able to take political matters so lightly, so without poison, from the distance of the cheerfulness that does justice to both parties by ironizing both. Beginnings of this superior political tolerance can only be found in old Austria, which danced towards its demise with pessimist grace, and in its poets see Schnitzler, with a few nice sentences in 'Countess Mizzi' and in 'Professor Bernhard!'.

Prancing towards doom — so it's "worth it." To put it very nicely, Mr. Leppmann. And in terms of sincerity, the short section leaves nothing to be desired. Only for whom it is worthwhile, you have concealed, esteemed sir! But I'm sure you'll tell us that next time...

",^eun tenths"

Germany has its carnival in every form: in the Reichstag as well as in the dance hall. Veils and revelations follow one another in charming play, and one fragrance of democratic morality triumphs over the other, but while the political carnival chooses its garb more and more red, the real "artist's" carnival was

of 1926 came to an end on February 16, what is being done there, we know; what is written about it, of which only two examples:

In Hamburg, for example, an "artists' festival" took place under the title Noa. Tawa, the emerging island. A kindred spirit of the old rabbis, unknown to us, wrote about this in the democratic "Hamburger Fremdenblatt" (No. 37, 1926):

"The soil is densely populated. Nevertheless, the textile industry is withering away. Apart from tablecloths and wall mats, I saw only a few fabrics. The meat market, on the other hand, is flourishing in an unimaginable way. The Noa-Tawans love the meat. This is enjoyed by them in its raw state. — The disposition is cheerful and exuberant and predestined for easy indulgence. The posture is casual, devoted, and inclined. The colloquial language is usually of palpable clarity. — One of the peculiarities of the Noa-Tawans is that they never have their hands with themselves, but always with others. . . ."

"At 27S5 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, this monstrous rumble game was staged to stormy applause. Tetje Tügel, Edith Voges, Eva Leidmann, Libo Dämmert, Elfriede Mertens and, of course, Paul Remp, as well as a number of others — not to mention the graceful crowd of dancers dressed in their own skin — received baskets of applause."

Even the democratic "Monday Morning", the favourite child of the morally strict Stephan Großmann, can only tell of the glories of the women of the goyim, who give the Jerusalemites so much pleasure. In this newspaper, a disciple of our time, beaming with joy, states about the Berlin Film Ball:

". . . provocatively, however, over the marble hall lay the eroticism of being noticed and being engaged—the most passionate of all the nuances of eroticism. It was cooled with a thousand promises..."

About the Reimann Ball it says:

". . . More and more, the costume parties develop into body shows (l), one saw half-naked men and nine-tenths naked women, among them some truly worth seeing! . . . Josephine Baker (the lead dancer of a Negro revue. 21. R.) showed the brown of their limbs at close range to the people (!) .. ."

About the Advertising Fcst:

". . . The rapporteur did not notice anyone, but very, very much, much. He is happy to confirm that the question: 'What do I wear?' — answered in the programme with: 'From the steel-armoured young woman of Orleans' to the Venus Rallipygos (i.e. with the beautiful back extension. A. R.) your capricious mind finds a thousand possibilities' — more in the latter (!) meaning has been resolved. Thus, the festival of advertising became an outspoken advertisement for women ..."

The godly carrion!

Hermann Heyermans, the "Belgian" writer from some Dutch ghetto, has written a new play, which has — of course — been performed by his Berlin comrades. It's called "Eva Bonheur", and it must have been a big mishap that the "Berl. Tagebl." couldn't keep up completely. But it adds to its mild rhetoric (No. 104, 1926):

"Nevertheless, stormy applause, a bomb ovation. Explanation? Ilka Grüning r

"G Ilka — a wagon-wheel-sized, thick, thick laurel wreath with a gold-embroidered bow is laid here at your feet . . . Beloved monster in night jacket and beary underpants, be thanked for the great runst of the portrayal of man! Godly Äs with shimmering witches' eyes, rusty voice, Lord, lust for food, poisonous syrup laughter, shattering fear of mice — never play that on a smear in Lower Bavaria, you would get terrible scorching!"

A carrion full of God, really a new and significant stylistic flowering of the "B. T.", in which the pious Catholic Joseph Wirth writes leading essays.

Mandrake

A certain Siegfried Geyer has brought the "Mandrake" of the half-forgotten Hanns Heinz Ewers to the stage in Berlin, and why not: a material for the democratic spirituality of the Tauentzien.

Street, as it is better not to have. The leading newspaper of this spirituality, the "Vossische Ztg." (May 5, 192S):

"To the left and right fall the victims of the vampire, the man-murdering mandrake. She sinks deeper from scene to scene, she appears lower cleavage from scene to scene. Foreplay: as it is begotten from the gallows root. Conclusion: how she kills herself after so many evil deeds. To this end, she undauntedly takes off her shirt. What does she expect from it; Apparently, she wants to hint at the heat of her blood in a subtle artistic way."

It is only a miracle that no Christian Lhoral was played. In the case of "Battleship Potemkin", the music begins with a parody of "Jesus, my confidence". In any case, we are becoming more and more mature for the League of Nations.

New material for the spirituals

The "literary world" is deeply depressed. Her sophisticated readership and her theatrical elite had been looking forward to Bourdet's announced lesbian love play. Reinhardt-Goldmann had also premiered it in Berlin. But "The Prisoner" was a big disappointment. "Bourdet has pushed his way by," she cries angrily (No. 24/25, 1926), he doesn't show the most interesting things on stage! And so the paper of today's intellectual elite writes: "Bourdet has been praised as particularly tasteful that he does not allow the other woman to appear. But as is so often the case, taste and tact are only the aesthetic form for impotence and cowardice. In a single scene, two men talk about a lesbian drama that supposedly takes place behind the scenes. But when do we finally get to see the play in which this love itself, the special thing about it, its own psychology, the other lyricism, the dia- logical charisma of this eroticism alien to men, takes on the seriousness of the literary figure and, above all, the hopeless alienation of the man next to this unapproachable, intangible relationship; That would certainly be a new material for our theatre, which is in need of material.

"The overly tactful Bourdet has also avoided the ethical and social problem of lesbian love. — Yes, why; Only because the father, Mr. Attachä, cannot fast it, and the good husband understandably suffers from it; what is the evil in it; The boundaries of the natural and the social must once again be seriously questioned. The matter is certainly not without problems. But at least we would have to give it some thought. For the time being, this question is so open that it could afford worthwhile glimpses to the most distant metaphysical backgrounds."

The author of these charming lines calls himself Bela Balász, but of course we cannot say whether that is his name. Maybe his name is Moritz Lohn. Perhaps he will sit down himself and write a proper lesbian "drama" for Reinhardt-Goldmann. That would be an enormously important act of reconstruction in our time in need of reconstruction, in which democracy has run out of all ideas and Thomas Mann falls back on Joseph in Egypt to write a myth all the way back to his father Abraham. Perhaps he, the "subtile spirit", will take up the suggestion of Bäla Balász; And writes a novel under the title "Under the Sky of Lesbos" or "Lesbos, the Island of Promise"; Since he does not look at writing from the point of view of national improvement, it will not be difficult for him to follow our suggestion.

The Jazz Plutocracy

In Hanover, the democratic "Hannoversche Anzeiger" is published, a paper that does not want to present much and fully achieves this purpose. But every now and then he finds a grain. Recently, the greatest hero of the United States next to Chaplin was. in Europe: whiteman, the jazz king. All the magazines brought him. An unbelievably fat individual, greasy and narrow-minded, as a real Rönig of today's blissful jazz must be. The aforementioned Anzeiger (No. 147, 1926) writes about this:

"Whiteman is one of the four American jazz kings vying for the palm of greatest success. They're all standing — and this

Circumstance lends a deep symbolic meaning to their proud title as jazz kings — with the plutocracy of 5th Avenue in very close personal relationships. For example, the jazz king Kahn is one of the sons of the well-known banker GttoH. Kahn, whose family is at home with music, has also made a name for himself far beyond America as the patron saint of the metropolitan operas. The young Roger Wolf Kahn has created an extensive and rich publishing

business in the field of jazz composition, which has become extremely dangerous for the long-established organizations of a similar nature. Although only 1 year old, the young Kahn is successfully advancing on the path of fame, and today he is the only one who can compete with Whiteman. This is the first time that the Commission has been able to assert that it is not possible to Incidentally, both are closely related in artistic terms, both aim to make the Negro rhythms with their characteristic syncopations the basis of a specifically American music and, in particular, a genuinely American one. canian symphony, but whiteman has not been able to do so far. He was the first to correctly recognize the importance of jazz and to recognize early on the possibility of shaping the foxtrot rhythm symphonically."

Father Kahn and son have thus divided up finely in the work. In 1914, Father Kahn paid $50,000 for the newspaper of the German traitors in Switzerland. Father Kahn paid for Frank, rich, in 1915. Father Kahn then laid his hand on the sulphur mines in the land of Abd el Rrim, which the French poilus had conquered for him... And his son adds the dances of the descendants of Abraham and Ham.

Recently, Mascagni spoke to a representative of the "Tribuna" about the Yiddish-Negroid music of the Whiteman-Rahn. He said, 'l

"For God's sake, don't talk about this abomination. It is said that jazz band music came to us from the Negroes. come. This is a great error, which is a bitter injustice to the Negroes. I myself collected a large number of Negro dance songs and dances about twenty years ago, and I can assure you that here is a truly valuable artistic material lying idle. Perhaps, after all, I shall carry out my intention to write a symphony after the

To write original motifs, just to pay tribute to the music of a raffle that we unjustly underestimate, when I hear a jazz band band with its bleating, complaining, brutal noise-making, I suffer almost physical guals; how fearsome is the man who blows the saxophone and takes every possible effort to imitate the sounds of the lowest kinds of animals!"

So Mascagni is also very much back in the woolly head culture of father Kahn and son. The "Hannoversche Anzeiger" was supposed to give him one on the roof.

Revue and League of Nations

The Berlin revues begin, i.e. the social culture of the capital is in full swing.

One of the revues, "It Gets Better," uses dance and jazz to promote the well-known "reconstruction of the fatherland," and what one hears in parliament must, in order to properly educate the people, be repeated in vaudeville — and elsewhere. Otherwise, you won't believe it in the end when you look at the three million unemployed.

So Israel rages with delight at the comrades Welisch and Schanzer, the "poets" of the review. Above all, however, about Nelson, who also came from the ghetto, and his music. The "Voss. Ztg." writes (September 14, 1926):

"'Paraguay': you must have heard that. You will hear it. It will be hammered into your ear for a season. Valencia will no longer suck your soul out of your body with your eyes, you will have to let this rhythm stomp into you with a Charlestonic pulse. You will tap 'It can be better', you will have 'Friderike' in your ear, yes, you will perhaps plead for the annexation of Austria to the German Republic after all, if you remember the charm of Nelson's "Anschluss" (Connection wanted)."

"It fits. This is music, 'utilitarian music' with the means of a higher one. It's an idea and a finding. And it's more. Effort. Work. Chamber music. Yes. Finely orchestrated, moderately jazzed, with witty violins, with wit in the brass and always
again with this grand piano, this stability, which forces Nelson's hands to become an unstable personal instrument. ,Paraguay, Paraguay . . /"

Fabulous business advertising. This is how music fashion is made. Lohn praises Itzig in front of the whole world. Itzig praises Lohn. Men believe everything, buy Lohn's and Itzig's products, and do not know that the one inwardly regards the other as a hollow head or ranaille. But common interests unite.

The fact that the editor-in-chief of the "Voffische Ztg.", Bernhard, was elected chairman of the press representatives at the League of Nations is an excellent fit for Paraguay.

Spiegelberg, the Messiah

After "Hamlet" was played in tailcoats, the Bolshevik directors couldn't stand it any longer. They have also modernized the "robbers," piscatoc is the code name of the man, whose real name has just escaped me. And Slang is the name of the other man who praises him in the "Red Flag" and openly expresses the purpose of the new exercise. He writes in No. roS of the Bolshevik newspaper of September 19, 926:

"Meanwhile, 'Robber Moor' mourns his lost innocence, for which he blames Spiegelberg. Spiegelberg, who in Schiller is a cowardly, inflammatory, vile, ambitious, phrasing Jew.

"piscator has rehabilitated this mountain of mirrors. He has made him a revolutionary, who is a mighty deal ahead of the naughty Rnaben Rarl and his boys in experience, insight, knowledge of the true enemies of society and the necessity of ruthlessly combating them.

"It is only through piscator that the 'nobility' of Rarl falls away like rotten rubbish: what good is a Junker in a world of fights! A squire, who thinks that fine Amalia is too high to fall by a common robber, who thrusts the dagger into her breast — pardon, into her bosom — with the words "Is death sweet by my hand?" — which she acknowledges with a blissfully breathed "Oh, so sweet."

"It is only through piscator that the robbers of the day before yesterday, the classic robbers with the broad hats, with boots to their buttocks and beards up to their navel, become victims of the prevailing gap: lumpen proletarians, anarchists and terrorists who despair without their captain.

"because the accursed inheritance of their fathers, the blind, animal slavery, darkens their eyes.

"because they do not know why and for what purpose they are rebelling against the masters.

"Because, helpless in the birth pangs of the new age, they turn the dagger against the one who was to be their leader: Spiegelberg.

"Spiegelberg, whose death means nothing, because his knowledge, his hatred, against the oppressors of later generations is preserved, increased and brought to maturity."

In other words, this Jew Spiegelberg has been put on stage by the Berlin State Theatre. The Jew as Leader of the Proletariat. With a Schiller a cowardly, mendacious fellow, with the Bolsheviks the hero!

Whether there are still non-Jewish idiots who doubt the plannerability of Jewish work according to this example;

The ingenious walesque...

We know from Kurt Muenzer's novel "The Road to Zion" the jubilation that the Jew has succeeded in corrupting all races and making them rotten. This coiner also continued to write uninhibited novels in Berlin's "German" democratic papers. And feuilletons in Zionist. In the "wiener Morgenzeitung"

(12 December 1920) he rejoiced about Jewish Berlin:

"There is dancing in Berlin, a lot of dancing, Waleska Gert, a brilliant Jewess, a spirit who translates vice, fornication, misery, comedy into dance and sound structures of the most concentrated version. — Waleska Gert, before she captivated gourmets in Paris, gave two evenings in Paris.

Berlin. She forms two-minute scenes, types of depravity, in which crime, lust, tragedy, condensed to the point of the grotesque, open entire novels. A curriculum vitae in a dance vision. Of course, their audience is strictly divided into two camps: enthusiasm and indignation. There is no middle ground for this great woman."

Of course, we indulge the Rurfürstendamm and the Parisians, the "gourmets", with the voluptuousness of the ingenious Waleska. But we very timidly wish that she would produce herself in Jerusalem and remain there entirely for the amusement of her fellow countrymen à la Münzer.

The boozy Dawes colony

The former bank thief, then vice president of Wall Street. As is well known, the state has done its job well. He and his faithful assistants in the German Reichstag and in the "German" press have made the German people believe that after the acceptance of his "Gut. eighth" the time of golden peace had come. And so it came to pass, as it had to happen: three million unemployed were on the streets in the third winter of Dawes, the consequence that the so-called German Reich had to pay first 1.5, now 2.5 million marks to the Roman police of Mister Dawes, and consequently could not employ the German Dawes army of the unemployed.

But in return, these three million are allowed into the Jewish goods. Look into the houses, admire the Jewish bank palaces or read the Dawes press at the Riosks, e.g. the "BerlinerTageblatt", which so warmly recommended the Dawes Treaty to us out of its warm Jewish heart. On January 25, 1927, for example, this newspaper told us in passing what the upper tithes. the beneficiary of the misery of the three millions. Under the title "Rellner, the bill!" we read:

"So let's take a big Berlin Rostümball that took place at the zoo a few days ago. 4000 rarts were given out for this ball, but only zyz) cloakrooms were handed in. It is possible that there were people who came without a paletot. The Z5Z1 gentlemen and ladies who threw themselves into this mass pleasure

)whether

sat at 466 tables in 7 halls and were served by 150 dancers. The waiters served no less than -253 bottles of sparkling wine and 600 bottles of various wines. In addition, 6,000 glasses of liquor and five barrels of beer were consumed, the latter consumption of which corresponds to the surprisingly small number of 1,500 glasses — but beer plays a rather subordinate role in the Rostümballs. At the "folding buffet" such portions were served, so it seems that the 'feasters' did not get too hungry from the dancing. 20,000 marks were used to furnish the premises, and more than a thousand yards of fabric, many hundredweights of paper and three hundredweights of paint were used to furnish the premises. manure of the walls.

"And now, to come to the second most important thing, twelve bands played 545 dances in the ten hours that this ball lasted, more than two-thirds of which were the lharlcston's, while the rest were divided between tango, boston, and some outsiders."

One ball! But there were about 500 such balls in Berlin! Banquet at 40 marks the meal; Without wine, of course.

This is real democracy! The three million hungry people can really be happy that the Rursürstendamm is doing so well . . .

By the way, the illustrated supplement of the "Berl. Tagebl." would then bring pictures under the title Parasite of the Day. Of course, there was no Jewish bank manager to be seen, but a poor man picking up discarded cigar butts. The caption says that this is someone who only searches on the Rurfürstendamm because he smokes good brands.

Scorn; By the way, the German worker still chooses Mr. Scheidemann as his representative, the best friend of the Berliner Tageblatt.

*

A few days before the above-mentioned article, the same Frcundesblatt of the labor leader Scheidemann reveled in a "gold, intoxicating." On January 23, 1927, it wrote:

"The International Association of Variety Theatre Conductors will be actively involved in the ball season again this year. This time, the association wants to launch a big international costume festival, which it has called 'Gold - Brawl'. The highlight of the whole event will be a 'sensation of the five minutes', during which time the Sports Palace will be immersed in a sea of gold. Thousands of gold pieces (made of cardboard, of course) will rain down on the audience, and gold (confetti) will rain down from heaven, when the mood is at its highest, ballet master Terpis from the State Opera will form a great polonaise that will

cover all corners of the great ballroom. And if someone comes to the ball in a particularly original (not precious) costume, then he has the chance to earn four marks in cash. In addition, the organizers are planning another novelty: on the evening of the ball, some Berlin houses will have mannequins demonstrate the latest American fashion of painted legs and shoulders."

Culture! Real culture! what wonder when the pious Joseph Wirth uses the "Berl. Tageblatt" to call on all republicans against reaction! He knows what should happen when the culture of November 9 is threatened!

The "new upper class"

The November Democracy, the foundation of which we again have the dubious pleasure of celebrating on November 9, promised us culture, freedom of thought, and other beautiful things. There were indeed Germans who took this tongue language of Canaan at face value. Now we have the "culture": niggers, belly dancers, brothel singers as spiritual leaders, and more.

And it was clear that the theatre would come along with the Jew. And so does the audience.

We know this; but how astonished we were to find in the "Voff. Ztg." to read a truth about it. Think: a truth in the "Voff. Ztg.".' It's hard to imagine.

On October 23, -927, this Ullstein paper published a Zu. He wrote about the theatre, and it read, among other things:

"In addition, there is a shift in the audience that is still left to the theatre. A certain middle class, for whom it used to be self-evident that the adult members of the family visited the theatre with some regularity, is now so weakened in its fighting power that it can only be considered to a very limited extent for going to the theatre. On the other hand, the theatre can certainly count on visitors today who were not there to the same extent in the past. A new upper class has formed. But this upper class is much less uniform and reliable from the point of view of the theatre than the old middle class with its cultural tradition. It also requires a lot of bun. program of the stage. "Above all, his interests are far more in sensation and amusement than was the case with the old tribe of theatregoers."

It is hard to have to read such a thing in the main organ of democratic spirituality; so in front of the public! The "new upper class" thanks to inflation

and deflation is therefore incapable of culture.

We note this: the November democracy can no longer count its successes.

All-Jewish X-ray scroll about the film

In America, Judaism has now proceeded to take over the remaining loose scroll over the entire film industry. The "Jewish Press Center Zurich" (No. 424, -927) reported:

"The former Postmaster General of the United States and current President of the Association of American Film Producers, Will Hays, following the Jewish protests against the screening of the film 'King of X-rays', invited Alfred M. Lohen and Dr. Boris D. Bogen, President and Secretary respectively of the American Order 'B'nai B'rith', to participate in the supervision of film production in the sense that that no more anti-Semitic films will be produced in the future. The Association of Film Producers ver. agreed after the debate, film production and distribution
to ensure that everything provocative and anti-Semitic is removed from the film, with the active participation of the leadership of the B'nai B'rith."

Shylock — The Fairy Tale

In Berlin, the "Merchant of Venice" is played, and, as always on this occasion, a swarm of Syrian Berliners sits down to defend the Shylock, to make him appear as the noble martyr tormented by a crowd of brutal non-Jews. So it goes without saying that the "liberal" "diary" of Stephan Großmann, who accidentally lived in Berlin instead of on the Jordan River, also appropriated this material (No. 50, Dec. 10, 1927). The way this happens shows that the Shulchan is the deepest Jewish being. Wilhelm Speyer writes:

"The Merchant of Venice is certainly one of the most abominable pieces of world literature. Here femicide speak verses of an imperishable poetry. The good-for-nothing retinue of a wealthy merchant sings of the moonlight and the holiness of the night in such words that they sing the praise; make you tremble. A fawn sings, but not a head, and certainly not a heart. 'How sweetly the moonlight sleeps on the hill' — what does it matter to me when the flat Lorenzo whistles so beguilingly?

"If anti-Semitism were intelligent — which, by its very nature, it must not be,

since a system exists by the intellectual power that created it — it would finance troupes of actors who, year in and year out, played the 'merchant of Venice' in all the small towns and villages of this country. Here is his 'potemkin'! Pure Shakespeare philology, no touching reference to the raceless fairy tale figure of Shylock or to Jessica's sweet human grace, will rob us of the certainty that the 'Brawler of Venice' represents the great opportunity for any anti-Jewish movement. In Ahlbeck and Marktredwitz nothing is known about the interpretation of this drama by Erich Schmidt or Gundolf. And in the stalls of the Berlin State Theatre, you don't know either. 'Brawler of Venice'; So they say with slanted eyes. "GH, this is the eternal existence of world poetry! The

There is not a play that is ever exempt from the squabbles of the day, however imperishable it may be in beauty! The agitational power of theatre and beauty is too great for that. A warlike play awakens our longing for war, the Prince of Homburg for the high customs, the merchant of Venice for the hatred of the snatch."

Yes, what do we Gois think of it, what His Majesty Mr. Gun« dolf. Gundelfinger deigns to write about Shakespeare, about the "fairy tale figure" of Shylock and about Shakespeare's ignorance...

But a salvation comes to Speyer: the Bergner, the "morally ruling power", plays the porzia, the "loveliest acting creature on earth". Well, we want to charge Speyer with his goddess, a stunted, half-born being with round eyes, but we do want to state that the cruelest embodiment of the bloodiest exploitation, realized as a Jew, immediately becomes a fairy tale and, to put it in Stephan Großmann's language, "represents the most decisive progress in all cultural and social questions in the representation of the radical bourgeoisie." I.e. "democracy".

*

Since we are on the subject of Stephan from Vienna (first stage of the "Europeanization"): he has a great anger at the Bund für Mutterschutz. Not because of the abortion paragraph. He psalms as follows:

"At the Frankfurt Congress of the Federation for Maternity Protection, the head of the Hamburg-Barmbeck hospital made the calculation that about one million abortions are performed annually in Germany. This means that on average every German woman commits a crime threatened with imprisonment twice in her life. (Not counting the equally punishable attempts.) Most of them, however, slip away from the judges, most certainly including their own wives. After all, the number of persons convicted of abortion offences has risen from 5)S in the year 19)3 to 440s in the year 192), to 5629 in 1924 and to 7-9? In the year 1925 the misery, death, lifelong sufferings of § 21s

is unfortunately not covered by any statistics. But these few figures give a rough idea of the significance of this problem for the masses (it is not a problem for the solvent), and they shed light on all the nonsense of a legal regulation that the harsher law of life scoffs at and in which only the poor are guilty."

Isn't that finely spun either; Instead of drawing the conclusion for a greater Germany from the lack of air and space, future generations are to be murdered. With impunity.'

The rich Jewish women can multiply, but the German women can murder their cattle.

This, too, is a terrible consequence of the "victory all along the line" proclaimed by Comrade Scheidemann.

what do you say, German working-class women, to this Führer and his state of beauty and dignity; On the many "successes" of Dr. Stresemann; On the "resolute democracy of social balance" of the "Frankfurter Zeitung";

Berlin plus Orient

The "Jewish. presszentrale Zürich" (). April j 928) cannot contain herself with delight: "Waleska Gert, the undisputed greatest grotesque dancer and designer of contemporary dance art, recently appeared in the opera house of Frankfurt am Main with great success. She is a dancer with such a grand outline that she is regarded as a representative of modern Jewry in racy, bloody, albeit on an international scale. Even if Jewish runst is still no more than an ethnographic term for them, Waleska Gert is nevertheless not so far out of the picture. Perhaps her parodic talent is 'Jewish' and perhaps the contradiction she sometimes provokes has this origin. Erotic-Eastern can be regarded as its signum. She is terrific in the parodied Negro dance, classically close to the greatest acting art in the world, the mask art of the Asians, which became vividly clear in a moment of parody 'Boxing'; elementary in the shrieks and in the great uncovering of the

Primal instincts in the design of 'The Nurse'. The effervescent wit and the eye for the nakedness of the time is perhaps also a tradition of Jewish Berlin plus the Orient — in the blood."

The best will probably be the oriental grandiose screaming in the international large-scale format of the modern Jewess.

Good pay

Once upon a time there was a Rinodiva who perished after a dissolute life, about whom Arnolt Bronnen wrote a so-called novel: "Barbara la Marr." And the "Berl. Tagebl.", whose chief editor for understandable reasons opposed the law against trash and dirt, "appreciates" this new product of asphalt by explaining the film career of women as follows (10.5.) 9rs):

"Thousands begin the journey, some experience the great moments, and it is said that among these few there will hardly be one who has not clearly paid for the dream, the hike and the great moment. Paid to assistant directors, to directors, to roles and directors, paid to friends and strangers, to fat and thin, to the good-natured and the scoundrels, to the sympathetic and the disgusting.

"The pay was good, the (receipt is honest sometimes."

Is it any wonder that film is the most Jewishized "industry" among all; At most, the trafficking of girls can still compete here.

The pious and pure world theatre

At the end of June 19192, two theatrical congresses met in the all-popular "City of Light" on the Seine, at the end of which the "Berliner Tageblatt" (June 25, 192s) reported: "The Round Congress of the World Theatre, which has done useful work without much noise, would be the most interesting tour of Reinhardt's Manifesto on the Actor, excellently translated and presented by Joseph L h a p i r 0. Today's 'Comoedia' presents this analysis of the

soul with some laudatory comments. The congress unanimously decided to thank Max Reinhardt for this contribution."

And about the other congress in the same place: "The international actors' congress concluded with a new election of the board. The Frenchman Harry B a u r was unanimously elected president of the International Association of All Artists of the Stage, Cinema and Radio (as the international artists'

community is now called). Former President Rickelt was appointed Honorary Advisory Board of the Community for life. Wallauer (Germany) became Vice-President. The next congress of the International Union is to be held in Vienna. The two congresses ended with a reception in the garden of the Rothschild Foundation, at which the director of the arts administration presented the honors as Herriot's representative."

So Syria was among itself both times.

Despite...

The fact that Reinhardt-Goldmann has become a millionaire and the owner of several castles naturally qualifies him in today's democracy for all the honours of Lastiglioni or Bosel, but the fact that his theatre is going downhill hurts his community very much. One is sad that the long-reigning Ritsch can no longer be kept secret. Even the "literary world" can no longer do this. She wrote quite dejectedly (No. 25, 1928) on the occasion of Goldmann's first evening after his return from America:

"There's so much that repulses us on an evening like this. Hundreds of cars spew out in front of the Rurfürstendamm portal in tuxedos and brocade coats, which are worn in such local ronzen. almost like the products of an infernal fantasy. Many millions of share capital look down on us."

"And then it starts. what is good and expensive is served up in confusion, the finest jazz band in America, the most famous Negro dancer in Europe, the most elastic eccentricities on earth, the most enchanting decorations of the universe — after two hours you have a totally spoiled stomach, what a greed to make the great sensation of the summer season at any price! What a

Unscrupulousness to pile up en masse whatever the depraved, dull palate of this degenerate human caste demands! what a betrayal of all of us!"

Treachery; Not at all! Goldmann is just as opposed to "Oedipus" as he is to jazz. At that time, the bloody mask "pulled", screams of thousands, today the same nose smells perverse smells and the "rhythm of trudging" ("Fr. Ztg."). So you do business with it.

And at the bottom of her soul, Willy Haas' "L. w." is not evil at all:

"We love him; Even if we scold him, we love him. we feel in such moments what we have in him. It would be a pain to lose all of this —forever. A Reinhardt who worked in America for a year or two would no longer be a Reinhardt. This mad hunt for money must come to an end. Reinhardt must stay here. He may play amusing when he doesn't feel like doing anything else, but he's still a matter that concerns us all!"

Of course: "us" — from Syria, which "we" are doing with "many millions of share capital", while German democracy is struggling for its last positions.

The Jazz, the nigger, the Reinhardt rule, why only the "L. w." is so naughty as to speak of her fellow scavengers as "Rur-fürftendamm raricatures"; After all, it is still possible to caricature the inhabitant of this quarter;

Spiritual Bolshevism

The "Literary World", which is edited by the Syrian Willy Haas, usually acts "intellectually impartial". But now that the "prole-tar" Bolshevik Piscator stage in Berlin, which was heavily financed by the millionaire Ratzenellenbogen (!), has gone bankrupt, a great lamentation has broken out in spiritual Israel. Someone now stands at the Rlagemauer (No. 24, 1926) and laments: "The piscator case seems to me symptomatic of the fate of intellectual movements in Berlin, anyone who knows the director of this theater, who has even the loosest contact with his staff, knows that

that nothing could be further from these people's minds than to deliver silly and dishonest salon communism for Western snobs. They really want nothing more than to give the most active expression to their conviction (which is by no means ours in everything). For years now, within the Communist movement, and even within the Party, every attempt at one's own intellectual activity has been at the mercy of the most agonizing restrictions imposed by an honest but fundamentally German, undialectical, narrow-minded bureaucracy. It is not for nothing that too many ardent, convinced

revolutionaries have stepped aside in bitterness. The best Communists are now absent from the ranks of the party, which they still love, but piscator himself has stuck to his guns. He managed to stay within the party and still forge this great weapon: the first revolutionary theatre in Berlin. For this he has our unreserved admiration. But this fact is also a striking proof against the stupid ramblings of those sniffers who want to make an ambivalent Gschaftlhuber out of this honest and straightforward person."

As you can see, Thonra's husband is in good company.

Press and Literature

Finally in port

We know the Messiah who died recently: Häusser. He had written (as his paper reported), "on the edge of the grave, measuring the abyss back and forth", "a work that excavates space and time" and "flies through the macro-Rosmos". It is supposed to be three thousand three hundred pages long. All mysteries are — as is assured — "completely solved". His "testament" reveals the "highest spirit of all time". He was greater than Lao-tse, Rant, Fichte, Lenin, Mussolini, Tolstoy, etc., etc. As you can see, without Häusser it would be the end of the world. Before his death, however, this genius had done the greatest thing: he had married the professor of Hanover, Theodor Les. sing, agreement of Abraham, enthusiastic follower of a poetic brothel owner (Serner), excluded as an honorary member of the Häusser.Bund. In the appointment, Lessing is cited as "a bold fighter for progress," which we for our part find correct, insofar as a great madhouse has been envisaged as the goal of this progress.

Lessing, of course, replied to the honour (honorary member. Membership card U 999). He promises the gentlemen that he will "stand by them" in order to fight "against brutality and stupidity" ("Häusser No. 177, 1925"). Since the first chairman of the League, Häusser, was the only honorary member besides Lessing, we assume that the honorary cards begin with 11,998. It's more comfortable and looks like something. A man greater than Rant and Lao-tse had to hold on to his reputation.

However, we congratulate Mr. Lessing from the bottom of our hearts. He's

But we also congratulate today's democracy and its enthusiastic court poets on the new success of one of their youth educators, and hope that many a reward will follow the example of Theodor Lessing.

By the way: No one misses Häufser's "work". It costs only ten dollars by subscription, which is a ridiculously small sum for all the paper.

Bed Bunnies and Rultur Patrons

We confess to our nameless shame that we have overlooked new, significant confessions of democratic spirituality, and we thank the "Tannenberg" that he has not allowed the following beauties from the "Berliner Tageblatt" to fall into oblivion. After that, the Scheidemann and Joseph Wirth published a so-called poem by a man named Ulitz, which begins with the following wonderful words:

> Then is the most tired hour of the night:
> when the last prostitutes have crept into their beds, Their brightly colored faces turned pale as slate, And men beside them with drooping jaws.

Gorgeous, isn't it; It's quite right for a "B.T." -poet to put the prostitute at the center of his "thoughts"; after all, sacred parliamentarism is only the political side of the pious prostitution of our European progress. That this truth also shines on others is shown by the following "B. T." -Rritics:

"Erika Gläßner is an exotic lady of many degrees and with schmaltzy bob hair. Great bed- hazel But spiked, beef, spiked! The blue silk pyjamas tighten over roundness when she bolts between the tears (shouldn't it be called 'courtship';). And she's very happy to let it tighten up."

This Erika is a diva idolized by the spiritual Mosse and Ullstein leaves. The fact that it "likes to be tightened" was an indiscretion of the Jewish reviewer. But since he knows that a stage of today, under the direction of a descendant of the

Since the patriarchs are not a moral institution, as the reactionary Schiller had in mind, he must have had his reasons for believing that Erika, who gave a magnificent performance to the bed bunny, would not be angry with him. Look, dear Germans, that's what you call owning culture.

The Pious Elf

The Else Lasker-Schüler recently turned 50 years old. All the gazettes made of the wood of the cedars of Lebanon whistle a common song of praise.

Especially about the "chastity of the Eastern soul" they all have great things to tell. And this chastity has experienced its most beautiful embodiment in Else Laster. We, too, remember the old Else. She wrote in "Mrs. Demon":

> My greed embraces the loveliest nights with blood-stained bands,
> For the serpent, the devil of Paradise, has risen in me.
> A bed of poison is my dazzling body and the sacrilege is regarded by him as a pastime to poison the spring breath of the world with his enticing scents.

A more beautiful self-confession about the scents of the East will certainly not be so easy to find.

Our November Poetry

For several years now, the "poet" Bert Brecht has been highly praised by the people of Rurfürstendamm in all the keys of the jargon. And there is a good reason for that, from their point of view. . His new work "Baal" was described by the only German written "Präger presse" as follows:

"Baal is a young man who lived until 1912, at first without a profession, but at least producing poetry', which he sings in chauffeur-driven pubs, once called a jobless mechanic, later

he pimp, if you want to call this a profession, after all, of course, a certain murderer', catches pneumonia while fleeing through the woods and dies in a lumberjack's hut. Including the lyrics, his existence is essentially exotic, the sexuality, demonia, which surprisingly still does not seem to go out of fashion, makes him, like Lulu, a man-eater and finally, a victim of himself. Because of him, men leave their wives, lose their wives, commit suicide and so that Wedekind's Geschwitz (Lulu) has a contemporary counterpart, a homosexual friend joins him... Alcohol consumption and sex, intercourse are the dominant features of the biography of Baal..."

Baal, then, is an ideal of the spirit of November 9, 191. But for all the promotion of the new genius Brecht, the November press should not forget its old champions such as, let's say, Erich Mühsam. He, too, deserves to be ranked among the heroes.

The reward in the evening

Poor Alexander knows; In spite of all Talmudic laws, the Viennese "Abend" was now accused of blackmail and beverage. sentenced to several months in prison. His former "boss", former imperial councillor, then Bolshevik, then socialist, democrat Tohn-Tolbert, indignantly moved up as "evening". owner of his long-time editor-in-chief: A crook! Scoundrel! If only I had known...

In the midst of the frenzy of moral outpourings, however, the blow struck poor Lohn-Lolbert. Just think: a Dr. Fritz Tauber, also living in Vienna, comes along and makes the most terrible accusations against the pious reward in a pamphlet "I accuse." Lolbert diligently tried to make the distribution of the pamphlet impossible by buying it up and threatening it. Thereupon — imagine the shock — the said Tauber is sued for - unfair competition!

Tauber relates that Lohn-Colbect had gutted a man for the purpose of bringing him notes against various institutions, especially insurance companies.

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They then appeared in the "evening" usually with the introductory words: "We warn against it." If the institutions thus attacked agreed to pay a lump sum, further attacks were discontinued, and if they did not pay, the order was given to take the strongest possible action against the companies. — as you can see, an impeccable struggle against capitalism, which is common in all Marxist papers.

When there was a quarrel between Lohn and the deaf, the latter went to the deaf man complaining. But he said, "Let the old pig speak." Tauber confesses with a curtsy:

"My work at the 'Evening' has taught me that the struggle, which is sacred to one person, can be nothing more than a dirty source of money for another. I have branded Lolbert, who presents himself as the great fighter of the stock exchange bankruptcy, as a stock market speculator, as a swindler with Auer shares, as an intriguer, a commission-taker, an informer, a fraudster, and so on."

We have not yet heard of it, but it is high time to offer the capable Lohn-Lolbert a high post in the leadership of the R. or Third International. He has undoubtedly earned it by his efficiency. And I'm sure he'll bring a lot of piggy bucks with him...

Freethinker's poetry

Marxist Youth Consecration. To this end, of course, the most outstanding poets of democracy were admitted. They laid down their souls in the magazine "Der Freidenker". One of them, with a paternal gesture, wrote thus:

> "Son whom I have lost in sin
> And disgust begotten,
> Whom your mother suckled with disgust, Cruelly you came,
> and uninvited, I have beaten and kicked you, I have tormented
> you and pushed you, Today you enter the ranks of the great!

Arise and proclaim!
Your body is full of bumps and marks, your eyes are ghostly from too much, your clothes are dirty and tattered, your brain is torn to shreds. . . . You came into the world to pay . . ."

From this it is quite evident how a free-thinker of conviction imagines the education of children. After a Beschimp. At the end of the confirmation, the poet concludes:

"Son of wretchedness, child of the gutter!
On! Join our ranks and receive the new consecrations!
Look, from today on you are comrade!"

as can be seen from this modest example, brain softening is making admirable progress. It is high time that the entire Jewish community gave support to the magazine.

Poetic Counter-Bending

It is understandable that "men" who write in the "Weltbühne" and those who read it with conviction feel a crush on Amazons. Such a shivering old man, young or old, dragging himself from one Berlin bar to another with a dry thread of thread from his spinal cord, or busily passing the day with manicures and "Berl. Tageblatt," such a Count Muffat feels in advance a foggy pinion on his back in anticipation of a few solene Amazonian caresses. And that is why, with the last fervour, he conjures up the Amazon as a man once did a woman.

There lives in Berlin a so-called poet from Jerusalem, named F. M. Huebner. He used to sing "Chest, belly and womb are international". That was a few years ago. And that means many, many decades in the lives of our asphalt classics. Now he takes up his pen and writes poetry about the "Amazon" in Siegfried Jacobsohn's "Weltbühne" (25 May -926):

madly

> Raben pride and womanliness, so confusing one in the other . . . whither lures me to wander away, fleeing counter-turning, to whom you, lending, surrender, is deceived. His love waits in vain for the impulse storm to release you and you to drive away. Torso and knees and all form keeps marble undestroyed. Woman, who devastates herself in anger, remains taut in the form of a man.

Hopefully, the poet will not stumble over the physical "bending backwards" in the same way as he does over the difficult German language.

The Circumcised Freytay

When the Jew Guhrauer published Goethe's correspondence, the "objective" deleted the word to Knebel: "It only takes a beggar Jew to mock a God on the cross." And so that no one would notice the deed, the man also deleted the passage in a letter from Rnebel to Goethe in which reference was made to this remark.

Now it's time to give it to others: Freytag's "Soll und Haben" has been published in a "contemporary" abridged version by Dr. Fritz Skowronnek. Perfectly cut out are all the passages that reveal the interior of the sons of Jacob. At the end of the second chapter of the first book, the passage where Veite! Itzig makes plans to deprive the German Baron Rothsattel of his estate without coming into conflict with the law. In the age of Rutisker democracy, this is of course very "contemporary" . . .

In an open letter to Monsieur Skowronnek, A. Zimmermann of the German National Association of Agents states the following:

It seemed to you to be 'contemporary' to include all the passages in the third chapter.----------who oppress the hypocritical pusher spirit of the

Jews should reveal Ebrenthal and, according to Freytag's 2lbsicht, reveal it. Ebrentbal wants to deprive the baron of his estate by business which he cannot keep track of.'

"Why, doctor, do you leave this place out?"

"One of the main purposes of the fourth chapter is to show the profound difference between the young merchants woblfabrt and Itzig. Here, with a clearly recognizable intention, Freytag elaborated the deep-inner contradiction between the disposition of the two. — It is with an equally evident intention,

Doctor, that you are bathing with the red pencil. They have made twelve pages disappear in order to thwart Freytag's intention.'

"In the third chapter of the third book, Anton Wohlfahrt exposes the evil Jew Schmeie Tinkeles as a scoundrel. Such an exposure may seem embarrassing for the Tinkeles family, which is still widespread today. But with the best will in the world, it cannot be said that they are no longer up-to-date today.'

"In the eighth chapter, you take the liberty of deleting the question of why; The reader should not be able to follow Veitel Itzig's development into a crook.'

"In the fourth chapter of the second book (p. 10;) of the Schlüter edition, a passage is deleted in which the 'cool innocence' of the merchant Ehrentbal is described."

"In the same chapter you deleted 'in reverent form' no less than eight pages, why; because here are some characteristic specimens of Jewish cunning, espionage and impudence.'

'A similar, shorter passage is deleted at the end of the fourth chapter.'

"In the first chapter of the second book, the first third has been eradicated. Here are two Jewish crooks talking to each other, and in your opinion it is probably not appropriate for uninvited people to eavesdrop on this conversation. That's why you deleted it, Dr. Skowronnekr'

"In ten other places I have noticed similar deletions, some long, some shorter. All deletions have the same purpose."

So Skowronnek knew that it was outdated to write about Jews. But what do you call, dear sir, such an elimination in a closed work of art; The word can be

You say to yourself, Mr. Skowronnek. The Barmats can shake your hands. Now it doesn't even have to be Jews who "censor". There are "Germans" who run the same business.

By the way: In the sixties, Retcliffe's famous novel "Biarritz" was published. It contains vivid political statements from all states, among other things it also treats Jewish world politics in an almost masterly way. Decades passed, Jewish publishers republished the work, but deleted all passages devoted to the Jewish question, falsified the work of the anti-Semite Recclifse and made a business out of his books. To ensure that this highly significant anti-Semitic historical novel "Biarritz" would not be lost, the Deutscher Volksverlag (German People's Publishing House) republished the work. He picked up all the undesirable passages and contrasted the "cleaned" edition with the original novel. Attention was drawn to the "circumcised" passages by annotations, what had been predicted by Retclifse at that time about Jewish rule has literally come to pass and has now become a fact of world politics.

But every German now knows what to think of Dr. Fritz Skowronnek.

Poetry of today

As is well known, the court poet of the November Republic is Gerhart Hauptmann. Pampered by All-Judaism, he expressed his gratitude by writing essays on "Germanness" in the Berliner Tageblatt. It is well known that this is not dangerous. And in order to make Hauptmann's name taste cold in wider circles, there is also a Hauptmann Prize for poetry. For the year 1925 it had been given to a certain Jakob Haringer. This blessed man has written a little book, "Christmas in the poorhouse," in which the democratic poet's heart overflows as follows: Lonely sparrow on a steamer to America.
G Stowaway in the dead express train of the soul.
Am I, the poisonous ILH's duplicator, not yet extinct?

Farewell, Germany, romantic revolver institute.
You stare at the time . . . I am the wall of abortion on which every Lommis immortalizes himself . . . Never will I peel thee out of the silken shirt's last rose, And the sun's herring-barrel swings gray in the pool of blood of the Moons —
And the stars: God's seagulls flutter, and virtue, The old Maggi soup cube, bitter.
The good Lord has died.

And the legends of the mountain village spill your ghastly hair. And the sky,
This blue Raffee warm-up plate,
Paint your soul with black and misery.

But the new poet hero has other beautiful parables: For example:

The snow of the heart turns to dirt. And the stars,
God's underpants holes, swindling . . .

Or:

Hope's race stinks.

Well, the hope came true: Haringer received the Hauptmann Prize before he went completely insane. It is now high time that the Berliner Tageblatt presented it to us as the hope of German poetry.

Trapped in Lesvos

For a long time now, great salvation has befallen Germany. Not only Parisian revues can be seen, but also Bourdet's lesbian drama "The Prisoner".

Of course, this is appropriate for the spirituality of Rurfürstendamm. But at least the grunting mockery of today's decay deserves to be noted quite modestly. The "Franks. Ztg." wrote on the occasion of the Frankfurt performance (No. rS7, J9. April -927):

"We in Germany are already familiar with the lesbian love tragedy

Wedekind's Countess Gefchwitz, Lulu's friend. In the meantime, Countess Gefchwitz has set a precedent in Germany. In fact, school has become so fashionable that our German Gretchen often prefers to be caught on lesbian rather than banal love paths. Here (with the exception of Pomerania and the Masurian Lake Plateau) there are probably no fathers from whom one would have to keep such a secret in the greatest need, we have become fabulously interesting in Germany. The tragedy of M. Bourdet may excite us, but it may not revolutionize us internally. Nothing human is alien to us!

"In Paris, however, according to Bourdet, it is still credible that the thirty-five-year-old Jacques must first be enlightened by his friend d'Aiguines about the phenomenon of lesbian love — so that the German bakers giggle."

The forces that have hollowed out Germany from within have done lasting work, the aforementioned newspaper declared with a beaming smile on December 12.

It was right: democracy has "stabilized". With pedesty, lesbos and pimping victorious "all along the line".

The Rapper and the Poet

Of course, you can still be national in Germany today. Very national, in fact. But only if you have patrons, such as Stresemann his Litwin. If you don't like these patrons, you become suspicious. If you cut them, you don't belong to society. if one even wants to reject it, one is one of the desecrators of the century. The well-known German Dich, ter Ludwig Finkh, recently experienced this. Think: he had the audacity to leave Judaism on the sidelines, and he also refused to make his bow to Judah at least once a month.

Lo and behold, a nameless man who calls himself Tyll shot a poison arrow out of the bush. This bush is called "The Sundays. Zeitung" in Stuttgart. In No. ; r, -927, Finkh's works are covered with the usual Syrian slime in order to conceal the Germans' brilliant content, about his "Rose Doctor"

writes the unnamed greaser: "There are sentences such as ... And she slept the night, and I lay on the threshold of her room and looked after her. Holy as a cow. And in the morning she kissed me on the forehead: 'Thank you.' (Presumably she thought: You idiot.)"

Then the "Tyll", who seems to hunt down the blond women of the Germans with greedy eyes, Ludwig Finkh, says "this adolescent being", he "had no

period of manhood at all": "he became senile."

The fact that Finkh accuses Wilson is a huge crime for the "Tyll", we understand: Wilson has paved the way for all the Barmats and Tylls. Finkh's latest book, "Bricklebritt," is dismissed with derision. At the end it says: "Incidentally, the poet of the smell of earth lives on Lake Constance and protests at regular intervals against the gravelling of the Hohenstoffeln."

We understand that the German smell of the earth is fatal to the critics who only stick their crooked nose into the poets of the brothel smell. The dislike is mutual and genuine.

we hope to free all Syrians from the German smell of the earth and to put them on their Sinai or in subtropical countries to Malagasy and Senegalese. There they will not have to complain of a lack of what they understand by "manhood" alone.

Levi's Queen of Heaven

One has to marvel again and again at what a Christian-friendly Her; which Levis and Lohns sometimes discover in themselves when it is necessary to draw the attention of the Centre's supporters to their valuable friendship. In the formation of the Reich Government, the center had shifted to the German Nationalists because of the roncordat, who were naturally full of joy at being able to welcome the long-honored comrade-in-arms "for throne and altar" as superior Reich Chancellor. But in order that they might not come up with heretical ideas, the same centre in Prussia, which is faithful to conviction, maintains the closest brotherhood with Marxism, and with the help of these very pious people the persecution is carried out.

of the National Socialists by Dr. Weiss, the Vice-President of Police of Berlin.

So we understand if the Paul Levis, instead of sitting behind iron curtains, found beautiful flute tones for black Marxism. Listen and be amazed. The Galician Berliner "vorwärts" wrote with the tenderest velvet paw:

"A man of a strictly Marxist mindset like Paul L e v i has just implored the party in an essay not to allow itself to be rushed into a 'liberal' mood of struggle in the Hon" kordat question. 'Nothing will destroy our struggle for the political soul of the Centre workers so much as if we attack their Catholic soul,' says Paul Levi. This excellent formulation does not lose its value even when one knows that Levi sees the problem in purely political terms and without appreciation of the still renewing religious forces.

"This is it: our ramp is directed at brutal, wholly earthly rapitalism and not at the tender poetry that faith weaves around the Queen of Heaven, at the robust international Rapitalism magnates and not at the Catholic saints in the penitential garb of asceticism, if the Catholic workers want to say 'mammonism' in the language of the New Testament, where Rarl Marx speaks of rapitalism — so we leave them to that, until their increasing cognition with clear thinking also creates clear concepts. Speak, you Christian workers' leaders of a sinking period of the German working-class movement, what you will: growing Christian proletarian masses feel as we do. They and we must meet, we will find each other, because they are basically socialists like us."

Well turned. But Viktor Schiff, the editor of the "Vorwärts" (formerly editor of the newspaper of Patent Mammoniism, the "Berliner Tageblatt"), forgets that one of Israel's biggest money bigwigs in Germany, the Austrian supervisory board member Jakob Goldschmidt, lovingly "renovated" the same "Vorwärts" with such beautiful gold marks.

And the fact that the same "Vorwärts" lies on his stomach in front of the Misters Dawes and Houng shows fine love for the "Heavens, Queen" in the most beautiful light of the center faith.

The Impossible German Language

The "Literary World," the repository for the "vulgarity" of the bastardism of all peoples, has in its heart a new hatred of the German language, in which it must of necessity still appear. This is understandable, as the writers are more accustomed to Yiddish or Hebrew or to the gibberish of whitechapcl and Berlin-Grenadierstraße. And that is why we read in the No. RS of July 15,

1927, the following certainly honest outpouring of the famous "tolerance":

"Immediately after the war, some of the people in Munich considered the establishment of an academy for the German language to be extremely urgent. It took place with all the pomp and circumstance of the authorities. For what purpose is not apparent. Because what this academy does outwardly cannot be its purpose. This academy publishes books. German books, certainly. But these books have nothing to do with what we think of as language. So the works of Ranke were published. Certainly, a historian of rank. But linguistically, there must have been nothing new to edit, and there are plenty of Ranke editions. Second publication: the writings of Friedrich List. This was a fifth-rate economist who had the original idea of connecting the German capitals with each other by railways. Linguistically, the cunning is quite indifferent. Third and, for the time being, last publication: Carl Maria von Weber, Operas and Texts. Finally a justifiable thing! For the libretto of the 'Freischütz' by the pseudo-romantic child, the 'Euryanthe' by Helmine von Lhezy are pretty much the most idiotic 'poems' in our literature, etc. ..."

The Jews are dissatisfied with Ranke's language. Of course, if Karl Sternheim is a Jewish classicist, Ranke and Cunning can't stand up to it.

Incidentally, we can rest assured: the Jews Bernhard and Wolff are also in the German Academy. So there is still a prospect for the Sternheims and the Manns.

And then Ranke's works were published by Drei-Masken-Verlag. A Jewish company. So Israel has taken advantage here as well and the "Lit. w." would not have had to muddle like that.

The Cry for the Mental Hospital

In Hamburg, the "Harpoon", a "monthly journal for cultural radicalism", is published, edited by the "National Bolshevik" Dr. Laufenberg and the Dr. Funder, editor of the "International Lodge Correspondence". The following "poem" by Councillor Rongsbak in issue 7 of July 15, 1927, shows that "radical radicalism" is probably the intellectual preparatory work for a nervous salvation instead of being understood. So the councillors wrote poetry under the title . Memenio vivere":

Cruelly blooming hands,
Blissfully kneeling in wounds, That like blood in a pale shell
they run away. .
Shooed out of dark nests
All-encompassing gesture,
Hanging screams, breathing smiles...
Roofing, primordial animated, wide distant light sobs...

Airburned Mirror Scraps
Squinting on a bloated corpse,
His hollow gesture of giving, exuding power
Alive! Vivor ...
Crooked heel rubber V ,
dance over death and life. .. '" . ."
Lustful flatters satisfying glances
. Growths, blood ulcers. . /
' Caressing, shamefully tender,
Ripe blossoms under the knives, Whose playful tongue
Shrieking in the purple streams
Unshaven human body ...

Hopefully, the councillors have now had themselves completely shaved so that next time they will be even more beautiful when sobbing in the light far from light. And hopefully she will forget about the crooked rubber heels in order to be tested in a rubber cell to see if there is a blood ulcer pressing on a sensitive area. >

Useless fuss

The traitor to the country, Friedrich Wilhelm Förster, whom himself (himself!) Stresemann called him a rag, nod) always runs around freely. However, his publisher Röttscher has been caught and is on trial for treason. Or at least pretend to, after a careless prosecutor had pretended to be in ignorance of things. Anyone who believes that the Röttscher will be hanged does not know the November Democracy, which sees in the traitor a man of honour.

But still, the Hebrews are outraged that the appearance is made at all as if Stephan Großmann screams at the top of his Palestinian throat ("Diary" No. 46, 1927):

"Never since its introduction, at least not in normal times of peace, has the freedom of the press in Germany been so badly endangered as it is today, under the influence of the treason psychosis of the Reichswehr and the Reich judiciary. §§ 92, 9z and 94 of the draft penal code threaten with imprisonment for up to 10 years any criticism, any research into political, economic and military matters that does not suit the currently ruling government group and the currently incumbent public prosecutor."

"Recherche" is the Berlin term for treason, for the betrayal of all things that are considered by the pious guardians of Versailles to be inconsistent with the Bible.

And Stephen, who has been baptized as a Protestant, continues in a

vibrating voice:

"Is it permissible to overlook the fact that such an arrest creates a dangerous precedent; One of the largest and most respected democratic newspapers in Berlin has for a time been the subject of a dozen investigations into treason — if one really wants to wait calmly until the examining judge of the Reich Court brings not only the editor of a small Wiesbaden weekly paper, but also the editors of the "BerlinerTageblatt" and the "VossischeZeitung" to Moabit; Or until the business interests of the
Publisher demands that only "official announcements" be published in the political section of the newspapers; The people of humanity, if they were guilty of blunders or exaggerations, have at least one valid excuse: namely, that it is the moral duty of a radical pacifist journalist to show the sharpest possible distrust of those Reichswehr politicians who are burdened with the "Black Reichswehr," the feme murders, the defense budget, the film subsidies. No similarly weighty apology will help those who silently allow the worst rape of press freedom to get their hands on them."

Look, look Stephen knows exactly what to grasp. But he also tells us that all such attempts are crushed.

Of course, the voice of the world weighs heavily, heavier than German law.

A case was also "floating" against the "Frankfurter Zeitung". It then floated away.

If one wanted to ban all treasonous papers and imprison all traitorous writers, there would be no more democracy in Germany.

That would be terrible. In Paris, all hope for Locarno would be dropped.

And that this does not happen is already ensured by the Stephans and Ignazens.

"Women's Love"

Under this title, a magazine for lesbian love is published "every Wednesday" (in Berlin, of course). Wonderful advertisements show what's going on: "The Ladies Dominoes' Hallway", "Ladies' Club Hand in Hand", "Ladies' Club Scorpion" (!), "LafL Dorian Gray". "Verona hallway, the coziest stay of all girlfriends" etc. To this end, Jews and "Germans" write leading essays. E.g. a Herta Laser on "Out of Motion" (No. ; S, 1927):

"How often do we hear that married women suddenly feel that their innermost being does not tend to be a man at all, that the inner being of their being is homosexual. It is not always the prevailing fashion that is decisive, often it is a matter of real homoerotics. Now, in most cases, the marriage

becomes unhappy. You live side by side for a while, perhaps even in quarrels and quarrels, dragging your family circumstances before the judges, getting divorced, feeling a disgust for life. And why; because a person didn't take the time to think about himself. Thoughtlessness makes two people unhappy again."

"Why don't we have a real leader in our movement; I once heard the women talking about it, and yet not being able to achieve any goal. There was a bitter lament in their words, they talked their heads off, and yet the explanation is so simple: we do not want to forget, before I proceed to a discussion of this point, which may come near, that the struggle for our cause is still very young, and that it is very difficult for young movements to grow up with the first seriously striving men; especially since our movement, except for the fact that it is intended only for a small circle of people, is exposed to the most manifold attacks in daily life, and the "champions of our rights" must in most cases experience the greatest intolerance. The woman, as I said before, always has the need to be admired at the core of her being. Even if this need has already worn off in many cases and she no longer demands admiration, she still feels the strong desire within herself to be recognized by her circles and not to be betrayed and laughed at by the people whose lives are ultimately at stake."

"Speed, speed, our time screams, but when you feel that call sounding, shake your head laughing. Don't speed! Now it is time to think about life, our life, and a peaceful hour will create for you, it will lead to our goal. To our deliverance from haste and chase and oppression."

"Try to create a small circle in which people want to live their humanity: try to become calmer. Let Goddess Time only swing the scourge of the grueling, frenzied pace, don't keep up. And you will see how quickly the Goddess

It changes its meaning by how quickly it grants you quiet hours: for we know that gods must be subject to men if men are united."

*

Now it can no longer be missing: for our part, we advise Herta Laser to found a lesbian-democratic party. The male purple stockings would also come in droves. The Democrats can then close their booth and we would be richer by a moral statistic.

"National" speakers wanted to buy

Good philistines still speak of a "national right" and by this they also mean, among other things, the German People's Party. This good faith was still forgivable in 1920. Today we know that the D. V. was a purely Jewish foundation: Financed by the Bankhaus Warburg, the Bankhaus Bleichroeder, the Gstjuden Litwin, etc., how the speakers of their own party are evaluated in these circles, the following gives a small idea of this: In the advertisement section of the "Rölnische Zeitung", the Stresemann organ, of February 2, 1928, morning edition No. 117h, was to be read in a particularly large presentation:

"political speaker for the time of the election campaign
wanted by a right-wing party. Only first recruits are asked to submit offers with photo, curriculum vitae, references and salary entitlements ... to the agent of the paper in Essen."

Is there a better proof of the hypocrisy of the parliamentary system, which is only interested in capturing votes in order to secure a life of freedom, beauty and dignity for the party bigwigs, than this one? Attitude, Lharakter is secondary. if only the stupid voters are presented with something proper by a paid speaker. Election promises don't have to be kept!

The lumping of convictions is the greatest achievement of the 9th of November.

Self-realisation and self-knowledge

we know how the open and discreet members of the great chosen family support each other. Even in their literary businesses. Nothing shows this fact more clearly than an essay in the "Berliner Tageblatt" (29 Mar; 192s) on the distribution of the so-called "German" book abroad, where we read, among other things:

"The great interest in German books in America is evident from the fact that Emil Ludwig's 'Napoleon', for example, achieved a circulation of 105,000 copies in America within two years, while in twice that time in Germany it reached a circulation of 71,000 copies, which is also considerable. According to the statements of leading German publishing firms, the question of what kind of German books foreign countries are most interested in is to be solved by the fact that in general those books that are based either on historical or current facts promise success abroad."

"In general, however, the observation is that the international level of taste has become very balanced, and that therefore a striking German book success recurs in most cases in former countries."

"Another observation is that the translation of good average literature is almost never a risk, but that the most representative German authors, such as Thomas Mann, have often been translated into foreign languages, but have not found the kind of resonance abroad that would correspond to their literary position in Germany."

"The record for the number of translations is held by Ernst Toller, whose writings are available in almost all languages, even in Japanese translations. Other recent modern German authors include Arnold Zweig with his 'Sergeant Grischa', Jakobwassermann with the recently published 'Mau- rizius Case' and earlier novels, Lion Feuchtwanger, whose 'Jud Süß' was last year's greatest book success in England, Arnolt Bronnen with his novel 'Barbara la. Marr', Leonhard Frank, Alfred Neumann and Valeriu Marcu with his 'Lenin' biography

foreign languages have been translated. Incidentally, it has to be experienced that for a foreign publisher it is not so much the important name that is decisive in the acquisition of German book values as the intrinsically interesting subject of a book."

It should be noted that not a single one of the books mentioned can lay claim to the designation German, since the authors themselves refuse to be German. Valeriu Marcus' origins are not known to us, Thomas Mann is married to a Jewish and declared that he refuses to evaluate his son's "creations" from the point of view of national education. All the others are Jews: Ernst Toller, a council republican in Munich, declares that the most stupid ideal is the ideal of the hero; Emil Ludwig was simply curtailed as a reward, is a loyal noble Bolshevik, an enthusiastic supporter of the Piscator stage, a darling of the "Red Flag". And writes about — Bismarck! Arnold Zweig complained about the "beastly Boche", Feuchtwanger, the Jew, advised the Germans to emigrate if they did not feel comfortable in Jewish democracy, etc.

Today, all of this is called "German literature". It goes without saying that this "balances out" internationally, because the "French" who are highly praised in Germany: Marcel Proust, Bernstein, Maurois, etc., are also Palestinians.

But show us a professor at the German universities who dares to take a stand against this swamp! The Adolf Bartels are rare, but privy councillors run around in packs, declaring that the raffe question is a menagerie affair . . .

k»LN Brothers

The PEN-Älub is an international writers' organization, whose real masterminds are still in the background, but whose members work in the interests of the international lodge system. "Man" met in Oslo in 928. Characteristic was the propaganda for the Jewish traitor Hatvany-German, who was sentenced to prison in Budapest, and the mutual translation assurance of the enterprising writers of all nations. The "Voff. Ztg." (June 23, 1928) reported on the conclusion of the

"In the final session of the congress, Vienna was unanimously chosen as the venue for next year's conference. The traditional grand banquet would bring speeches by the delegations that had appeared, among which the speech of Felix S a l t e n s for the Viennese ? M-KIub by Swing of Attitude, Theodor Däubler's speech for the German kM-Rlub by humanistic Worldwide. Fell. The thanks for the Norwegian hospitality were expressed spontaneously again and again."

Felix Salten (Salzmann) is just as Jewish as Däubler. The hay. German democracies were therefore represented here as well, in accordance with their nature.

Changing times

As is well known, Alfred Kerr-Rempner of the "Berliner Tageblatt" cannot contain himself with delight when any Bolsch. Wist murder film about how the "battleship potemkin" makes its entry into Germany. Once upon a time, when Russia was still ruled by Russians and not by Jewish sputum, the Rerr shouted differently. Completely different. The "N.-S.. Letters" are reminiscent

of his poem "Ost. Prussia" in the "Franks. Ztg." (!) of Z). August)914« It reads:

Is your country, Immanuel Kant, "overrun by the Scythians?

With stench and with noise
Dull swarms of steppes trudge.

Dogs are invading the house—whipping them out!

Avenge Insterburg, Gumbinnen, And rebuke them from here.

whipshet, that is human glory, rnutendom; Nodalism.

Horsemen, infantry, horsetails, she whips backwards to the border.

Shall limp over Schmalleninken To the noble homeland.

In the case of raupischken and pillkallen, stall upönen and wirballen fall over their knuckles;

Don't let them get us down — whip them until the rags fly.

Tsar filth, barbarian filth, whip them away! Whip them away!

Well, when it was said: Gstjuden into the land! then the gates became new. Germany's wide open. And the Rerrs tried the hardest to open it wide.

Goethe umbelfert

Goethe is in a bad position today. The present time cannot quite comprehend the contemplation of the old man of Weimar, and this correct ranger of our sense of time gives many barkers a welcome opportunity to raise a nagging above the great one.

Among many such noblemen is Jakob Haringer, whom the Brunswick Minister of Culture called an "important poet". The gentleman in question has published a booklet entitled "Mortuary of Literature or about Goethe", and we would like to briefly summarize how a spiritual person of today "judges" Goethe:

At first, Goethe appears as a "mass murderer" and a "dude", as a

"criminal", whose "swineries and foolishness" the great Haringer does not want to catalogue all. He leaves this "literary buccaneer", "his slime", his "schoolboy spirit. machine" to the "mucking out aesthete idiots", which made Jakob Ha-

Ringer, however, does not prevent him from continuing: "It is true that he often scrapes dirt ... He only knew saliva licking... Goethe goes on to appear as a "girl for everything in world literature", as a "stinky guy", as the "greatest lite" rare thief's reptile": "What perhaps remains are a few scraps of drama and two verses. But this does not justify what you have made of your worthy Meier."

The second time, Haringer asserts, he would not be able to "regurgitate" the "shallow gossip of fiction and truth" and the "stupid school" of Faust's "teacher's chatter." As if this still concerns us today, what this idiot reptile is bored with." Written in capital letters to us!

In this genuinely democratic objectivity it goes on for pages, and what the "carrion" (!) The fact that Goethe has done anything else to lift Haringer's feelings of inferiority into his superconsciousness and sick upper rooms always arouses new outbursts of anger from the "great poet".

we want to concede § 51 to the Lord. It belongs to today's cosiness and is a parable of the new German culture of 1918.

Dirt and trash

Ruppler — patrönchen

Romanticism is an evil poison, so the pious Lewisohn discovers. But the equally pious Sigi Jacobsohn also knows the antidote with which he wants to make the world healthy. And he calls it with enchanting unambiguity. In his mailbox of the "Weltbühne" (No. 44, 925) he put his soul on paper as follows when he heard about a police action against secret prostitution: "And here I have to say: if in this country of the associations, of the far too many associations, there is one thing missing that would have a right to live, it is the Roitierschutzverein. People should not be hindered in the exercise of their most important functions. Aside from the mental rawness, it's also unhealthy. Sexual truists are needed to create sexual dorados, to build sexual coves by young imaginative and tempe- full architects. With foot hooks and self-kicking for snooping policemen."

This is said in a subtle and spiritual way, like everything that comes out of the shack of Jacobsohn, wrobel and comrades. The new word coinage is an essential part of the vocabulary of the new age and of the great international judocratic world movement. In a "Roitierschutzverein" (in German: brothel association) the Jacobsohn" would have to be chairman. In any case, the existence of the Jacobsohns, Bettauers, etc., marks the morally exalting consequences of circumcision in the most tangible way.

Today's girlfriends

The pendulum swing to the "women's state" has already found its poetic low beat in many cases, in addition to living embodiments. It's there;. a "novel among women" was published, entitled "Girlfriends". Then we learn about the undreamt-of sweets of love among today's girl buds. Enraptured, the youthful heroine stands in front of an image of the Mother of God; And there she is: in the park she meets a girl who resembles him. Acquaintance follows, rapturous love, "a desperate soot burned both of their consciousness — their ignorant, bewildered limbs pressed inexorably against each other. . . . breathless, wordless, tender, and violent, the frenzy of her youth swept her down. . . . They were so lost, so lost to each other, that they did not know how to go on living, so heavy with all the sweetness of love."

We can spare ourselves more details. In the end, one of them marries a man, how unnatural and scandalous! The other is highly indignant at this and raises a bitter lamentation for this infidelity. '

The author of this novel is Maximiliane Ackers. The publisher has provided the font with the following bandage: "Ein Roman vom Rurfürstendamm. The book for sophisticated people. This first book by the young Berlin actress depicts the intrusive, great life of Berlin's Rurfürstendamm with great sincerity. The depiction of lesbian love in this novel — perhaps for the first time in the German language — is completely successful."

From which it can be seen that Germany is making great progress on the road to democracy, we recommend this work to Dr. Mathilde Vaerting for detailed study. She finds in the heroine the "position of balance" between man and woman. The "people", as they say in their language . . .

Sexual sensations

At the moment, the secret distribution of Jewish pornography seems to be particularly booming, in addition to the officially approved one. A Jewish publisher praises a collector's edition of Aretino in secret circles

he

A Jewish book distributor in a large city in central Germany sends out confidential book lists with such vulgar praises that we are unable to even hint at their contents. Others are doing in science. ..

A kosher consortium has come together, such as the pederast prophet Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, Dr. Leo Klauber, Dr. Ludwig Levy-Lenz, Counsellor Dr.

Johannes Werthauer (probably the Barmat lawyer), and are now publishing a large "scientific" work with the participation of Dr. Otto Goldmann, entitled "Sexual Ratastrophes". (The aforementioned detective inspector G. Lehnerdt seems to be the company's only paragon Christian.) The publisher is not mentioned in the newsletter . . .

This unnamed publisher is now already sending out printed recommendations. In it, Hirschfeld is praised as a "fighter for the rights of those who are 'different from the others'", i.e. as a champion of pederasty. He is called the "profound scholar" with a wide view into the "mysterious instinctual life" (of the purple stockings). Leo Klauber is said to have the "scientific conviction" that the ban on abortion is unjustified, where he got this deep conviction from; Well, from where else but from the paradise of Abraham's oxen, from Soviet Judea! There, every pregnant woman who wishes to have her beef is taken away at the expense of the state. For Leo Rlaubec, the fei is an "exemplary Russian institution . . ." The paragon Christian (if he is) Lehnerdt is said to have worked out a proposal for the "reorganization of prostitution" that is astonishing in its simplicity, but which, in order to arouse curiosity, is not communicated.

He himself, the editor Ludwig Levy-Lenz, devotes himself to sex education and will instruct the public to take "preventive measures" in order to be immune to the danger of lust epidemics.

Werthauer preaches help "to the innocent persecuted by the law" (Barmatr). He, the Great, is said to have struggled through all the confusion and "for a long time to the complete (!) negation of any (!) legal and moral basis of criminal law" arrives finely. Of course, "to let the Rultuc continue to develop".

As can be seen, the Bolshevik-Jewish political preaching of chaos finds its "scientific" sociological complement here.

The recommendation of this new Hebrew subversion maneuver concludes with the following brothel hymn:

"Under the made-up face of the prostitute, the poor, desperate girl often appears to the understanding connoisseur of life, and under the mask of the cattle murderess the harried woman. we witness the gruesome fate of the illegitimate woman who, after a desperate struggle, seeks death with the will to live, the terrible end of the Urning, who, like his lover, prefers suicide to life within the society that denounces him. Prostitutes, whom this society has first trained for its purposes, fall prey to contempt, punishment and finally to the most bitter misery. The young woman who succumbed to the elementary impulse to manhood, the housewife who acted under the compulsion of economic hardship, are threatened by the law with severe punishments if they abort the fruit of their womb after a severe struggle of soul."

"It is so convenient, so self-righteous, and so untrue, to despise and condemn instead of clearly recognizing the rhymes of the terrible ratastrophes in the sphere of sexual life, and of breaking with the prevailing mediaeval views in honest strife."

"The authors want to bring this ramp to a happy end, and want to achieve this sublime purpose — the sensation."

The last sentence at least brutally expresses what lies behind all this hustle and bustle, which has long since matured for the public prosecutor: the lust for sension.

An outrageous attack on democracy

The "young German democracy" is threatened by a new terrible danger, a danger which could easily lead to an irreparable injury to its heart: some reactionary rafters want to enforce a law against filth and filth in literature. Of course, that would be a terrible blow to the spirit of November 19) and would simply kill the whole writing democracy and the whole business with "those without", the "bachelor", the "eagle owl" etc. So Israel and Lo. the whole spiritual.

foaming at the mouth with rage. In September 1926, of all places, it was in the hall of the former manor house in Berlin that those who felt called upon to protect trash or dirt gathered and protested with their hands and feet against the "assassination". Letters and telegrams from all foreign patrons were read out and met with an "enthusiastic" reception. Walter v. M 0 l 0 threw himself into his "Derliner-Tageblatt" breast and declared with noticeable pride that he had been one of the first to oppose the proposed law. Thomas Mann, who

had previously officially announced that he refused to view his son's "work" from the point of view of national empowerment, ranted about "anti-idealists" (the "bachelor" is probably an "idealistic" creation), against the "backwards," and proved his salon Bolshevism in such a way that all of Israel, from Moste to Scholem (or vice versa, which remains the same), can praise him again. Albert Einstein, the relative genius, and, of course, the champion of all pederasts, Magnus H i r s ch f e l d, also affirmed their loyal gene openness in the rampf. Think, too, how terrible it would be if deffen propaganda could no longer flourish! what would become of the young democracy; It's hard to imagine!

The Bolsheviks Roker and the Zionist Arthur H 0 l i t s ch e r, who used to praise Soviet terror, were also outraged, where, as is well known, everything non-Bolshevik is forbidden. But if trash and filth are threatened, and consequently also all those who do business with it, Holitscher must of course — as it is called in the Reichstag jargon — put in a "warm lance" for those threatened. Nor was there a lack of fine Galician comrade Julius B a b, what is this poor man to write about, when Ludwig-Lohn or Panter« Tucholsky or Rerc-Rcmpner will no longer lay down any rubbish?

Comrade Dr. Löwenstein, Jew and city councillor of Berlin, ver. proudly announced (so reports the "Vorwärts" of ;;. September J920> that the social democratic cracy had fought with "untiring energy" against the law against filth. Ge explained the same thing. Meier on behalf of the Marxist parliamentary group, and the Jew condemned the law from the "legal" side.

as can be seen: all existences whose existence is threatened have come together and document their raison d'être and necessity with such unanimity that the trembling fear

its filth or filth penetrates, as it were, through all the pores of the Syrian skin.

But they need not be afraid: today's Reichstag parties are fully aware of their duties to the Hirschfelds and Löwenfteins. They will certainly be able to continue their business with the trash or dirt unhindered or "get" "spiritual food" from them. The greatest achievement of the revolution is in the safe hands of the majority of Marxism, democracy and the centre.

How it's done

They do not believe in any plan in the work of destroying Jews on all

peoples, in spite of Münzer; in spite of Meyer's "Ahas- vcrs fröhlich' Wanderlied". Perhaps the following confessions of the Jew Artur Landsberger will help a little. In his book "Asians" he says:

"We (the Jews) spread our net over the whole of Japan, we have decisive influence over all the instruments of love of this country. Everyone will play the melody, whistle the song we indicate. Think of Japan as a giant body. Every country is nothing else, he who regulates the abdominal functions of this Rö- per has influence over the whole Rörper, has power over him. — See at last what I want; The battle for world domination must be fought between America and Japan. By a rrieg; That would be cruel. Through diplomatic haggling; That would be a constant unrest, combined with continued armaments. But there is a third method: America sucks up Japan. It doesn't just trust love. It seizes the country by its most developed instinct. Here, where the sexual act is a natural function of the body like any other, where, therefore, one does not have to overcome mountains of moral resistance in order to reach it, as is the case with us, one has only to give the necessary stimulus in a skilful form — and the unfettered sex weakens itself in a frenzy, the duration of which is determined by us. By creating more and more new stimulants, it is possible to

declare this intoxication permanent, and make this land the island of the possessed."

Endangering democratic sanctuaries

At the end of 1926 a terrible thunderstorm swept through the German lands: the most sacred goods of the November democracy were touched by a nefarious hand, and Groß-Schwabing rose up with all its might to prove its raison d'être and necessity of existence: trash and filth were in danger! As luck would have it, a democratic interior minister of all people was urged to complete a bill that would bend the intellectual blossoms of Berlin. The incorrigible goyim, in spite of all the new German spirituality, had not been able to comprehend why the "bachelor", the "celibate", the countless magazines, the "eagle owl", etc., belong to the spiritual food of a German, and why these exhalations of certain souls of all things had to be shown abroad as testimonies of the German spirit. So the pious Marx and the present minister Rülz could not help but yield to the pressure of the goyim this time.

At this, therefore, the watchmen of Zion blew into their old trumpets from Jericho, and called all their troops to the aid of their guards: the purple stockings cried out about the danger of the market, ladies in stand-up collars and monocles declared their indispensable profession to be endangered, the entire Bolshevik leadership in spirit adjusted hexagonal and octagonal horn-rimmed spectacles and wrote protests against the gagging of freedom of thought. The Social-Democrats drummed "the masses" into the halls, and the Lohns and Levis lectured on the terrible reaction that was coming; Declarations of sympathy were pouring in from all over abroad, the Parisian Lass de la Rotonde was as excited as the Lafe megalomania at Munich, and even Bernhard Shaw was considering whether his business in Germany might suffer.

Ullstein, for his part, rounded up all his walkers and sellers, all those poor devils who earn a few pennies, so that Ullstein would pocket hundreds of baptized people through his "Uhus" and "Morgenpost". These poor devils also protested for trash 10*

and filth in the name of freedom of thought, who could blame me in the face of the third Daweswinter and the two million unemployed that the barmatocracy has given us as a "victory across the board":

And then the most terrible thing happened: one of the mainstays of the Democratic Party lost its strength: Theodor Wolff, the editor-in-chief of the "Berliner Tageblatt" and the "Ulks", i.e. the master of the "most un-German of all German papers", as the "La Plata-Zeitung" in Buenos Aires recently noted. To have to look at a democratic minister who intended to fight against filth and filth was too much even for the hardened heart of Theodore Wolff: he resigned from the party. And so the Rerrs, polgars, Rlötzels, along with other cattle of Israel and mezzotint inscriptions, can declare with delight that the great Theodore will not let the banner of "freedom of thought" fall and will continue to occupy them.

They will continue to criticize and "write". Something like her role, Paul Boldt wrote in the "Präger Tagblatt" of ro. November 1926, which under the title "The Sleeping Erna" thus ghosted:

On an ottoman from Mohär
She's lying in silk skirts, a chest
Full of racketeering, and I think of your most secret thing —
beautiful secretary. The women put wonderful things into the silk.
It starts at the Rnie. I want to peel it out when armor buzzes for skin-sweet spots
In bed that we can't sleep either.
You big girl, the still small breasts adorn you with me. On the secret jewel you have laid your left white hand.
I thought: Shall the one who wears it—
The black flower withered from the print;
And took away the hand, which I kissed softly.

Isn't that the beauty science from Jerusalemer Strasse in Berlin?

Dirt on the bark!

At times, the Judeans are cursed open. As if out of anger that the law against their filth and filth has passed after all, the whole interior of such a spiritual democrat of today suddenly bursts outwards. So in the "diary" of ;;. December 1926. So first we start with a crooked smile:

"Even if there can be no doubt that the authors of the law against filth and filth were actually aiming at art, I do not believe that one can do much harm to art with the law, when would censorship have done anything against literature? (So they seem to have initiated fuses! A. R.) German poetry — from Goethe to

Heine — has experienced its most beautiful heyday under the rule of the most stupid and vicious censorship that has ever existed in Europe. Today, great English literature is flourishing, and England has the most backward censorship in the world. And what kind of censorship it was under which the Russians, from Goncharov to Tolstoy, wrote their novels! No, there is no need to seriously fear the abuse of the law against filth and filth. But I am very much afraid of its proper use, how bad it will be if the German youth are deprived of trashy and filthy writings!"

And then the benevolent Judenblatt continues:

"In any case, dirt is absolutely indispensable for young people. The old aunts imagine that the pure imagination of youths and virgins is spoiled by filthy writings. But the reality is that the imagination of young people is dirty at puberty and a little after — and this imagination needs filthy writings in order to vent its excitements in a harmless way. If the dirt is taken away from the youth, the number of juvenile sexual offenders will increase terribly — the valves are closed, the inner pressure must have a destructive effect. To the youth, dirty writings mean just as much and even more as to the grown-ups the jokes, what would become of all the good burghers and workers who bravely frolic at the tavern table, in the bowling club, or at gentlemen's evenings, if this soul valve could be closed to them — what would become of all the good burghers and workers who would be bravely running away at the tavern table, in the bowling club, or at gentlemen's evenings?
They would make a mess if they couldn't talk any more mess!"

That must suffice even for a reasonably hardened mind. Unfortunately, it will probably come to this: the dirt and trash will remain despite the new law. For no democratic government will ban the Diary, the Weltbühne, the Berliner Tageblatt, etc. . . .

The hard-to-digest law of trash

Although nothing has yet happened to the all-Jewish spirituality, and in spite of the law against filth and filth, the leaves of musts and Ullstein continue to appear calmly, Israel is very much troubled. It is not only at home that every day a new Schmock — who feels in the depths of his heart that his existence and knowledge is wholly unnecessary in this world as well as in the future — but also abroad has been mobilized. In Czechoslovakia, for example, the outpost is, among other things, the Jewish "Präger Tageblatt" (4. r. 27), which is published in German. After declaring that the demand for women was the

only means for poincare to get money into the country in order to stabilize the franc, the paper railed with uncontrollable frankness:

"In Austria, Prelate Seipel is at the helm at present, a deeply convinced apostle of morality, who is far removed from the idea that a state which the politicians have driven into misery must also decline morally by natural law. A few times ago, there were a few poor people who tried to make a living by making pornographic films for export to the Balkans, arresting and punishing them. Now, Vienna is incomparably more suitable than Prague to represent the Parisian model in our longitudes; If, therefore, Vienna is deprived by clerical rule of the last chance of exploiting its advantages as a city of amusement, there is no need for the conservative-clerical parliamentary majority to fall into the same error in our country, and to add to the nightmare of a thousand unworkable laws which they have already supplied us, a new thousand.

imposed a single law of hypocrisy, the result of which can be nothing other than an increase in the already quite numerous circumventions of the law."

These "poor people" who made pig films must have been extremely rich Galicians, because the kosher readers of "p.T." know very well that the production of films devours huge sums of money. The conclusion calls with undisguised energy to pornography, in German: pig writing. And then a rlage of the Parisian brothel idolizers:

" ... on the point in which Germany and England set the worst example, in censorship, which is supposedly directed against immorality, but in reality must act as a new barrier to the left-wing public, it is precisely in this most miserable result of the new German government coalition that the great Reich becomes a model for us."

We welcome it with all the warmth of our hearts that we have at our disposal that dirt writing is recognized here as an essential activity of democratic radicalism.

we didn't expect this open-heartedness.

But when the heart is full, even the thick lip sometimes overflows.

Young meat market

Vienna is the university of democratic journalism; the college of that cultivation of perverse taste, which has already become socially acceptable in the highest circles. An example from the "wiener Journal" from rr. May 1927. In an essay entitled "The Viennese Woman Who Is Famous in Paris" (subtitled

"Mariette Lydis, the Painter") he wrote:

"Certain people admire the erotic imagination of this young, courageous painter, whose pictures you don't want to hang in your salon . . ."

And now the Rritikus doesn't know how to contain himself anymore because of lust: "But these images of women, which are steaming with eroticism, are up to

a degree almost approaching fertility . . . The women of the Lydis are the female bull offered in the market. Encircled by the greed of men, all these women are resplendent, brimming beings, embedded in their flesh as well as in fate, destined for devastation, poisoning and putrefaction."

"To tear away all the coverings, until eyes, mouths, breasts, buds and devastated can only say one thing: the splendor and misery of the sex . . . market boys' flesh."

In this newspaper, however, all the leading politicians of democratic Europe publish important essays.

Thus, the "spirit of progress" is itself marked by its standard-bearers as a "being predestined for putrefaction".

The Rloake

This would be the title which the "Literary World" would rightly have had to give itself in order to describe exhaustively the nature of a large number of the "spirituality" it represents.

192? a special issue of hers appeared: "German Youth Movement" (No. zr). what was offered here exceeded all the shamelessness we had been accustomed to so far. Under the deceptive slogans "literary" and "special issue: German Youth Movement" an attempt is made to draw Dr. Harmsen of the Young German Movement, the Protestant and Catholic youth movements, into the Jewish-Communist waters of Leschnitzer, Wrobel, F. w. Förster and comrades, with whom they publish articles in a magazine.

Fritz Riebold wrote on "On the Path of the Protestant Youth Movement," Dr. Nikolaus Ehlen on "Catholic Religion and Youth," Dr. Harmsen on "From the Wandervogel to the Young German Idea of the State," and in the same issue appeared a "Ballad of the Suburbs," which surpasses in lewdness all previously published and clearly shows the Jewish goal of undermining German reproduction:

> January was our May.
> We got warm in the stairwell.
>
> We stood there until two in the morning, I scratch her hair under her arm.
>
> I pulled down her pants, she helped me reluctantly, Then we were trembling, tightly sucked. A security guard folds by outside. When

the sun came out, I turned grenade dirt, And stuffed Rohl into my intestines.
That was our noblest purpose in life, In meetings I screamed alarm! And went to her.
Until three in the morning.
There is also an animal staring silently at us, And we fell whimpering in two.

Bleeding along, I crouch as if in hiding;
It was three after moons.
The doctor took away her misfortune altogether, and her mother, weeping, stopped her from screaming. In the morning, a red bag floated on petroleum-colored ranal, in which was coffined a bloody human flower. And heaven is ghining for spring! Sun was a ray!

Other flourishes from this propaganda paper of the World Republic should be mentioned: "The Novel of the Jewish Cattle" by Edmond Fleg, translated by Mimi Zuckerkandl; and "Mob, the Story of a Boys' Magazine". here the whole mockery of the German youth is revealed. One reads the following mess as a "confession of life of young people":

Three boys come out of a Rino, the flattening is warm, the illumination runs over Dresden's Altmarkt.

Three students, they hooked themselves under and suddenly became quiet. The Laplin film was so beautiful — but otherwise . . .

Tomorrow the Rlamauk starts again: Livy, ronjugation of irregular verbs; "Recite Goethe's mistresses one after the other, Lehmann! But in the right order."

"Do you have money;"
"No!"
"Too bad."

They descend into the urinal, Altmarkt in Dresden, next to the Rehfeldhaus, and there someone says: "We have to write a magazine and then pull the gang through the cocoa—!" After a short pause, voluptuously stretched: "Through the Ra- kaaooo !"

The water splashes nicely into the gutter. Over the side wall he asks me, "What shall we call them?"

"Mob." And that's how the first issue came about.

Not enough "freedom" yet

Some Schmock has published ambiguous and ambiguous advertisements in various newspapers and has now written a book about the responses received. Apparently, there is still a lack of books in Germany. Another Schmock sits down and writes a meter-long review of the first, of course in the "Literari World" of the Jew Haas (No. 42, 1927). In itself, that's important, go. The only thing that is noteworthy is the introduction:

"The puritanically hypocritical, unnaturally falsifying law with which the Christian-European world crippled itself, made itself erotically unfree and malicious, had to have the consequence that the powerful sexual impulse took its place in the surreptitious trade and on smugglers' paths. This is even more true today than it was in earlier times (in the Middle Ages, even the Church had a broad understanding of man's sexual needs). The surface is deceptive: in the time of short skirts, transparent dresses, dancing and bathing, flirting, athletic informality, uninhibited speech, even in so-called unprejudiced cosmopolitan circles, among artists and politically left-wing people, as soon as it comes down to it, there is a horrible bias, barrenness, narrow-mindedness, a failure and a general lack of understanding in essence. ignoring, not taking seriously, not even feeling sexual impoverishment and oppression. Even the official literature, and would be
it is the most naturalistic, concerned with photographic accuracy, and there is mostly romantic arrangement and kitschy transfiguration. In order to supplement and correct what is offered, one must consult the illegal, subterranean, forbidden literature, the written and pictorial material that has been used out under the covers, to the exclusion of the public, with the secret of stolen goods and haste, the advertisements, advertisements and leaflets (correctly read and understood). Here, too, there is swindling and masquerade, grimacing and posing, but the nakedness tends to shine through, the lie winks sympathetically and often only wants to dupe the dangerous, official watchdog, the rusts have a deeper meaning for knowledgeable eyes, what time and custom dislocated becomes more blatantly apparent."

So in the sign of Bordei literature in the "Weltbühne" and in the "Lit. Welt" there is still too little "freedom" . . .

The "honorable brothel keepers"

To our shame, we confess that we have completely overlooked a true Rultur

document of our time. It is true that we know that the "Vorwärts" rejoiced loudly when the new law for the "control" of sexual diseases handed over all the cities of Germany to the unrestrained prostitutes. A man, Moses by name, wrote there that prostitution was now deprived of its honor. Now, in addition to the party paper, the newspaper that German honest women still pick up without fire-tongs, another one has poured out its heart: the Mannheim People's Voice. We owe the following information to the "H e i m a t g r u ß" of Bahia Bianca:

The Social Democratic Mannheim "People's Voice" (No. 66, 1927) can be heard as follows:

"Not even Wilhelm and 21 Rollgen were expropriated without compensation. Even the Ludendorffs, Lüttwitz and Ehrhardt receive decent pensions from their beloved republic! But the honorable (literally! Author.) Brothel landlords in Germany are deprived of their profession and bread without compensation. In doing so, they have put many decades to their use.

and pious people of the German "people, in the sweat (!) of their brows, of their customs, (what splendid men! "Vers.) and better than the Schupo the "traffic regulated. For). October they are thrown to the scrap heap. You will not receive a penny of compensation or "waiting money. If they had ruled like Wilhelm, if they had been in a coup like Ludendorff, they would have had considerable imperial funds ready for them. But they were only good tradesmen (Oh, you poor dome mothers! "Ed.). Such a thing is possible only in the glorious republic. In the German Empire, the brothel landlords voted in the first class of the divinely ordained three-bar suffrage. At that time, one still knew how to secure one's crown for merit (!) and for the work of maintaining the state its appropriate valuation." when a German worker, as a father of a family, reads the foregoing rant of a Hebrew Schmock, he must be disgusted that such a party paper still dares to claim that it represents the interests of German workers. But the paper certainly represents the interests of democracy in an excellent way.

In a good school

A certain Erich Kästner shows in the "Diary" of Bosel-Großmann (No. 40, 927) that he learned the new form well from the polgar and Tucholsky. About the "class of 1899", who was called up for military service, he writes, among other things:

> "We put the women to bed, When the men were in France, we would have thought it much nicer.
> we were just confirmands.
>
> Then there was a bit of revolution
> And snowed potato flakes;
> Then came the women, as before,
> And then came the gonococcus."

I guess that's enough. The Gonococci seem to have gone into the Rästner's head. A prerequisite for being allowed to write in the "diary".

)5b

The open-hearted Moffes

A pastor's wife from the Mark had said at a women's meeting at noon that "newspapers that denigrate everything ecclesiastical and national, such as the Berliner Tageblatt, do not belong in a Christian home." In a fit of rage that followed, the Syrian newspaper Berliner Tageblatt made the following statement:

"An insignificant person doesn't really deserve to be dealt with. But the woman pastor is, so to speak, a typical case, and from time to time it is necessary to pull off the complacently bloated panties of a club chatterbox."

It goes without saying that, in spite of this harassment, certain Protestant pastors will not be prevented from continuing to lay down their wisdom in the "B.T."

A "Tngebuch"-!7kuminer

The so-called national citizen may not read the trashy literature that calls itself intellectual, including the "diary" of the Viennese Jew Stephan Großmann. (Now Leopold Schwarzschild.) But it would do him good to read this weekly from time to time, in order to understand how the adolescent generation, which finds these and similar phenomena everywhere advertised, is systematically contaminated and gnawed away. Here only one issue (No. 5 of 4 Feb. 1928) should be examined in more detail. This, like all the others, opens with a "Diary of Time". First of all, the farmers and agrarians have once again taken a liking to the Rurfürstendamm Hebrews. They do not deny that many are facing ruin. However, the Stephans were very angry at the talk of a tax strike against the government, as it could actually shake the collectors of the Dawestrife. And the great man from Leopoldstadt-Vienna explains:

"Presumably, therefore, one will soon hear that the peasants' strike which recently took place in the district of putbus has been copied in other regions, that there have been organized refusals to pay taxes and storms of tax offices. It is rightly that the

agitation of the Landbund leaders. But worse and more disastrous is the indolence of the government, for which all the problems of the agricultural crisis seem to be concentrated on the one question, how many millions of marks are available to give away.

It was clear that it was not the Dawes plan of enslavement that was to

blame, but the character who could no longer bear slavery.

This A b l e n k e n is a major means of all-Jewish preffepolitik.

*

It was clear to everyone that the trash and filth would remain untouched in today's Germany even after the adoption of the Protection Act. The "Diary", which revels in dirty writing, therefore sneers at it in a funny way: "An inquiry at the Leipzig Oberprüfftelle revealed that so far only four writings have been published. The weekly Abels Nachtpost, an anti-street prostitution organ, whose editor is currently in prison for an extortion scandal, and three novels with the following titles:

The beautiful nurse or the love and suffering of a sufferer.

The Blind Countess.

The Mendicant Countess or Fates of a Count's Daughter.

Noise for an Omelette?"

It is further stated that the fun for 1928 will cost ?4S 6ro marks, i.e. 4z 577 marks per dirty writing.

The mockery is good. And entitled.

In the meantime, Jonny is playing on 60 German concert stages. And the "diary" continues to appear. For this, the German taxpayer is allowed to pay . . .

To the delight of all "Diary" readers, General Groener became Reichswehr Minister. On November 5, 1016, this lord had declared anyone who wanted to leave the emperor to be a scoundrel. Four days later, the oath of allegiance to the flag was a "mere idea" to him. It goes without saying that such a man is loved by Rurfürstendamm. The "Diary" first prints a few 2lb paragraphs from the memoirs of General Maerker, in which he speaks of his agreement.

with Noske to proclaim the dictatorship. Then the Versailles diktat is discussed: "The decision of this fateful day in recent German history was given by a telephony from General Groener to the President of the Reich, in which he declared every struggle to be hopeless and expressed his conviction that the army would finally resign itself to the signature. But it was necessary for Noske to appeal to the army if it was not to disperse.

"The National Assembly accepted the treaty and thus declared Germany dishonorable and unworthy of respect!"

To which the "Diary" of Stephan Großmann adds with a grin: "It was General Groener, however, who, according to this account, robustly decided the question of signing, in a clearer knowledge of reality and, above all, of army

psychology than his Rohl. It was he who, by his decisive intervention, prevented the gamble of the generals, who were so intimately involved in the continuation of the war. May he remember it quite often in his new position."

We congratulate Mr Groener on these friends who have not found a bad word for the great Wilson fraud.

*

Even the German textbooks are not yet pacifist and Syriac enough for the Hebrews; on which Siegfried Rawerau lays down his views. First of all, he is dissatisfied that Germany's "war guilt" is not "recognized" in Germany itself: "Arnold Reimann then discusses the origin of the World War: 'There can be no question of German guilt for the World War.' 'His professed militarism was nothing but the spirit of discipline and order.' And so one could quote a lot: 'Neuland' is a reading book for girls."

Then Jehovah's grenadier was hurt by the word "d e u t s ch," which is still in use. He whines:

"It is not the task here to give an enumeration of all the books; individual reading books have excellent things to offer in the volumes of the upper school and in individual parts: for example, the prima volume of 'Aussaat', so parts of the 'Deutsches Hort', so with a certain amount of

'German culture', according to the collection of poems, 'weigh and work'.

"If there is anything about the overall picture that can be interpreted as a sign of a time sickness, then it is the preference for the adjective 'd e u t s ch', which appears countless times in titles and headings. This superconscious desire to be German is a sign of mental weakness, especially in those who love such strong gestures and such big words. There is no need to speak of the self-evident, but he who must always speak of 'German', 'national', 'pure', 'noble', who must constantly elevate his own people and rise above everything, only reveals that he needs suggestion instead of simple facts, that even the simple and delicious form of his nationality has become a matter of blatant boasting for him.

"We hope that the new Prussian Landtag will have the opportunity to take a thorough look at these popular books of our time."

How finely spun that is! Just don't be proud of German values! Just no defense against the Syrians Zweig, Großmann, Tucholsky, Rerr, Moste, Bernhard, Ludwig, etc.! That the Prussian Diet will help is readily credible; Social Democracy, Democracy and the Centre govern there.

That these three have nothing to do with Germanness is, of course, more than certain.

*

In the same breath, holy France, from which the freedom of Syria was first proclaimed, is praised. A conversation with Andre Gide is published, the "magic, sticking", the "simple-human", the "breastfeeding". And of this sorcerer the "Diary" records joyful contradiction. Get rid of the sentence:

"I understand so well," he said, "that it (French poetry) must be activist, that it cannot be otherwise than activist, that it prefers the heroic, the combative, and is of a bitter intolerance. My generation had so much debris to clear away — e-layers. — In our youth, the Realis.

)bo
MUS flattened; we had to restore the ego, the soul, to its rights."

For France — Activism! For Germany — pacifist bone softening!

That is the purpose of the exercise.
This is the essence of the vaunted "spirit of Locarno".

*

After another journaille was still talking about Mussolini. The shameless play of the "Soldier Švejk", which is performed on the Bolshevik piscator stage in Berlin, is praised. The Jew Alfred polgar writes about it:

"By taking authority seriously, he (Švejk) makes it ridiculous without a name.

"By submitting to order, he reveals it in all its hideous absurdity.

"His obedience is deadly to the orders. Not at all. Doubt dies the patriotic phrase.

"Clashing with Švejk's peaceful mind, the war bursts. The good face that makes Švejk a game for the Emperor and the Fatherland reveals this game in all its evil."

Just one booklet. That's how it goes week after week.

A coming Germany will have a lot of work to do to fill the garbage barrels, and it will take many Hercules to clean up the spiritual Augean stable of Berlin.

But that's going to happen.

And with the usual German thoroughness!

Democratic education of the people

today we want to publish a published document retrospectively. This is the best illustration of the education of the people by today's ruling democracy. Lamented the Berlin "zr-Uhr.

Blatt" ("Neue Berliner Zeitung") on 10 June 1927 about the bad business of booksellers on the streets of Berlin. And added:

"There is one thing that sometimes makes up for this: the H a n - del with pornographic literature. Here, the traders can earn so much that they can easily bear the risk of being "caught" by the police one day. Because of the low expenses — demurrage costs 6 marks per month — they don't have to charge more than the bookshops (for who wouldn't know that even good bookshops carry such books for faithful and good, wealthy groups;)."

Spiritual Berlin

Berlin is taking giant strides towards the summit of the Rutur. At the moment the leading spirituality is distributing the following leaflets:

"Berlin's Lesbian Women, by Ruth Margarete Röllig. With a foreword by San.-Rat Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld. In his preface, Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld says, among other things: The present work is an attempt to familiarize the general public in an easy-to-understand way with the existence of those women who only feel love for the same sex, the "Uranians", "Tribaths", "Lesbians" or whatever else the female homosexuals are called. — The Book of Ver. primarily pursues the purpose of serving the general public. To clarify the nature, character and habits of this group of people, some of them deeply incorporated. tents to eradicate prejudice, partly to destroy thoughtless injustices and hardships against those who feel differently.

"Since about ro years ago Hans Gstwald about the Berlin Tri. badentum, nothing more has been published about this area; a representation of the present conditions, which beckons under the new face! of the post-war period, with its complete regrouping of all moral concepts, has been lacking so far. This is where the book in question, with its deepest personal running history, intervenes and not only gives a fine study of the

lesbian love, but true-to-life pictures of the women and girls of this circle, their pubs and clubs with exact street names, their dress (transvestites) and signs of recognition, and it exhausts the matter in every respect in such a way that not only the researcher finds all the material on the subject, but also the interested educated person from reading or, with the little book as a guide, from one's own point of view can form an idea of what is perhaps the most interesting chapter of metropolitan sex life."

It will be admitted that these lovely open-heartedness readily show Berlin marching at the head of the new German spirit of November 9, 1916.

New Year's wishes of purple stockings

Around New Year's Eve, all parties and associations announce their wishes for the coming year, why should the guilds of the purple stockings be missing; And they are not missing. Their organ "Das Freundschaftsblatt" (No. 52, -92s), cried out with longing:

"In a few days the old year will come to an end, cursed by those who did not reach their goal, pitied by those who have been able to reap profits of all kinds, but regarded by all men as a period that has passed and which gives rise to new hopes for the future.

"Placing new hopes for the new year, that the wishes that one cherishes will be fulfilled.

"And yet the new year will once again bring disappointments, especially for the citizens of the German Republic, who are desperately fighting for their freedom and their human rights.

"The homosexuals.

"These people hope from year to year that the government and the people will finally come to the realization that the exception. Paragraphs will disappear and equal rights for all Germans will come into force.

"But their hopes have so far been in vain, and the coming year will surely bring the decision as to whether people,

which do not infringe the legal interests of third parties, are to be further threatened with a penal paragraph.

"There are no reasons for maintaining such nonsensical paragraphs as § 175, it is only out of old habit that they are adhered to.

"Will the new year bring change here? According to the working methods of the youth welfare offices and according to the wise decisions of a highly commendable high inspection office for trashy and dirty literature in Leipzig, homosexuals have nothing to expect.

"The press of homosexuals is a stumbling block to these places, and they try by all means to suppress our magazines. The Oberprüfstelle in Leipzig is acting as a censor over the emotional life of homosexuals.

"By what right, we ask?

"Why do we leave trashy and filthy writings of the worst kind, which deal with the heterosexual problem, unscathed, while the writings dealing with homosexuality are constantly criticized and suppressed?

"The answer to this question is very simple. The representative of the Rhenish Youth Welfare Office stated at a hearing (at the beginning of October) before the review office in Berlin that the "Friendship Sheet" and "The Island" had to be objected to because these papers discussed the homosexual problem.

"So here lies the poodle's Rern. The prejudice against homosexuals generates harassment of all kinds.

"How can the homosexuals of Germany defend themselves against such prejudices? Only through enlightenment. Enlightenment, however, can only be provided by a separate press, since it is well known that the daily newspapers refuse to deal with the homosexual question freely and openly.

"If our movement has not yet attained the goal we are striving for, it is largely due to our conspecifics themselves.

"False shame keeps many from educating their loved ones." pleasure addictions) does not allow others to think for a few minutes about the predicament in which they will find themselves when their disposition becomes known. Should this continue?

"No, it has to be different next year.

"Species, away with the old sluggishness that has hitherto prevailed among some of you in regard to combat and reconnaissance."

After that, it is to be assumed that, let us say, homoeroticism is not a pleasure, but a bitter duty.

For the rest, I think we can do without comments.

The Friends of the One Hundred and Seventy-Five March

The so-called Legal Committee of the so-called Reichstag has repealed the penalty against § 175. So the propaganda of the purple stockings (which have huge dance halls in Berlin alone, where heavily cleavaged men show off their charms in front of men) has borne fruit. The main proponent of this pederast protection was the former Minister of Justice of the Republic, the Social Democratic Jew Rosenfeld, who also advocated mitigation of punishment for fornication with animals.

we think it's all on the same page: Noung enslavement in foreign policy, Barmat-Sklarek system in terms of domestic policy, protection of pederasts in terms of cultural policy. But there are still citizens (pious center!) who hold these gentlemen in the warmest roalition embrace and then hypocritically demand "protection of morality.

The party of the '75

The joy then made bigger and bigger waves in these weeks, and we understand when the "Literarische Welt" devotes a whole 1^r newspaper pages to this lucky day of the republic, we read the following from the pen of its editor Willi Haas (No. 44, 1929):

"The repeal of § 175 by the Criminal Law Committee for the new Criminal Code — it does not yet mean certainty, of course, but it does mean the great probability that this anti-cultural paragraph will now actually disappear — must be mentioned here not only because it is one of the few really and unequivocally progressive legislative acts of the Republic, one of the very few victories of healthy human beings.

in your new draft penal code, among so many defeats; it must be discussed here above all because it is precisely with this paragraph that the closest literary and artistic interests are linked.

"The repeal of § 175 was, in addition to and after everything else, also one of the most urgent literary necessities, because it offers the possibility of lifting up an intellectual ghetto and freeing it from all the typical vices of the ghetto: underground ties and alliances, secret representation of the group's interests under the guise of critical objectivity, protectionism, resentment out of inhibition, last but not least: paralysis of our healthy resistance to such ghetto economy; for who could persecute the persecuted as long as every attack

against them was a denunciation to the public prosecutor, and enlisted the aggressor in the army of the most shameful moral reaction?

Willi Haas is really very open-hearted. In any case, the underworld has taken another step upwards, and today's society is already so rotten and rotten that it can no longer resist.

Criminal Protection

The Knights of the Red Rooster

The Vorwärts, the noble defender of the equally noble famids Barmat and Rutisker, continues day after day, even on the Sabbath, in the education of the German people. And indeed he has taken great care of the veiled and undisguised murder propaganda. The November heroes have always regretted that, despite all their good intentions, they did not have the courage to rob, scorch and plunder everything, or — as the well-intentioned "Old Testament" says — to banish it. Melancholic stories about the beautiful days of Berlin in November)9)S can be found again and again. Now the fog. "Princely compensation" caused the holy blood of the Ranaanites to rise to height. Their "state" receives billions of dollars, but the fact that German Röntges and dukes should keep anything at all, since the Barmats do not yet own everything, contradicts the just sense of the ambassadors of Israel. So sighs the "forward":

"When, in the great reckoning of the French people with the feudal royalty in 1769, the red rooster was placed on the castles of the aristocratic landlords, the revolutionary peasants did not fail to set fire first to the archives in order to get rid of those mendacious documents which had forged the fetters in the course of centuries. with the help of which a great people were made slaves of labour. We, too, have seen the firelight of a revolution, but unfortunately we have missed much as a result of the fragmentation of the workforce."

The Knights of the Red Rooster know how to blur their blood

We still propose to elevate the banker Äsung to the status of a saint and to name streets and squares in our cities after him. Because, as is well known, his "expert opinion" brought freedom: a whole 7 million Germans are "free" thanks to him. Free from work. Outlawed. They are the army for the Eastern

poets who have "missed a lot" and now want to make up for it.

In order that the youth may also be educated in the right-wing Marx Gospel, the "Vorwärts" has a colorful beef side dish on which the young conscious comrades form their souls. In the "Cattle Friend" — as this supplement is called — someone tells in verse that there are drones in the beehive. But not only there, but also in human life (although the "Forward" poet certainly did not think of his comrades Sklarz, Rutisker, Barmat, Bosel, etc.). And he concludes:

> There are drones in every beehive...
> But you know how to reward them there ...
> Winter has arrived, Then everyone is stabbed to death ...

The three points at the end speak very loud language. 2 Of course, in the state of Comrade Severing, this Old Testament education of youth is not forbidden.

A torch in the hand of the great comrade to tear the red on the non-Jewish house; the dagger in the paws of the little comrade. Then he will certainly — leader of the Social Democrat Party

Crime Protection Philosophy

As is well known, one of the most pious exercises of the cattle of Israel is the propaganda to portray the criminal as a poor, persecuted man who is not responsible for his deeds. In places, the preparatory exercises have even turned into glorifications of the coldly superior "avengers of society". Bettauer's weekly journal was a prime example of these new editions of the Raschemmen philosophy. we are now in a position to point out new Jewish directives, the implementation of which will necessarily result in the

that safe-crackers and lust-killers would sit in judgment on abnormally normal people.

It was the "Runstwart" (!) who gave the floor to a certain Paul Lohn at the beginning of 1926. This reward now puts his soul on paper as follows:

1. A criminal is a person who commits acts prohibited by law.

r. These actions can be based on intrinsically natural drives (appropriation drive becomes "theft", etc.)

3. There are healthy and diseased shoots; Criminals of healthy and sick instincts. The criminal with a sick instinct is a sick person, even if he shows no deviation "mentally". A sick action is where a sick pleasure should be sought or a sick pain should be driven away.

4. we are all a product of disposition, upbringing, circumstance; FEU. None of us knows what U. could make of him.

5. we are at every moment a (quotient of excitation and inhibition. E./H. the action happens: if H. is smaller, E. predominates—if H. is larger, H. predominates; the action is omitted.

6. We see the swaying of the scales E. and H. in us with conscious thinking, but we do not make the difference, we see the setting of the weights and call this "consciousness"; we feel the stronger lever swing ahead and call this sensation in us "will"; but we do not see the hand that sets the weights. The will accompanies, but it does not do.

7. Thus, there is no real freedom of will for any human being and at no moment of life to believe that we want to want and we are wanted.

8. Thus, every act in itself falls under § 5); The normal as well as the abnormal.

9. Thus, one must neither "judge" nor "punish" a person in himself.

;o. "Punishment" is, even today, revenge, which is too cowardly to confess as such; of this drive.

11. The aim is not to "punish", but to render harmless and to prevent it.

Zr. Punishment as a deterrent may, for the time being, be counted among the means of prevention.

12. In that case, however, the "court" proceedings should be content with fixing the "punishment" after the crime has been established; one should neither "accuse" nor "condemn" the criminal as a human being, for he can do nothing for himself; like no other.

14. Legal jurisprudence is not meant to be moral jurisprudence; the whole moral accusation against the "cold-blooded criminals" should be abandoned. Nor should the people be strengthened in their revenge, in the instincts which

they want to draw from them, by using their "indignation", the "offended sense of justice" of the citizen, to motivate the punishment.

15. The public prosecutor can be eliminated, the defense attorney may be eliminated; the perpetrator is not to be charged, nor does he have to be defended. He had to do so, at that moment. Only the nature and extent of the preventive measure ("punishment") is to be determined, and this is in his interest and in that of society.

To judge is: "to do what is right".

This document should be framed by every European. Indicative, however, of the mental derangement of the "Runstwart" is the fine introductory word to the "Guidelines" of Paul Lohn. It reads:

"Even the mere establishment of a public prosecutor (public prosecutor, lawyer), who has to enforce the punishment of the perpetrator professionally and often out of personal interest, and who, for quite obvious reasons, is only too quick to seek the help of the audience, the echo from the audience, unwillingly illuminates it. sensational sensation by the judicial process. Not to mention the deeper circumstance that our laws and concepts are still not free from undoubted — intrinsically sensationistic — notions of revenge. With this in mind, a few of the guiding principles may be reproduced below, which Paul Lohn — the author of the book on 'Unnecessary Aging' — put forward for discussion on the occasion of the Angerstein case.

We have only one thing to say about these testimonies: Paul Lohn calls for "preventive measures" instead of punishment, and we believe that an excellent prevention of crime would be to lock Mr. Paul Lohn and the editor of the "Runstwart" behind solid iron curtains.

The sweet smell of murder

"Smash the brains of the best of the goyim," a Rabbin proverb teaches. How this is to be done is shown by the director Eisenstein from Soviet Judea. It ties in with the dress rehearsal of Bolshevism, the revolt of 1905 in the Russian fleet. On the armored cruiser "Potemkin" the officers were murdered in the most brutal way. Supposedly because the sailors got bad meat; in reality, it was just a pretext. In the film "Battleship Potemkin", which has now been directed by the aforementioned Mr. Eisenstein (and which is distributed by a company whose in-house counsel was the Jewish Social Democrat Paul Levi), the occasion naturally becomes primal. as befits Bolshevik historiography. And then, always interrupted by close-ups, it is neatly shown how to jump at the throats of superiors, how to crush their skulls, how to drown officers in the sea, how to trample down Christian clergymen. In baptismal images, the film

screams: Smash the brains of the best of the goyim!

It is natural that the whole press of All-Jewry cannot contain itself with delight. "It's spring outside and the film miracle of 'Potemkin'," exults the "Berliner Tageblatt" with joy. This "democratic" newspaper counters the demand for a ban on murder incitement with the following outpouring:

..."if this intention were to be carried out, it would be the greatest thing that censorship in the republic could afford, why should it be banned; because evening after evening, in three performances, the Apollo Theatre is thrown into an unparalleled excitement and enthusiasm beyond compare; And why are the spectators so excited and enthusiastic; because, firstly, this film is a work of art the likes of which has never been seen before, because, secondly, this work of art sets something in motion even in the most blasé person, which could perhaps be called an ideal, and indeed a thoroughly republican ideal, namely liberation and oppression, military mismanagement and the victory of comradeship (!!) over stupid violence, thirdly, the history of this film is nothing other than the earlier Russian example of the same event, which took place in Kiel in the year 191s in a similar way and initiated the German revolution.

"The event on which the film is based was in the year 1905, i.e. r) years ago; It has played out truthfully in this way.

"Now he's probably going to be banned because he's bringing a little too much momentum to the crowd.

"because it is glorious, like a speech by Mirabeau.

"because we, immature contemporaries, immature inhabitants, through all ages have unfortunately put up with the schoolmaster; He's gotten used to us and we've gotten used to him."

as far as the "momentum of the spectators" is concerned, there are shiny cars in long rows in front of the Rinos Berlins. They belong to Abraham's cattle from Rurfürstendamm, who enjoy all the delights they could only enjoy for such a short time during the vaunted "introduction" to Riel. "A document," exclaims the "Frankfurter Zeitung" delightedly after a sadistic and joyful meeting. "It's a miracle," echoes Alfred Rerr. "The greatest runwork of all time," shouts the Jew from the "Red Flag". "Bravo," replies the Galician newspaper Vorwärts when the Berlin police chief rejected all requests for a ban on murder propaganda with Marxist peace of conscience. The man had his hands full preparing an advance against patriotic Germany. And the "Vorwärts" adds (No. 214, 1926):

"The Fatherland will have to come to terms with the idea that the law governs in the German Republic and not the arbitrariness of some person who wants to continue to patronize the German people in the old Prussian way. The Film Examination Board has been awarded with good (!) The film was carefully

released and the police had no reason to intervene despite the provocations from the right. The German friends of the Tsarists and Rnuts will only achieve one thing with their cries, that we will now also perceive this Russian film of freedom as a German film of freedom."

That's pretty and clear. According to this, incitement to murder is the "governing law" in the eyes of the "Vorwärts" and spurs on "German sense of freedom".

Verily, the pious rabbi who recommended that the brains of the goyim be smashed, he knew what refreshment he was thereby preparing for his people, Even today all Israel rejoices when this is preached — against the best of the goyim. With the bad of them, well, with them you make common cause ...

Dangerous thefts of great souls

"Philosophy of criminal protection" is what we said when we discussed Paul Lohn's theses above, according to which no one should be held responsible for his actions. And stand there, we read in the "national" "MNPl." (Spiritus rector Loßmann aus jüdischem Blut), an essay "Judgment and Fate" by Bruno Frank. — You don't know Bruno Frank; how uneducated. Assistant director at the Munich Rammerspiele, who watched grimly as the figure of Fridericus grew up again. And behold, Brunoleben found a dark place in the life of Frederick the Great: the story of Baron von der Trenk. Brunoleben now shed so many tears for the lover of Frederick's sister, who had been imprisoned for years, that a novel escaped from his soul, which was published by the "Berliner Illustrierte" (of the house of Ullstein). Without bad intentions, of course, without counting on the economy. Out of pure love of truth ...

So that's Bruno Frank. But he also cares with touching care for his "unfortunate" comrades. There is, for example, Georg Kaiser. This "poet" stole his familiar paintings, sold them and was convicted of theft. Poor man! thought Bruno's life and wrote about him in the aforementioned essay of the "national" "rnnn.":

"Honored, flattered by public opinion, he stands there, a prince in spiritual life. And yet, only a few years ago, this same man stood before the gates of a Munich court, accused and convicted of a series of crimes against property that would have cost someone else's honor and existence. They didn't hurt him in the least. His transgressions, although his responsibility was not in doubt, were not really imputed to him, they were and are regarded as the insignificant excess of an important soul, as oddities that had little to do with his nature and worth, he left the hall a condemned man, but not a beaten man, the sign of disaster is not visible on his forehead, no reproach falls upon him, no one touches him, and he happily completes his course, which may still be long!"

Finely put, ye goyim!; If a German manor owner makes a noise, it will be written in bold print on the front page of all democratic papers for weeks. If a "spiritual person" steals, it is "insignificant". The "important soul" is not moved by this, and in the salons of the readership of the "Berliner Tageblatt" the man appears as the hero of the day.

Another pious man in Israel, Grünwald, stole (excuse the bad word) irreplaceable plucking stings from the Munich State Library. For years. He lived intimately with his father, was convicted of theft and convicted. His father's life, however, "knew nothing of it"; he was acquitted for lack of evidence . . .

Brunoleben sees the case like this: the boy can't be completely knocked

out. He must, of course, be condemned, but one must have "pity for his morbidly overstimulated youth." And the old man! God the just, such a man of honour does not exist again! Out of "excessive tenderness" he did not see through his son: "Anyone who only sees him knows that he must be without guilt, a glance at this face shaped by knowledge and kindness indicates it, the course of the trial confirms it, and the judges' view of course also acquits him." The fact that it is only due to a lack of evidence — Brunoleben conceals from the
'Readership of the "MNN.".

Bruno Frank will certainly not mind his glorification of thieves. He will continue to "regiff" in New Germany, the editors of the "MNN." will certainly continue to shake his intellectual rights and continue to print essays from him. At the front, however, they will write about — German training . . .

The Pride of the Prophet

Felix Salten, actually Salzmann, can call himself a prophet. The film "Battleship Potemkin" prompted him to re-examine his old predictions from the time of the Bolshevik General Rehearsal (i.e., the "Russian" Revolution of 1905). In the Viennese "Neue Freie presse" (4 June 1926) he shares his

result with. Under the impression of the mutiny at that time, Salzmann had written:

"On this deck, the planks of which signify Russia, one day they were tired of brutal enslavement, brutality and exploitation, took the supreme lord and master, threw him into the sea and left the man in the Havelock (Salzmann should have said: Raftan! A. R.) climb onto the Rommando Bridge. In this image of Russia, autocracy was destroyed, and it was declared that the people were no longer willing to eat rotten meat, while its oppressors were lining their pockets. All this took place without the tsarist power being able to hinder it, nay, without being able to punish it. For more than eight days this liberated Russia existed, gliding on the waters like the reflection of times to come!"

Yes, yes, in 1905 people in the ghetto of Vienna knew exactly what was intended in Russia. And you innocently spill the beans about your pious intentions for the future. about the film itself, SaltemSalzmann writes:

"It is said that it is a propaganda film, intended to recruit adherents to the idea of world revolution. It may be that if the world does not become wiser and better, then some kind of revolution in this world can hardly be avoided anyway.

For the time being, however, the world can learn essential things from the movie Battleship Pot- jomkin'. For it is more than a tool of propaganda. It is a great, living work of history. And a stirring memento."

Very, very nicely written. The "essential things" taught by the "Panzerkeuzer Potemkin" are: drowning, confiscation of skulls, beating priests. That must suffice "for the time being". Dress rehearsal, when the mob is ripe, the slaughter of the Gentiles follows of its own accord. "Let the goyim smash the brain," says the rabbinic proverb . . .

Careless hymn singers

If one of us were to declare that in today's glorious democracy a man who is at the height of a safe-cracker becomes a minister and continues his work there, the High Court of Justice, which is called upon to protect the republic of the Ebert-Scheidemann-Bauer and Genoffen, would immediately rush us. But a Röscherer may ironize even the most sacred of the Jew Prussian.

A publisher's recommendation for a book by Arthur Landsberger states:

"How a professional burglar becomes a high state official — how the high state official, on the basis of his insights into human society, decides to become a decent reer again and consequently returns to his old trade as a burglar — that is the bold reproach of Landsberger's latest book."

really finely recommended. All burglars will read this book to learn how to do it in order to become a "high official of the state" today. The pushers, ordinary people, already know . . .

The "heroic" murderers

Felix Jerzhinsky, the blood-dripping executioner of the Cheka, has died. On the heartbeat, says official Moscow. Poisoned, murdered, very weighty other voices claim. It doesn't matter to us: he's gone. His home was confiscated and there were found rings, jewels, ecclesiastical valuables, and several books — pornography. He wanted to give the jewels to his lover, the Jewish actress Bach, who had already received many of the victims who had been tortured to death. They probably also looked at the pornography together . . .

The passing away of this non-Jewish instrument of all-Jewish Bolshevism caused great mourning throughout Israel. Of course, also in the "bourgeois" papers. Just a confession. The representative of the Neue Freie Presse, the Jew Baffeches, wrote from Moscow ("N.F.P.," July 27, 1926):

"Dzerzhinsky was not cruel. Reality is simpler than legend. A man of flexible energy, of straightforwardness of thought heightened to the extreme, who, just as he had formerly fought the individual terror of the Socialist-Revolutionaries, was deeply convinced of the necessity of a mawny terror after the conquest of power, personally thoroughly honest, a conviction heightened to the point of fanaticism was the driving force of his actions. Dzerzhinsky could be the Lhef of the dreaded "Cheka" and president of the "Society of Friends of Cattle" at the same time. This was not just a political manoeuvre by the government. This union of posts is the best illustration of his future-oriented psychology — the union of warm philanthropy and cruel ruthlessness. In general, this is a psychological feature of the whole Russian Revolution. Never a theoretician, never claiming personal power and glory, he was at the same time the most reliable tool of the revolution. The man who had the unlimited confidence of the Party as a whole, the man whose iron energy and unparalleled honesty were considered equal to any task.

Like many of the leading Bolsheviks, Dzerzhinsky had an almost morbid modesty. Out of his usual way out of the way, shy of people, outside his task without interests. Unpretentious to the point of excess, like the rest of his contemporaries in the revolution, deprivation was not a sacrifice for him either, for he did not feel the deprivation.

"In spite of everything, there was something heroic in this man. There was no doubt that he was not interested in going down in history as a superhumanly powerful personality. And it was heroism to place oneself at the head of that function on which history has not yet completed its judgment. To place oneself in the focal point of the lagoon, to draw a line between oneself and the rest of humanity for years. But he felt himself to be a pure instrument of the revolution, an executive tool. And it suited his personality that he never came to the fore in the disputes within the party, never gathered followers around him, never took the initiative that could place him in the foreground of fame and popularity."

At the end, Basseches weeps bitter "tears over the thinkers of Russia who have died so far:

"There they lie in ranks, the men whom the Russian Revolution has declared to be its messengers. overflowing philanthropy and savage hatred, blood and self-sacrifice, wild passion and deep resignation. These graves are the symbol of a glomerate of human passion. A monument to the heroic epoch of the great Russian Revolution. One of his friends called Jerzhinsky in his obituary "a knight without fear or blame." Perhaps it is the 'last knight' of the Ramping Years of the Russian Revolution who sinks into the grave on Red Square. Farther and farther away, the heroic epoch is receding. Everyday life, boring and philistine, but also mild, encloses the gigantic complex of peoples and countries ever more tenaciously and firmly."

Yes, the good days seem to be over when all Russia smelled of the blood of the Gentiles. The tide is beginning to turn. . Hence the autumn mood of Mr. Baffeches.

Jusiiz-Ruriosa

Forgive me if I start with myself. But on November 15th, after exactly 5 weeks in prison in the pious Free State of Bavaria, I left the state pension Stadelheim near Munich. I had committed a terrible crime:

In the beautiful city of Nuremberg there is a mayor Luppe. He is a senior democrat, excellently remunerated, but who makes very, very inaccurate statements under oath, has very cheap coats procured from the welfare service that is set up for the poorest of the city, and so on. In other words, a real democrat and Reichsbannergenoffe. Quite incomprehensibly, the National Socialists there are fighting against this lamp of the spirit of November 1018. Their leader, Streicher, who is also a member of the pious state of Bavaria, was sued by Luppe; two trials took place. You must now know that Luppe, as befits a democrat, has a Jewish lawyer who goes by the name of Süßheim. Now, during the

In the second Luppe trial, Streicher's organ made a purely factual inquiry as to whether it was true that the presiding judge had dined with Luppe and Süßheim in the first trial shortly before it began. An unpleasant request. But lo and behold: a magistrate by the name of Ralbskopf simply had the number, which was embarrassing at Luppe-Süßheim, confiscated.

This rarely happens. The "Red Flag" may ;. B. call the former Reich Chancellor I. Wirth a big jackass; the "world stage" may call Germania a whore, not a finger moves. But to make such a factual question, without any insulting phrase, is outrageous!

The trial correspondent of the "Völkischer Beobachter" — of which I am the chief editor — now wrote from Nuremberg about the indignation that this intervention had provoked, adding: "The shameless act of arbitrariness will still have its aftermath." Thereupon the "V.B." was also confiscated. In such a hurry that even a justification for the measure was forgotten. This only came in when the "V. B." the next day openly glossed over this new fashion, as always.

Yes, and charges were brought against me. Before the Assize Court! Result: One month in prison without a probation period. This is called real German justice.

*

Some time later, the editor of the Jewish-democratic newspaper "A. Z. am Abend" (Munich) stands before the same jury. for blasphemy. He had printed a "spring poem" by the half-Jew Zuckmaier, in which the prayer of Jesus Lhristi in Gethsemane was compared to the howling of the rats on the roofs in spring.

Sentence: Three weeks in prison with probation until)yrs. So, practically speaking, the blasphemer got off without any punishment.

There are people in Bavaria who now express the heretical idea that a magistrate in the pious Free State of the Bavarian People's Party must be higher than Jesus Christ.

But, of course, these are malicious blasphemers who will be shown.

♦

Of course, these pleasing legal conditions are not limited to beautiful Bavaria.

In the "Vorwärts", evening edition No. 409, issue 8 No. 205 of zo. August 1924, one could read the following insult against Hindenburg:

"A new place of pilgrimage.

"The new place of pilgrimage is the haacmann-haus, the house where people died. In front of it, the philistine stops with eerie shivers, goosebumps on his back and goosebumps in his soul, the bloodthirsty beast in the candle

and curiosity in his eyes to see where Haarmann lived . . . here the street is crowded with cars, cabs and people, and everyone asks: where did Haarmann live? Germans from all the districts of our fatherland . . .

"Just zo, people!

"But the people in front of the villa in the Hindenburg quarter, where the old general lives, who drove hundreds of thousands of people to their deaths and sacrificed them uselessly in all his offensives, are just as astonished. Again, this glorious, gruesome feeling. The goosebumps on the lip with which you want to beat France victoriously. And goosebumps on the beer liver, what future prospects and what parallels."

The "Vorwärts" was not afflicted in the land of Comrade Severing.

*

The former editor of the aforementioned "Vorwärts", the Jew Ruttner, publishes a so-called satirical weekly, entitled "Lachen links". There you could read the following poem about "The Holy Three Roentges":

The first to wear a pair of leather trousers,
The second one is even on the A ... Only, the third has a pointed hat on which a star is spinning. Ryrieeleis.

The first one who has the crop full of grind, the second is an illegitimate cow.
The third does not praise Father, not Mother, He was begotten by the Holy Spirit Himself. Ryrieeleis.

The first saved a penny, the second, who asked lice in his beard.
The third has even less than nothing. He stands in the ray of divine light. Ryrieeleis.

We sing a sweet song With women on the stove bench, we leave in any place A little holy roen as a souvenir there. Ryrieeleis.

we give you our blessing Mixed of rice dirt and rosemary. we give thanks for liquor, we thank you for beer. Different year around time we are here again. Ryrieeleis.

R.-A. Dr. Behling.wülfing in Elberfeld filed a complaint with the Public Prosecutor General at the Regional Court I Berlin. He was informed that there was no insult to the Christian religion. An appeal was lodged with the Rammergericht Berlin. This was rejected as "unfounded, because," the reply said, "the poem, by which you feel hurt in your religious feelings, does not reveal in its entirety either in form or in content the mood of contempt or contempt for God or an institution of the Christian rules, especially the veneration of the Virgin Mary or the celebration of Christmas."

Finely answered! It is significant that the Protestant pastors and Catholic Rapländc, who wrote lamentations in the "L.V.-Ztg."

about the "insult" of the Talmud, remain silent here like the grave when their own religion is sullied.

These are some glimpses from "our" judiciary, heart-lifting and soul-strengthening. and let us not forget that a pious man of the centre is the Prussian Minister of Justice. Democracy in the Reich can be proud of him.

A new stand

The Galician "Red Flag" has discovered a new profession: the professional criminal. And that's how it happened.

As is well known, two modern victims of civilization, Weber and Schlesinger, loosened the railroad tracks near Hanover. An express train derailed as planned. There were 2) deaths. The murderers were sentenced to death; the entire Jewish press called for "amnesty" (Schlesinger in danger!), and an appeal was filed. And in mid-January 1927, despite all the nagging, it was rejected by the Reich Court.

Now the protector of Bolshevik spirituality around Ratz, Scholem, etc., completely lost her composure. The "Red Flag" shouted January 8, 927):

"This outrageous decision of the Reich Court can only be explained by the effort to cover up the scandalous conditions on the Dawes railway. It has been established that the two perpetrators, Schlesinger and Weber, are neither professional criminals nor even criminally inclined cunning fellows. They are simply two victims of the capitalist social order, who found nowhere to work and, half mad with young people and deprivation, came to their deed. But it has been tempted to do so by the easy opportunity of the lack of proper guarding of the railway and the scandalous deterioration of the tracks themselves.

"If Schlesinger and Weber were cunning professional criminals, the management of the Dawes Railroad would be half-justified, for it could claim

that its security measures had been made illusory by cunning criminals. However, since the two perpetrators are neither professional criminals, nor

cunning work - thus the devastating guilt of the Reichsbahn Directorate is proven. The safety measures were simply lacking as a result of the staff reductions."

It is a pity that the "R.F." does not give a more detailed explanation of the term "professional criminal". Is this a Bela Run that stole diamonds? Or was he also a "victim of the capitalist social order"? how many times must one have murdered in order to enter the new profession?

As it stands, the spirit of the ghetto still blows through the heads of the Marxist leadership and its decayed surroundings in a very modern form.

Schlesinger in Not!

A supposedly gifted musician longs for heights. He doesn't like conducting a small orchestra. The management of the "Fledermaus" seems to him too little for his genius. He lets the place go, but finds no shelter, incites another to blow up a railway track in order to be able to plunder the then derailed train. This is the hopeful son of a synagogue singer named Schlesinger. The consequence of the crime: 2) deaths. The court, of course, passes the death sentence.

if somewhere in Bavaria or Prussia a man murders another, even if it is in a terrible state of excitement, his robe falls without a crowing about it.

But it's different when someone is called Schlesinger. Then the whole world press comes together to portray him as an angel of innocence, we have already reported on this murder protection, Here are some new facts from the Ullstein press.

"Exercise mercy!" shouts a submitter in the "Voss. Ztg." vom rr. January 1927. There we read:

"A republic which can spend a few hundred millions more every year on the army and navy — to pick just one point — at a time when millions of its citizens do not know what they are going to live on the next day, should not be surprised if despair gives birth to crime. It must try to combat them by means of extensive prophylaxis, but it must also try to combat them by

case-law to ensure that the social causes of misdemeanours and crimes are taken into account as far as possible in the judgments.

"Since this was not done either by the court in Leiferde or by the Reich Court in Leipzig in the Leiferde judgment, it is the task of the Prussian State Ministry to make use of its right of pardon."

We read this in a newspaper which ardently advocates that Germany should hand over 2V2 billion gold marks to high finance in Dawes tributes; who does not utter a word against the French armaments, how much anxiety for an escaped Rapellmeister murderer, if his name is Schlesinger.

But Mr. Sling of the "Voffische" is also very concerned about whether the Jewish barrage will work. He writes on the same subject in the same "Gazette de Foch" that Schlesinger was certainly a very gifted man! Gb you don't want to try again, etc. It goes on like this for a whole long column, and we shall understand this lamentation especially when we learn that this Mr. Sling, now deceased, was in reality also called Schlesinger.

Schlesinger and the others

When the 2-time robbery murderer Schlesinger was sentenced to death (the sentence will never be carried out!), the whole Iudenpreffe whimpered about this "hopeful" musician. The "Voff. Ztg." admired his "fine, slender hands" and said they had to try it again.

But the forest of leaves rustled differently from Lebanon when German "femicides" were sentenced to death. They had not loosened railroad tracks, but were said to have shot traitors, in Judah's eyes one of the greatest crimes. You wouldn't be safe in the Reichstag if you were a country. traitor, the pride of the revolution of 191s, simply wanted to shoot down. And so the "B.T." (27. z. 27) nor about those condemned to death who did not give the Hebrew the pleasure of a nervous breakdown:

"He straightened up to a convulsive height, threw back the precisely parted ropf, grimaced into an ironic, dismissive grimace. The deliberation, the preparation and rehearsal of this last gesture became almost painfully clear. This is the Rorporal who became an officer. He takes the charge more seriously than he takes himself. And so he stands in front of the dock, correctly and firmly. A lieutenant who always remained a Rorporal. Pitiful was this face, which was so fond of sneering, and which, at the last minute, when it was seen, showed a grimace behind which there was infinite misery."

There is no need to add a word about the lowliness of this Hebrew.

3n of depth

Schlesinger, the twenty-one Jewish murderer of Leiferde, has been pardoned to the cheers of the all-Jewish press. It would also have been a real shame for the "gifted musician with the narrow channels" who loosened the rails in order to be able to rob the people of the derailing train.

as the Jewish newspapers hoped, after a few years the Schlesinger will be completely freed.

To "try it again with him".

There is also a literary side to the matter, which shows the decay of our so-called "national bourgeoisie" in Bengali light. In the "THöchst Rreisblatt" of June 5927 the following was to be read:

"The 'Young Stage of the National Theatre' in Mannheim, like the 'Franks. Ztg? Before the end of the season, there will be a world premiere: the youthful Willi Schäferdiek's scenic ballad 'Murderer for Us'. Schäferdiek wrote his sequence of scenes under the impression of the Leiferde assassination attempt. The main character of the play, Walter Singer, is the author of a bloody railway accident. The play adopts the thesis that the state and society are to blame for this terrible atrocity even more than the two very young assassins themselves, who murdered two young assassins.

people in misery and unemployment to the last despair of the terrible decision."

Pure word of protest about the "youthful Willi" who excuses robbery murderer . . . "The state" is supposed to be to blame, says Willi. But with all due respect, this "state" is not your "social repu. blik", which you protect with the Reichsbanner and defend with the "Berliner Tageblatt"?

And this noble state breeds robber-murderers; You should give Willi the germ counts!

"This republic is our work," said Comrade Scheidemann at the SPD party congress. 1927. After a long time, he spoke a true word. The descendants of the 21 murdered near Leiferde will think the same thing.

So do we. But we don't say it, because the sheathers are more untouchable than majesties.

But there will be other times. Despite Scheidemann and Willi Schäferdiek . . .

Hymns to Murder

In the "Red Flag" the "intellectuals" publish famously large appeals for the release of the robbery-murderer Hölz. In other words, Thomas Mann and his comrades, who excelled in their "abhorrence of the barbaric death penalty".

As a change of pace, Moscow had shot dozens of Russian hostages in early 1927 out of impotent rage because some spies had been expelled from England. The "intellectuals", the "League for Human Rights" were silent like the grave.

It may therefore be assumed that "human rights" apply only to Jewish Bolsheviks and their comrades.

The "Red Flag" underlined this with poems and hymns to the Cheka. A. Besymensky is the name of the poet who is obviously Eastern Jewish. And the "poem" read:

GPU. (formerly called Cheka)
Our will's eye and hand
GPU.!
Hand of the Bolshevik, you!
In the small hand, In the simple hand A simple feather.

Black letters flow from the pen.

Lighter than breath, heavier than mountains, The simple word:

— Shoot!

Just walk, time! Don't stand still! Let the will burn, Slay the enemy!

That is:
Close your heart and sign!

This leaves nothing to be desired in terms of often Jewish clarity. And the "abhorrence" of the death penalty did not protest.

They may already be writing new dramas about the Cheka heroes.

The Lyricism of the Crook's Tine

As is well known, New Germany does a great deal for the Runst: it promotes Kokoschka, from whose pictures a deep plea cries out for a mental hospital; it inflates the Mann brothers into "great poets"; it even founds genius nurseries: so-called poets' academies. In 1927, leading rceise had a big competition, the organizer, to elevate as yet unawakened poets to fame. The result was wonderful. The leading newspaper of our Rlettermaxe-Rultur, the "Berl. Tageblatt", published several of the award-winning poems. At the head (!) of all the products the newspaper placed the following high creation of the spirituality it praised:

Die Konerzinke," by Theodor Rramer.

The quietest street I come here, in the river of ravines the otters scream. My snap bag is too empty for the Bund, farmsteads stand miles away.
Yesterday I sat in the Rotter And step into the gate in the sunset, and white hole after hole in the Janker and only ask very quietly for bread. And to him who harshly points me into the land, I will draw a house on the wall, and a hand in front of the house; the hand grows beyond the house. Here, look, here begged—and only silently begged for me, brethren—a hand, And one goes round the house, and one sets it on fire once at night.

we do not know Mr. Theodor Rramer. But one thing we do know: he has succeeded in empathizing with the soul of the Gstjuden. For what the Marxist

leadership is doing is nothing more than crooks drawing on the German house. The above-mentioned masts are then plugged in.

Th. Rramer should be elevated to the rank of court poet of democracy. He has given good support to their spirit and re-strengthened the general love for the achievements of November 9, 19)8. Sela!

A blurred form of prostitution

In 1927, a sensational trial for racketeering came to an end: the Rolomak case.

A book had been published a long time ago that told the touching story of a girl's downfall thanks to brutalization by the Bremen morality police. A real treat for the entire Jewish press. There was a hail of attacks against the restriction of the "freedom of love", against the "sniffing of the mind.

felei", and all the pimps were happy to be able to wipe out the German police.

The prosecutor was silent. But he opened proceedings against the editor of the book, Mrs. Rolomak. for racketeering committed against one's own daughter.

The trial came; there was no denying it: the mother had set up her daughter and harbored another prostitute as well. The Bremen police were justified, the democratic journaille was slapped on the "mouth".

Except for one, the "Red Flag" in Berlin, which on June 18, 1927, dared to present the following to German workers:

"When this trial was prepared by the Bremen police, it was already clear: Mrs. Rolomak had to be convicted. This was a matter of prestige for the Bremen police, for the injunctive justice system, for all reactionaries.

"The 'indictment' of this trial was about a case that occurs in tens of thousands of cases every day. The murdered Lisbeth Rolomak (Margarete Machan), a very beautiful seventeen-year-old girl, went to Lafes and floorboards and had some occasional friendships with young men. Her mother did not captivate her daughter, perhaps benevolently granting her some pleasures outside the Dause. They were 'pleasures', such as are sometimes offered to a poor proletarian girl as a blurred form of prostitution."

In the eyes of the Jewish subordinates of Rommunism, the "blurred form of prostitution" seems to be a good means of further disintegration.

which is no surprise to anyone who knows "Ahasvec's Fröhlich' Wanderlied" or the novels of Münzer and Landsberger.

Martyrs on a gold background

In America, two anarchists were convicted of robbery-murder. They are called Sacco and Vanzetti. Outrage everywhere! Such minds must be freed: the whole "democratic-bourgeois" press is working, all over the world. Every Expression of the Robber Murderers

is reported by radio messages. Pages long, every day. For weeks... Moscow helps: bombs fly into the air in New York, Boston, Buenos Aires, Bafel, Sofia. 5 dead, 50 wounded in New York, 11 dead in Buenos Aires, destroyed Rirchen, devastated subways... Threatening letters to the judges, poison crimes against loolidge.

Success of Organized Crime: Establishment Postponed! But the "intellectual" "Weltbühne" (No. zr of 9 August -927) "wrote":

"When the working people of the whole world rise up, they will carry on their banners the consecrated names of Sacco and Vanzetti, and in the name of Sacco and Vanzetti the slave revolt of the future will lay the palaces of justice in ruins. The fighting proletariat, too, has its holy martyrs, it will venerate the Sacco's and Vanzetti's skirts on a gold ground, just as young Christendom venerates its crucified and quartered in the ratacombs. When the guards entered Sacco's and Vanzetti's cell to inform them that their last objection had been rejected, the two were stretched out on their bunks and asleep. They have been awake for seven years, suffering death second by second. Now they lie relaxed and sleep. Two reports of the great kind: the suffering. When they came into this cell, no one knew their names, Today there is no village where they are not known, and in the farthest corner of the world a premonition of them penetrates. the infinity of the suffering of the two. Under a frenzy of indifference and greed, a common conscience stirs, shame of itself stirs up humanity. Two little soldiers of the Freedom Army have done it. Now they lie stretched out on the bunk, in the dreamless contemplation of duty fulfilled, no matter whether the awakening brings freedom or end. The guards bump into each other, whisper and tiptoe out. Sacco and Vanzetti are sleeping. Sacco and Vanzetti are allowed to sleep again."

Now paradise can come soon! In the air with all the courthouses! Galleries of honour for robbery murderers! With her paintings on a gold background. Now everyone knows what the "world stage" wants.

The Poor Murderers

In Berlin, the double murderer Böttcher was executed. He had murdered the Countess Lambsdorf and a little girl in the most cruel manner. In addition, he was found guilty of unnatural sexual intercourse, several crimes of forced breeding, and the like, which amounted to a total of 85 years in prison. It goes without saying that the Shulchan-Aruch philosophers of the Berliner Tageblatt also wanted to preserve this flower of humanity for us. In the evening. On January 1926, one of them dutifully whined:

"For those who had to witness the act of execution, the questions

immediately arose: who served with the execution^ of the death sentence, and what is the value of the punishment?

"It must be stated that the consciousness of suffering the death penalty would not have had a more horrible effect on the delinquent than the consciousness of being sentenced to life imprisonment. Thus, the question remains open as to whether the death penalty can be a greater deterrent for criminals like Böttcher than life imprisonment. In our view, that is not the case. But it must also be discussed whether it is worthy of a modern state to expiate the shameful deeds of such a man by beheading him. And this question must also be answered in the negative, because the extinction of a human life can never extinguish the terrible effect of the crimes committed by this human being, and consequently the really essential thing is lost: the meaning of punishment.

"With regard to the establishment of Böttcher, it should also be noted that his defence counsel will lodge a complaint with the Legal Affairs Committee of the Prussian Landtag concerning the execution of the death sentence because, in their opinion, not all legal guarantees prescribed by the Code of Criminal Procedure have been exhausted. It was necessary for them to be informed in writing of the reasons for the rejection of their applications for revision prior to enforcement, and that was not done.'

Actually, the law for the protection of the republic was supposed to reach for this Moffe-Schmock, who apparently wants to claim that the — Republic

It would be of great use if the double murderer were to remain with her! And however subtly the Lord may mislead as to the nature of punishment, it shall be a deterrent; That is beside the point, what is important is the atonement, then the elimination of the criminal. But some people have great respect for atonement as a principle. And we think that it would only be fair if the traitors of j 9j S would suffer the same fate as the murderer Böttcher.

Protection against traitors

In Budapest, the Jewish-Hungarian traitor Baron Ludwig HatvLni was sentenced to seven years in prison for insulting Hungary. Finally, after a long time, an example of how a people has to protect its honor. Immediately a howl of rage in the "Derl. Lageblatt", in which "Voff. Ztg.", in the "Franks Ztg." etc. And lo and behold, the "German" writers, who are not concerned with the whole case, are also "opposing". Namely: Albert Einstein, Theodor Wolf's Gerhart Hauptmann, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Ludwig Fulda, Arthur Schnitzler,

Hugo v. Hoffmannsthal, Stephan Zweig, Felix Saiten, Fritz von Unruh, Franz werfe!, Sinclair. Lewis, Max Reinhardt. — That's enough! — At the beginning of this year, HatvLni has already been pardoned.

Mourning for Schlesinger

In the case of "Barrabas" I already hinted at the attempt to save the railroad murderer Schlesinger and his comrade Weber (of whom, by the way, there was no great talk) from hanging, which the joint effort of the "world press" succeeded. About this robbery-murder attempt, the "expert" na. mens Sling (Schlesinger!) in the gelei of Stresemann's friend. "Vossische Zeitung" as follows (No. 35, 10 Feb. -927):

"And yet, in particular, one of the condemned is generally sympathetic. He is a musician and conductor. More than one person may say to himself: perhaps a great talent is perishing here. May we have such a

Killing people- And someone might have the idea to ask: shouldn't this talent be tested again before handing it over to the executioner-

"... There was not even an attempt to attribute the crime to an artistic emergency. His talent may even have been below average. 2 One thing is certain: his passionate inclination towards a run, of the simplest execution of which the vernacular already says: 'Evil men have no songs/ Unfortunately, the word is not always accurate, we are all too good about mutual hatred, anger and envy of highly gifted musicians. But still, this young man loved his passion in its highest form of existence, his impulses were directed towards the ideal exercise of a will to run — and his crime is in seemingly insoluble contradiction to this fact. The contradiction must be regarded as an apparent one, ever since Goethe spoke of his capacity for any crime.

The fact that Goethe did not commit one does not refute his word. But we may well believe that a spiritual individual will be all the more profoundly conscious of its own evil impulses, the farther it is psychically removed from the possibility of their effect. The genuine lawbreaker, who is grossly disposed towards the material, takes his evil impulses much less seriously, although he is so often subject to their effects.

". . . For the half-animal Haarmann, murder was an everyday occurrence. For the first one, who at least had already received the lower orders of a high rank — actually something impossible. And yet, we know nothing for both of them but the same punishment, the same executioner, the same axe-"

In the same way, the usurer Shylock is forged into a martyr. On the occasion of a performance of "Raufmann von Venedig" in Berlin, the "Jüdische Rundschau" (No. 94, November 25, 1927) published the following criticism:

"Rortner was the Shylock, next to him the chewing, almost unearthly-looking tuba! from the ghetto of Fritz Balk. So Rortner was the Shylock. The people who repeatedly claimed that the 'brawler of Venice' wanted to bridge the contrast between

Aristocracy and proletariat may take a look at this Shylock; then they will recognize the untenability of their unjustifiable capture. Rortner is the Jew; yes, his robe is not quite clean, and his gait is a little tired, and his heavy ropf is slightly inclined, as if under an invisible burden of the crown of thorns of martyrdom, to have to go through the world as a Jew; but the whole figure exudes a majesty that is poignant, even shocking, in its solitude and dignity. Certainly he hates others whose world he does not understand; but even stronger than his hatred is his reluctance. He does not mourn the theft of his daughter, her betrayal makes him condemn and curse her. In all things he is a patriarch, he looks complacently at porzia; for the sake of justice and out of the aversion of blood, he insists on his appearance, which partiality misinterprets."

And Alfred polgar came very close to a glorification of criminal man in general in the "Berliner Tageblatt" (ro. October 1025):

"It is very difficult to imagine an afterlife of good and evil, almost as difficult as the 'beyond' that bears this name par exeelleuce, but a world-view that distinguishes between good and evil no more agitated than between blond and black, or broad, and narrow-hiped, which can already be imagined, with a great deal of imagination. Evil would then not be an evil to be fought and eliminated, but a color in the world-view like any other. And who would be so stupid as to deny a color its right to exist, to hate it as absolute? If someone says, 'I can't stand rags at all,' well, that's his own personal idiosyncrasy and doesn't count as deeper than if someone said, 'I'm not going to be happy' or 'I'm not afraid of butterdough'. Matter of taste.

"Development, it is obvious, tends to take good and evil less as moral values than as colorful, values. And fashion, to which, like everything else, morality is subject, is clearly against strict patterns. Nowadays people like to wear a little meanness with the Lharakter, a little open filouterie is not bad for the free man

Face, and a little scoundrel gives his spirituality a piquant touch. I know a young man who has, so to speak, made a respected position for himself as a mean rerl. It's no wonder, because the people of this overstimulated and jaded time have a thing for the obtrusive. The olfactory nerves are no longer squeamish since ten million screaming corpses polluted the world's air. The perfidy of the purpose, that which is perpetrated for the sake of an advantage, still has a certain odium attached to it today. But the büberei for the sake of the büberei, founded solely on the confective meanness of the one who commits it, has its spicy. It peppers the tough food that man has been chewing for many thousands of years."

Protecting the life of a murderer

In the soz. In the German Reichstag, the death penalty is once again hotly contested. Romantic ideologues and conscious breeders of criminality have — not for the first time — joined together in a fraternal way in order to preserve the lives of lust-murderers, robbery-murderers, etc., and to burden society with lifelong food, hot water heating, etc. Today, the state makes very rare use of the law of the death penalty; As things stand, an abuse is as good as out of the question, when the Social Democratic Jew Rosenfeld declares that no death sentences were carried out under Wilhelm I and Ludwig III of Bavaria and that the state was not threatened, this is an "argument" that Pan Rosenfeld should not have used. For it was precisely because the pre-war monarchy did not hang the entire group of traitors of the Social Democracy that its more courageous followers overthrew this state. Without this revolt, Paul Levis and Rurt Rosenfeld would not be able to have their mouths as full as they do today.

If society abandons the right to pass the sentence of death, self-help is at the door; thus Goethe described in a word the state as it was and as it will remain.

Bernhard Rellermann, who traveled to Persia for Berlin Jewish newspapers, explained that it was already possible to travel through the streets of this country and was less threatened than on the streets of a European cosmopolitan city. This was because the new Shah had unceremoniously hanged all the robbers.

Today's "justice" of democracy, however, lets the great highwaymen of the stock exchange go, they sit in tailcoats as highly honored guests at the noblest events, give speeches at various trading days, sign various appeals to the people and are now happy about their champions in parliament.

Incidentally, the debate leaves us cold. Let the gentlemen sore their tongues for my sake, and finally abolish the death penalty.

Of course, the coming Germany will not bother with these or other decisions of the Berlin chatterbox.

*

how purposefully a criminal is defended, by the way, is given in the "Präger Tagblatt" (No. 240 v. r. 10.1928). Rudolf Leonhard writes there about the notorious robber and murderer Hein. He starts with "mood":

"I wasn't paying attention, I don't know what he did; He murdered, I don't know who or where. Oh, I only read that he was caught. It was a real hunt, with a thousand people as dogs, drivers and hunters. A forest has been surrounded, bush by bush and blade of grass has been searched for blade of grass. At last they seized him, a man who was nothing more than tired, who had eaten nothing for days, who had not slept for eight days; a piece of living creature that was tottering and decaying, and was only a thought: sleep—"

To then continue:

"The society that ostracized the thinker was more sincere than we are, and felt more right. When Hein came out of the forest, he called out to a gendarme: 'Why are you shooting at me? I didn't do anything to you!' Hein is a criminal, he may be a beast, but he felt right: direct, experienced, blood-demanded revenge is more meaningful and just (if revenge makes sense at all).
as the indirect, apparently uninterested, coldly organized, abstract of society. Maybe Hein is only a few years. Hundreds older than us;

"Be that as it may, this agitation is as horrible as the scaffold. He has already atoned, what do we know; Perhaps he knows, Johann Hein—he will not say it, and he will not be able to say it. The guards in the forest were death. And even the crime is punishment."

So if a murderer should cut off Mr. Leonhard's throat, we will let that be enough punishment for him.

The Underworld Comes to the Overworld

Germany, which was toiling harmlessly, was a little astonished when it learned that great clashes at the Schlesischer Bahnhof in Berlin were the work of splendidly organized criminal guilds. It learned about the "Immertreu" association, the "Felsenfest" rlub and other associations of pimps, safe-crackers and similar tradesmen. It heard that these 16 to 25 rlubs were grouped into certain "rings," provided lawyers for their folded people, provided them with the usual tools of the hand after leaving the penitentiaries and prisons, such as lockpicks, chisels, oxygen lamps, etc., and exercised their own jurisdiction among themselves for the "blowing" of a comrade in court.

Under the title "The Face of Mackie Master", the main organ of Dawes and Locarno policy, the "Vostifche Zeitung" (5 January 1929), chatted with a smile and innocently about this new state in the Republic. (Mackie Master is a character from The Threepenny Opera, a pimp.) we read in the well-informed newspaper of the Dause Ullstein, among others, the following piquancy:

"The whole entertainment industry of the Ltty, in so far as it is intent on providing robust pleasures to the locally ignorant province, is permeated by the organization of the 'Brethren Associations.' The chairman of the 'Great Ring' is the proprietor of a pub in the Jägerstrasse, and all the porters, the distributors of the notices, the scribes of these small pubs, all the shoeshine boys, street vendors, toilets and toilets.

Men of this region are exclusively organized members of these associations. All the female beings, who are the regular customers of these establishments, are sent by their organizations to these inns, too abundant influx of them, which could endanger the income of the individuals, is discouraged, and all these ladies are given a safe protection by the clubs, but also a very careful supervision. To illustrate the way this protection can look for these ladies, the following story will serve as an illustration:

"A few weeks ago, the manager of a large entertainment venue in the city threw a dancer out and forbade her to enter the guest rooms for some reason. When the restaurant was opened the next evening, the manager was astonished to find that not a single female being was present in his rooms, not only the entire female clientele, but also all the female employees had not appeared. The patrons of this place, who usually come in large crowds mainly from the provinces, left the desecrated place shaking their heads, and the management was desperate, for if this should continue, they foresaw their ruin. Late at night, two well-dressed tugs appeared at the management and declared that they were proud of the fact that the chairmen of the "L" rlub were too fine, and that they were prepared to lift the "ban on the ladies' place if the landlord would firstly reinstate the dancer and secondly be willing to make further satisfaction. The managing director was ready.

"With about 5000 members of these associations in Berlin, however, their power has also been expanded far beyond the Lity to the genteel West. Every Rurtisane in an expensive fur coat with a maid and varying efficacy is also in bondage to these associations, and she must be so in order to be able to carry on her trade undisturbed. With these wide-ranging relationships and opportunities for separation, the Rlubs now have the opportunity to pursue another very important line of business. When a professional burglar is released from prison after a long sentence, he turns to one of these associations and, after having sufficiently legitimized himself, asks that he be given the opportunity and the cronies to commit new deeds.
Prove. The fee for this is paid after the burglary has taken place, and the 'sore', which is the stolen goods, is also 'defercised' by the members of the

association. These club cafés, the most handsome of which are owned by the association 'Deutsche Rraft', serve the most diverse purposes, which are also a very important reason for the existence of the brothers' associations."

This, too, is a very nice contribution to the dignity and beauty that was promised to us on November 9, 191S.

But what is the attitude of the chief trustee for the protection of the republic to this organized crime (which, according to others, counts well over 10,000 members in Berlin alone), we read:

"It is not very surprising to learn that the police are forced to practice with these people with the greatest zeal. This is how it is connected: The very serious criminals are 'loners' and have no connection with these rlubs. Nor are the occasional murderers, of course, and all those people who commit a crime in the heat of the moment. These people are handed over to the underworld of the police through this organization. The vigilante's fee is not despised. These are matters which, in their further details, concern only the police themselves. But it necessarily follows from them that the evil trade of Mackie MasserinBerlin is not prosecuted by the police at all, and that the authorities thus tolerate an anti-social propaganda which exists only to enable crimes. One seems to find oneself in the following dilemma: either one tolerates the "brothers" and apprehends the occasional criminals, or one buries the best sources of information by sharply attacking the clubs in question — and is then forced to wage a heavy rampage of one's own against all criminals.

"Is it feared that we will not be victorious in this battle?"

S 0 it has come a long way, and we do not doubt for a moment that the Berlin police, now under the command of the former Red Soldiers' Council Zörgiebel and the son of the synagogue leader Weiss, no longer have the power to deal with the Mackie Masters.

And what does the "Voffische Zeitung" itself think about the "Immer-faithful"; She presupposes the following motto in her essay: "Do not pursue injustice too much, soon it will freeze to death on its own, for it is cold."

According to this system, the people behind the "Great Ring" would continue to "govern" and become the upper world.

The "Ever-Faithful" were formally "dissolved" by the Berlin police. They lodge a protest like a civilized association and like a legal entity. Their "legal" representative is the Jew Dr. Alsberg. Tableau.

No, not Tableau yet! In the new Ullstein newspaper "Tempo", the government director Hagemann, hitherto head of the Berlin police force, takes the floor to dissolve the criminal lodges and declares them to be incorrect. After all, it is an understandable need for criminals to join forces on the basis

of the same previous life in order to "enjoy the greatest possible degree of appreciation of their own personality on the part of their fellow human beings". "It is true," the New German civil servant philosophizes further, "that there are numerous pimps in this association ('Immer-treu'). A moral evaluation of this trade (!) is not up for debate here: it is incorrect, however, to count the pimp as a serious rri - minality without further ado." One step further and the pimp can become an honorary citizen.

Jewish Question and Jewish Confessions

The "revolutionary idea"

On the occasion of the re-establishment of the Hamburg chapter of the "Association for Liberal Judaism", Rabb. Dr. Baeck from Berlin gave a speech from which we extract the following highly remarkable passages:

"It is the revolutionary idea that Judaism would bring into the world, wherever this thought came, the peace of eternal unification was shaken. The world into which the Jewish thought did not reach still enjoys the sameness today: distant Asia, India, China, Japan — the world of the Buddhist. Brahmanism, the world of Rung Fu Lse, and Lao Cse. This world is the realm of the past and the present, but the world into which Judaism has entered directly or indirectly is the realm of the future. The concept of the future was first created by the Jewish spirit; it remained incomprehensible to the old world. This idea of the future, peculiar to Judaism, always causes a revolution when it comes to life. It was through this idea that religion, Islam, and the Reformation triumphed.

"But there is also something else in this thought, which Nietzsche contemptuously called 'Slkavenmoral'. It is perhaps the most terrible thing in history that it is written by the victors.

"There is only one history that the vanquished, the weak, the inferior, the few have written, and that is the history of the Jews, which is written in the Bible. A single time did not

The 'slaves', but the vanquished, wrote history, and they were also the only ones who could write this history, because they were certain of the future.

"Those who want to enforce the good always meet with resistance; To evil we glide down of our own accord, but to good we must be lifted up. The pious man is always a martyr. The idea of martyrdom was alien to the old world. In the Greek world there was a Socrates, the only analogue, but he was not a martyr, but a man who was indifferent and equanimous to life. It was only

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through Judaism that martyrdom was brought into the world, the 'Thou shalt' demands everything from the Jew, means more to him than earthly existence."

This highly intereffant speech is reproduced in the "Truth" No. r; of December 1925. The only "good" is therefore the Jewish "revolutionary idea", and the pious rabbi apparently also sees the task of revolutionizing not only Europe but also Asia through the "Thou shalt" of Judaism. His Moscow brothers, as we know, are about to carry all-Jewish Bolshevism to Peking and Tokyo and Ralkutta. This is the "future area" of the parasitic locust swarm that is currently devouring the whole of Europe, we note here that Rabbi Baeck is the head of the B'nai B'rith Foundation in Germany. In 1925, at the same time as the Bolshevik Oskar Lohn, he attended the Society's World Conference in Atlantic Lity. He thus belongs to the leadership circle of an all-Jewish lodge, at the same time he is "liberal" in Germany and — to top it all off — a friend and fellow worker of Count Hermann Keyserling in his "School of Wisdom".

Essentially, we agree with the Bolshevik rabbi: the Jewish idea consists in the disintegration of all national cultures, of all organic life. This is the primordial law of Jewish existence, which deluded Europe has recognized as equal.

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Moral circumcision

A new salvation has befallen the world: a "Jewish Rulturbund" has been founded in Vienna. One would think that it doesn't matter to one more or less, but this one has a program item that makes it; of every intellectual and progressive democrat must be beaten to the neck with bliss. This, the most important item on the agenda, is:

";. Youth welfare. Agitation against the omission of the Auf. take the Jewish Rnaben into the covenant of Abraham (among other things, by means of a leaflet that illuminates the significance of the Lircum» cision from all sides and points out the moral (!!), hygienic and social dangers that its omission has for the future of cattle in the wake)." (Viennese "Truth" No. 50, 1925.)

I hope that the Association of Viennese Temple Friends will be so accommodating as to send us such a leaflet, we would be only too happy to be instructed about what moral and social abilities we have lost because we have not been ritually circumcised. As far as the hygienic side of the question is concerned, we should probably take an example from the god. Schopenhauer was already struck by the excellent hygiene of the circumcised when he wrote of the koetor juäaicus (smell of Jews) that roams the world.

Defending oneself against the pious guardians of the temple is, of course, a crime worthy of death. Just before the publication of the call for the new covenant, the aforementioned journal wrote:

"Swastika ism is a grave danger to our (our!! A. R.) state, a constant threat to our (our!! A. R.) Citizen. It must therefore be made with stump and stem. be destroyed before more blood of innocent people has been shed!"

These words show the moral consequences of circumcision in their entirety.

What you don't die of

Sometimes the cattle of Israel annoy each other. For example, Mr. Austerlitz of the Viennese "Arbeiterzeitung" is angry with Rebbe Lippowitz of the "Serien wiener Journal". And as is the case with a man who handles the difficult German language only with difficulty, and who knows European customs only from the outside, he has had a great deal to complain about in these matters in Herr Lippowitz's newspaper. Lippowitz has somewhat lost his nerve in the face of these nasty tappings and replies in his "Weltblatt" ("N. w. J.", December 6, 1925):

"To be proficient in German grammar and to be above all advertisement immorality — notabene, when one has no advertisements — is certainly a commendable advantage, but more important for practical

It is a politician to be firm in the saddle of political grammar, and in this respect it is sad for the often "Reichian socialist leaders". The political blunders they make every day — the most learned and the most correct German writers among them make the most evil political blunders — are so hair-raising that these "most learned German writers and advertising moralists" would inevitably have to remain in the class of the high political school. No one has ever died of inadequate German and annonceimmoral, of the political mistakes of the Viennese socialists, but in the meantime we are all slowly but surely perishing."

Lippowitz is right: "you" don't die from ad immorality. On the contrary, "one" does business with it. And that's why you keep a newspaper .. .

"For our omnipotence"

In the "Leipziger Israelit. Familienblatt" plr. 3 ()§. January 1926), a certain Fischl wrote with remarkable frankness, among other things:

"We Jews must be clear that the press is still the only way to proclaim the sublime Jewish idea and the injustice that has always been done to us. . . . Our ramp is not only about our existence, but also about the preservation and

the development of our entire Jewish existence, of our omnipotence, which was taken from us two thousand years ago."

And he concludes his essay entitled "Our Jews": ". . . But we do not want this (i.e., puffing on other peoples!), as long as soul and breaths still dwell in us, as long as Jewish blood circulates in us, we do not want to deny ourselves or our ideas, we want to think Jewish and proclaim Jewish thoughts all over the world, so that they do not fall prey to the vice of this century."

The Messenger of Ahasuerus

The movement of moral renewal greatly disturbs the sensitive sleuths of Iahve's grenadiers. The "disgrace of anti-Semitism" is condemned with tireless energy, and Marxists and democrats of all countries are placed among the gods when they sing the praises of Jerusalem. This is how the long time ago

The monthly magazine "Der Jude" also felt compelled to emerge from obscurity and to publish a special issue on "Anti-Semitism and Jewish Ethnicity". as is not otherwise possible, Emil Ludwig (Lohn) also lays down his soul in this booklet. He writes under the Lite! "The Mission of the Jew":

"I see one of the two social tasks of the century in the reunification of Europe. Under the spirit in his aeroplane, four groups are working on the solid earth for this task: the International, the Stock Exchange, the Vatican, and the Jews, all interconnected. I do not consider the Jews to be the salt of the earth, but the pepper of Europe. Since they have at the same time promoted all the folk cultures in which they lived, their European feeling cannot endanger the idea of the state anywhere. Above all, it paves the way with an idealistic input that otherwise only enlivens young peoples; It has proved its worth in recent revolutions as well as in new Palestine.

"If they avoid arousing the jealousy of their hosts through official leadership, they can play a decisive role in determining the development of the century towards Europe. — Emil Ludwig."

Our readers will have already noticed the magnificent German of the "European" Lohn. It is astonishing that in a pamphlet on the issue of anti-Semitism, sentences are written which make it more difficult to write about anti-Semitism. And as a means to this "unification of Europe" there appear to be four (or more correctly, two) groups!

Emil Ludwig Lohn was a well-known praiser of Walther Rathe, Naus and his best friend. He then also travelled to the Bolshevik "Russia" in order to study the peppering of Europe even more closely than before with Zinoviev-Apfelbaum and Lrotzky-Bronstein.

As you can see, peace will only be achieved in Europe if all the wage-earners are shipped to where the pepper grows. There they can "gather" what they want, make each other happy with their gifts and complete the "mission", we are grateful to Mr. Lohn for his confession of soul: he has given a valuable weapon to the anti-Semitic purification movement.

The Gor from a bad family!

The Zionist "Jew. Echo" (No. 6, 1926) in Munich makes a reckoning: it calculates the number of mixed marriages between Jews and the unclean, to whom, as is well known, Iahve only gave human form, so that the Jews should not make use of animals. The statistician in question explains that more Jews have married Christian women than the other way around, and then reveals a corner of his heart:

"There is no lack of various interpretations for this phenomenon, we believe that the main reason for this phenomenon is that the woman, who is almost always a good house, is not so much inclined to dalliance, but only gives her friendship and affection to a serious suitor."

We thank you for the frank concession that the pious have all been relegated to "good homes", while the unpious Germans have been pushed into the streets and back houses, what would be the use of the "Vor.

Rob

but when "wicked" goyim were to ask the "good 'zause'" of the tribe of Barmat to shred the red on the roof;

The three-faced Rathenau

Recently, Rathenau's mother died. It has done us no harm, and we would have no reason to concern ourselves with it if it were not for the necrologists. Among others, the Viennese Jew Grossmann, who even wants to "correct" by § 11 of the press law that he is not Jewish but Protestant, wrote such an obituary. In the Viennese "faithful free press" of August 4, 1926.

Following the description of the "contact of the brains" between mother and son, Stephan Großmann makes a confession that we want to remember. He says of Walther Rathenau: "Walther's versatility was unusual, he was an electrical engineer and economist, on two dozen supervisory boards and Gerhart Hauptmann's advisor and friend; he followed English, Italian, and French literature, gave the sharpest Marx criticisms, was a member of the German mystics, and knew the three hundred people who are moving the world today." As is well known, the entire Jewish preff tried to portray Rathenau's confession about the Three Hundred as something quite harmless, here a Jew quite openly admits again the fact of Jewish financial domination of the world.

Even more important, however, are other confessions which prove the consciousness with which the old Mrs. Rathenau wanted to falsify her son's story before the public in order to make him appear to be an ideal figure. Großmann chats:

"The two volumes of letters and a private print from his notebooks, intended only for Rathenau's friends, were the fruits of this diligent immersion in all of his son's papers. One could not expect the mother to be objective as editor, nor could philological virtues be desired from her, and anything that seemed in any way detrimental to the image of the son was too much to be desired.

During Mrs. Mathilde's lifetime, it is also not worthy of publication. In particular, it was their most sacred desire to appease the hatred of the nationalists, and I fear that many historically important publications have been omitted because of this understandable need to destroy the air of hatred. A lot of things will probably be made up for now, the big ones are still there."

So there are already three types of Rathenaus: one is for the goyim. This is intended to "appease the nationalists", to present some poetic and human passages as the essence of "walthers"; the second Rathenau is intended for the initiates, probably for the 299 "others". The very real Rathenau will never see the light of day in print. Because what the caring mother has not yet destroyed in terms of compromising things will surely soon disappear completely from the "big inboxes". This small example also shows how "history" is made.

The Slave Owner of Hamburg

In 1926, the former Hungarian minister Lorant Hegedüs, who was finance minister in Hungary at the time of the flowering of the "Christian-national" weak Rurses, published a series of articles under the heading "Liberal Foreign Policy" in which he also expressed the opinion that the Hungarian Jews could contribute a great deal to making Hungary's foreign relations more favourable. In other words> he is well informed about the Jewish domination of money and the world. And then Hegedüs tells the following symbolic story: "Now the question is how Hungarian Jewry could conduct foreign policy in the interests of the reconstruction of Hungary. I went down this path out of necessity. My last official trip abroad took me to Hamburg, where I negotiated with bankers about a foreign loan. I needed a transitional loan until the time when the traffic tax would start flowing. Later I read in the Hungarian papers the accusation that I had negotiated with 'corner bankers'. I didn't answer that at all. My so-called corner bankers were: the largest banking house in London, the first

Banker from New York, who had come over to Hamburg for this purpose, and a respectable patrician firm in Hamburg, in whose old palace the consultations took place. The walls of the deliberation-room bore a very peculiar decoration of pictures. They were the photographs of all the finance ministers to whom the ancient company of the Hanseatic city had ever granted a loan. I have probably never seen such a wallpaper in my life, because from my Japanese Rollegen to Helfferich they were all there. The negotiations ended with a very handsome banquet being given in my honour, but I did not receive the loan. I looked deeper into the eyes of my hosts, and I could clearly see in the eyes of these representatives of finance that one could make financial policy impossible if one could not create a favorable public opinion. The one banker sitting across from me was donating half a million dollars to the Hebrew University in Jerusalem at that very time. These financiers, with whom I sat at the consulting table in Hamburg, heard and read that in Hungary they were insulted as mercenaries of the Jews. On the day this happened to me in Hamburg, I sent my letter of demiffion."

The "patrician company" that hung the Ronterfeis of its victims on its walls apparently refers to the Jewish bank w a r b u r g. For this bank is the center of all the machinations of the Hamburg finance, and it was also the Warburgs who donated the 500,000 dollars — interest money of the non-Jews — to the Hebrew University. Thus, according to the confession of the friend of the Jews, "public opinion" is just as dependent on Jewish high finance as the foreign policy of the states.

Warburg, however, denies in court that he is anything other than a harmless businessman ...

The "old-timers"

As is well known, the fact that Germans own land is part of the reactionary Ostelbierism. But the fact that the Jewish financiers sit down in German castles is in the "sense of world history" the

democracy. The "Steglitzer Anzeiger" of 26 August 1926 gives the following interesting list:

"In the Rreise Teltow the two LKefs of the run Bleich, röder had their summer residence. Privy Councillor Gerson von Bleichröder owned the former Roon estate Gütergotz, which he later sold. Close by, on Rerzendorf near Trebbin, sat his cousin and pillion privy councillor Leopold Schwabach. This estate, bought in the early 1970s, still belongs to his son Dr. Paul von Schwabach. Another proprietor of the firm of S. Bleichröder, Consul General von Blaschke, settled in Rreise Gsthavelland (Staffelde). At the end of the 1980s, His Excellency von Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the long-time head of Mendelssohn & Lo., bought the large manor of Börnicke in Rreise Niederbarnim, which still belongs to his son Paul von Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. In the neighbouring district of Beeskow-Storkow, the late stock exchange director of Deutsche Bank, Mankiewitz, was based on the beautiful manor of Selchow.

"But many of the leading men of Berlin's brawling team and industry have also bought into the province of Brandenburg. The large department store owner Georg Wertheim owns the Ritter, gut Saßleben in the Rreise Ralau, and his Rollegen Israel Schulzendorf in the Rreise Teltow. The well-known cigarette manufacturer, Garbaty, is also located in the Ralau district. He has the now-defunct Fidei. commiß der Grafen Witzleben Altdöbern purchased. The newspaper king Rudolf Moffe owned the more than 10,000 acres of Schen estate. kendorf in the Rreise Teltow, which now belongs to his adopted daughter Dr. Hans Lachmann-Moffe. Privy Councillor of the Roman Empire, Dr. Georg von Laro, has acquired the old Pfuel estate of Wilkendorf near Strausberg, now the property of his step-grandmother. and adopted daughter Princess Adele of Ratibor. His role in the iron trade, Privy Councillor Dr. Louis Ravene, owns the Marquardt estate near pots. Dam. The v. Siemens family is located just outside Berlin. She owns the manor of Biesdorf on the Gstbahn. Far away is the more than 6000 acre estate Hirschfelde of the late Privy Councillor Arnhold, head of the large caving company Caesar Wollheim, which is now the property of his . widow."

With the exception of Siemens, they are all Jews.

Idiots of all the world, unite!

"Doom and gloom" earthquakes in Japan, in the Azores, in the South Pacific, in southern Europe. Terrible floods all over the world, tornadoes in America, typhoons in the Yellow Sea and train accidents in all countries.

The "Earnest Bible Students" rejoice: all this is already written in the Bible. Yahweh's reign and even the League of Nations, where Mr. Stresemann saved his servant, are also foretold. Judge R u t h e r f o r d, the Pope of the Bible Students, is now turning the method of the Christian rules against them themselves. For more than 1000 years, the Rirchen have been proclaiming that the so-called Old Testament contains great prophecies about Jesus Christ, and Sunday after Sunday they read Isaiah and Jeremiah aloud to prove the divinity of the Book of Jews. Is it any wonder, then, that the earnest Bible Students find such a large following, when they, too, refer to the so-called five books of Moses and the "prophets" and describe Jehovah's glories?"

Right now, the Bible Students are busy with activity. In millions of copies they distribute an "Appeal to the Powers of the World," and good women, whose crops have been devastated by events, carry from house to house day after day these spawns of a sophisticated propaganda of subversion.

The Jewish Jehovah as the Creator of the world and the only God is eagerly promoted. He is highly praised in seven resolutions. Judge Rutherford, however, writes:

"Jehovah, the Eternal, the Creator of Fimmel and the earth, is the only true and living God. In him dwells all rightful power and authority. He created man perfect and clothed him with the authority to inhabit and rule the earth. (,. Moses 1:26, 27; Isaiah 45:12) He appointed his son Lucifer as man's overlord or patron and thus brought Lucifer into a relationship of trust with himself and entrusted him with a sacred duty towards man. In his ambitious desire to be equal to the Most High God, Lucifer broke the trust and God's law placed in him. By this also the man was alienated from Jehovah, (Genesis : 1 to 5,

,5 to 24.) As a result, Jehovah changed the name Lucifer to dragons, Satan, serpents, and devils, which denote subtle evil tendencies. (Gffb. 20 : j to z; Ief. -4 : >2 to .5.)"

This is certainly a very nice biblical achievement and is not addressed to the poor fools of a madhouse, but to millions of citizens and "intellectuals" in all countries. The Bible Students Pope then continues:

"The first great world empire organized by the people was ancient Egypt. His invisible ruler or god was Satan the Devil. In that land dwelt the Israelites, whom God had chosen as his own people, and whom he used to foreshadow his future intentions. He organized this people into

of a nation and commanded him to worship him and none other than his God (Rev. Moses ro: 4). The Israelites were oppressed by the ruling factors of Egypt. Then God sent Moses as the deliverer of his people from the resources of the tyrannical rulers of that world empire. At that time Jehovah gave a great proof of his power in overpowering the Egyptian world power, and he declared that he did this so that the people might not forget, for their own benefit, that Ichova was the true God. Moses was a type of the great Messiah, the anointed Roman, Jeh 0 va. In the defeat of the Egyptians and the deliverance of the Israelites, God foreshadowed the eventual deliverance of oppressed mankind from the hand of Satan and his world powers, by means of which he keeps mankind in subservience."

Well, we don't want to argue about the taste of Iehova. He and his people have always been worthy of one another. His "upstream" intentions have been splendidly fulfilled. The new world empire, Great Britain, is not well spoken of by the Bible Student Pope. It is said to have dishonored IeKova, which is really a very unjust accusation in view of the ruling Samuels and Isaacs. But the strict American judge finds something good

(apparently the greatest spiritual gift that the United States has sent us) but to England:

"As further proof that the time has come for God's anointed Roen to take possession, Jehovah declared that the nations were in perplexity and confusion, and that people's candles would perish with fear. Certainly, among all the ruling factors of the world powers, there is not one who does not at least recognize the fulfillment of this prophecy (Luke rz: 25). Britain is now experiencing such distress and confusion in her strikes, which have not yet been resolved."

A subtle reference to the fact that the jackdae strikes are encouraged by Jews . . .

The mockery of the helpless clergy is not bad either:

"The ruling factors of the empires, chiefly the clergy, by claiming to rule by divine authority and by divine right, admit that the word of God is true; wherefore they must be judged by the word, and by their own word they are prevented from denying the scriptural proofs which expose their unrighteous action. No one will deny that the British world power is the earthly Rraft responsible for closing the League of Nations. Britain is the bulwark of it, and if Britain were to withdraw, there would be no League of Nations."

The new Messiah also knows about the end of the World War:

"Reiner der Fuehrer is now able to give a satisfactory answer to the question of why the world war suddenly ended in 1016. The Word of God tells us that the world war was over at that time, because the rulers as well as the people should hear the testimony of God and his kingdom. Since they failed to listen, Jehovah explained that there will be a time of tribulation such as the world has never seen, and this will be the last tribulation on earth. — Matthew 24 : rz, rr."

After this tribulation, the anointed one of the Bible Students promises:

"God's kingdom is here, so we can confidently proclaim: Millions of people now alive will never die, when the restoration blessings begin, mil

millions of people are happy to be able to seize the opportunity to live.

"God created the earth as man's dwelling place (Isaiah 45:-r, 18). The earth will be the eternal dwelling place of restored man. The reign of Christ will destroy all the enemies of man, whose

the most important thing is death, annihilate (). Rorin- ther 15 : r5, 26). Satan himself will be destroyed, and death will be no more. — Hebrews : 14; Revelation 21 : j to 6."

All this is no longer a joke, but the bitter seriousness of a world mood bordering on idiocy, which is cleverly exploited by an unscrupulous society. But the fact that this madness could become a method is due to the Church's teachings, to see in the so-called Old Testament a book of divine inspiration. These teachings have already wreaked incredible havoc. They do it again today, what do the Rirches say to their competitors in terms of biblical explanation?

The Triumph of the Rol Nidre Prayer

The Rol Nidre prayer represents the height of the Talmudic "religion": the "legally" recognized formula of falsification, which absolves the Jew of all his future oaths and promises. This famous "prayer" — broadcast on German Constitution Day — reads literally:

"All vows, and renunciations, banishments, and oaths, which we shall vow and swear and banish, and bind upon our souls, from this Day of Atonement to the Day of Atonement, which shall come for our salvation; we all repent of them, they shall all be dissolved, remitted, abrogated, null and void, and destroyed, without repentance, without validity. Our vows shall not be vows, and our oaths shall not be oaths."

The wording and meaning of this admission of the false oath is, of course, disputed by the Jews. when would they not have denied truths that are unpleasant for Judaism? Now, however, fate is playing a trial report from Vienna into the

hands that is downright devastating. On February 18, 1927, the local newspaper "Arbeiterzeitung" reported:

"Ignaz Eisen plays in a jazz band in nightclubs and bars. A profession that, one would think, leads away from piety. But this was not the case with iron, as we will see in a moment. Six years ago, at a dance, he met a very pretty seventeen-year-old girl. He is differentiated. Not even worth mentioning. Only a ritual marriage, which can be dissolved by the rabbi at any time on demand. So this marriage is not an obstacle to officially getting engaged to her. Pious as iron, he induces the girl to convert from the Catholic to the Jewish faith. But iron is not only pious, but also cautious. He took two oaths. With one, the loud one, he promised to marry the young girl, with the other, the inward one, he swore to himself not to marry the girl, what oath is now valid; Eisen asked the rabbi. He decides for the second, the secret oath. The rabbi is told to obey, although the consequences of the intimate intercourse are already making themselves felt by the bride.

"If playing the jazz band brought in too little, or if the wife and bride had taken too much of an objection to the pious man's wallet, in short, he needed money and quickly decided to marry — a third in whom he suspected it in sufficient quantities.

"Am zs. In February, Eisen was charged with seduction with the promise of marriage before the Criminal District Court I (Ober, landesgerichtsrat Dr. Benesch). He answered for himself by that inward^ oath, and, moreover, by the fact that his bride's conduct of life left much to be desired from a moral point of view.

"Of course, he had no luck with his responsibilities and was sentenced to fourteen days of strict detention."

Here the morality of the Shulchan aruch, the Rol-Nidre prayer, is in its most beautiful bloom. And the fact that the "Arbeiterzeitung" of the Jew Austerlitz had to tell us all this is the most comforting thing of all. Indicative of the Jewish insolence and baseness is the insult of the bride whom he himself had seduced.

But the Rol-Nidre asked for another side. A "ChristliÄ)e" namely. The following is reported by the Hamburg "3fr. Familienblatt" (No. 75, v. 10.5. ry):

"Rol-NidreinderRathedrale. A very rare example of interdenominational harmony — which is probably only possible in America — is reported from New York. There, Protestants, Rathholics and Jews had gathered in the Rathedrale of St. John the Divine to raise funds for the Christian 25 million dollar fund.

of Polish Jews. This fact had also been registered by us at the time; The speeches given there by Bishop Manning and General Pershing were also reproduced, but what is only now known is that at this meeting the organ of the town hall played the Rol-Nidre-Melo-die, and that this made the deepest impression on all present. Enraptured by this image of all-human connectedness, which, as one American newspaper wrote, "made the Rathedrale, beautiful as it is, still more beautiful by the overwhelming beauty of the candles that all struck in the same beat of love," Louis Marshall quoted the biblical words: "Behold, how beautiful and lovely it is when brothers dwell together in harmony!"

"It's only now that it's becoming known . . ." how the Rol-Nidre worshippers must have held their stomachs with laughter when they learned that the Lhrists were "enraptured" listening to a prayer that forgave its creators a mistake towards these Lhrists from the outset . . .

The Praying Grenadier Road

It is no wonder that the Berlin ghetto devoutly prays the Talmud; Just think of Barmat and Rutisker and of the many jewel and rocaine pushers that the Grenadier Road has given us. And now the "Welt am Montag" did not miss the opportunity to describe the "milieu" of the communist labor leaders in more detail. A law-abiding man named Salomon Dembitzer undertakes this task (No. zo, 3/7/27). He recounts:

"In Gcenadier Street there are a large number of 'Stieb- lech' (prayer parlours), bookshops in whose windows the same book titles can almost always be seen next to prayer straps and other objects of worship, and perhaps thirty kosher restaurants where one goes to pray, to pray, to chat and to look for someone. Here you feel at home, and it is clear that that in no other street of the great metropolis is so much praying, crying, dreaming and suffering as in this one. The inhabitants are poor, they have brought poverty with them and expect a miracle from God to deliver them from it.

"Over the last few years, this road has changed a lot. It has become even more Jewish and pious. (There are more Rutiskers! A. R.) Some of its former inhabitants have returned to Poland, or moved to the West, they now deal in metal or bril- lanten, and their only concern is that they may be said to have once run a restaurant or a poultry shop in Grenadier Street. For these people have long since become unfaithful to their former 'home', renegades like the German Jews of old, who married into Christian-nationalist and aristocratic

families and suffered badly every Sunday in the Memorial Church because of their noses.

"The 'Stieblech' in Grenadierstrasse is the deepest and strongest expression of the strong togetherness of Berlin's Eastern Jews, the only place where you really feel at home and close to God, who is always ready to help in the greatest need. People meet here three times a day to pray and talk."

Isn't that a charming confession? The Grenadier Street, the only place where the Jew is at home close to God. but why he did not remain in the "grenadier" streets of Poland;

Now it goes without saying that a glorification of the Jews cannot go off without insulting the Germans. The kosher saloon adds the description of a visit:

"A short time later I was walking in the Münzstrasse in the bright light of the street lamps and shop windows. Two drunken men came towards me, shouted: 'August, where is your hair?' and bumped into every passer-by. I thought:

Two worlds — which will never understand each other, which is the more valuable one, I am not objective enough to decide."

In a certain respect, the world of the Grenadier Road is certainly more "valuable": so many stolen diamonds, stolen goods, etc. are certainly not as easy to find together as in this area "close to God".

The Kosher Trafficking of Girls

We read (according to the Dortmund "General-Anz." of March 30, 1927) in the "Kölner Jüdische Wochenblatt": "The severe economic hardship in which the Jews of the Eastern European countries have been living for decades has caused the victims of the international traffickers to girls to have always been for the most part Jewish girls and women. The war and its devastating consequences, and later the pogroms against the Jews, made the situation of Jewish women even worse. Thousands of Jewish Rriegs and pogrom orphan girls, left to their own devices without moral or economic support, fell as free prey for traffickers of girls of all cations. It is not; There is also a large percentage of Jews among the girls merchants, and if they are able to carry on their contemptible business more successfully, this is due to the moral feeling of the abandoned girls, paradoxical as it may sound, because the Jewish traffickers were able to lure these girls into the yarn almost exclusively by entering into a marriage of convenience with them and then pairing them up in the Grient or in the South American public houses. As long as the Jews in these centers of the trafficking of girls did not take the social and economic boycott and the prosecution of the traffickers of girls into their own hands, the defensive measures taken by the European states for a long time against the activities of the white slave traders could not succeed."

These unintentional confessions, since some Jewish women have also been affected, are more precious than only a few. The rest is also of great interest, as it shows that the young brothel owners of Argentina have hitherto been considered good

"The World Federation of Jewish Women, in conjunction with the World Federation of Zionist Women, has finally succeeded in ensuring that in all the large South American and Oriental centers, the Jews themselves and especially the Jewish women are persecuted for the purpose of persecuting the traffickers and Jewish women in all major cities and girls. Turf pitches, expositories of the Ramp Organization. Recent reports from Argentina indicate that, as in Buenos Aires, for example, the Jewish owners of public buildings are subject to general contempt and social boycott. Even those that have been

Those who have become rich from the shameful trade, who have abandoned it and renounced the old milieu, are not tolerated in the Jewish community. (Thunderstorm!! This is truly an achievement! Verse.) In fact, the exposure and arrest of the most notorious traffickers of girls in the last two years has only been made possible with the help of the Jewish protection associations in these

countries."

Goyish Suckers

In spite of the fact that the Austrian social democracy is run purely kosher, the members of the chosen people are still dissatisfied, as is to be expected from their proverbial modesty. like the Zionist "Wiener Morgenztg." (April 7, 1927), the "comrade" Moritz Arbeite! (in reality Moses Hersch Thunderbolt) is deeply indignant at the fact that the native working class now and then rebels against the unadulterated Syria at the presidium table, i.e. against Fritz Adler, <v. Bauer, Breitner, Ellenbogen, Austerlitz, etc. And he indignantly declares:

"I admit that Austrian Social Democracy is anti-Semitic. I feel this in my own body, if I were a goyish

Idiot, that's how I would have made it in this party, because I'm a Jew, I have nothing, despite years of party work."

The "Vorwärts" will certainly suppress this confession of Jewish modesty. He is a truthful man and knows that in Germany, too, only the stompers, Schiff, Hilferding, Rosenfeld, Lohn, Levi, etc., are in charge, and that the goyim of Social Democracy are crying out like the Hebrews whisper.

Philosophy of the Schmarotzers

Judaism sets its table for both the goyim and the righteous. In 1927 it founded a new journal for the purpose of internal discussion of embarrassing emotions caused by the anti-Semitic anti-parasitic suppression. A Dr. Botho (!) Laserstein publishes it and piously called it, as it should be, "The Jewish Community".

Dutiful, as we always are, we have carefully studied this new weapon forge of spiritual ritual murder and confess that we have found much worth knowing, which we can only present to our readers in fragments due to lack of space.

The Jewish community members go to great lengths to explain their "essence" in an artful way. Fabius Schach admits (issue 3) that he cannot understand the essence of anti-Semitism. People who think "otherwise logical and just" are suddenly unteachable here. Poor Fabiusi, let us tell him: just as the people in question are both logical and just, they must become anti-Semites. And Fabius Schach himself has this feeling in his subconscious when he declares, after noticing the inner Jewish insecurity: "And if one rightly (!! A. R.) When we discover the ferment of decomposition in us, it ultimately results from the fact that our insecurity does not allow an inner harmony to arise." And, Fabius would have to add, this "insecurity is the consequence of our parasitism, but that is our nature"!

And because all Rultur people are of love and spiritual life.

rro

That is why "anti-Judaism" is the negative, feel-positive side of any genuine form of rultur.

*

Schach then goes on to philosophize about Germany: "Perhaps the brutal anti-Semitism (not through the merit of L.V., but due to the foreign policy that influences the policy of men) will soon subside."

We are grateful for this expression of Jewish hope that Germany must bow to the financial economy and cease to defend itself against parasitism.

*

And delicious is the "pride" of Fabius, who presents his "insecurity" as the highest salvation of the Germans: "if those who call themselves Germans desecrate the German, then it is time for the Jews to save it again in its purity."

May God have mercy on the Rerrs and Chesses as the com. Goethe . . .

*

what this "pure Germanness" looks like in reality is told by Max Lhodziesner right after Mr. Schach. He sees the "course of world history" as follows: "The Meeffian prophecy, which is the aim and statute of true Judaism, is that the Jews are to be scattered over the globe and carry the Meeffian idea among all peoples. All nations shall one day walk to Zion, praise the one and only God as brothers, etc. ."

really clearly stated. And if the goyim resist this Hebrew world happiness by Jehovah and Talmud fusel, then this is called the "disgrace of the century". And why? The man named Lhodziesner says it: ". . . true Judaism is nothing more than true humanity."

The flat foot says to the high-tension foot of the northerner: 3 ch am the pattern of the beautiful foot.

*

In No. 1 of the "Jüd. Community", Julius Lab complains about "theatrical anti-Semitism". Any small stage is not supposed to employ Jews! Impossible state of affairs in democracy! Incidentally: "The so-called 'Judaization', the flooding of theatre life with one-sided Jewish talents, is just as legendary here as in all other areas where this catchphrase circulates."

So the mimicry bab. In No. 5 of the "Jew. But W. Goldschmidt admits that the sparrows are whistling from the rooftops, "that in matters of literature and romance public opinion^ in the great and cosmopolitan cities is certainly made by the Jewish bourgeoisie, by the Jewish publishers, by the Jewish press and

literature. One still has to be a very "pure fool^ or an unwise cover-up politician to deny this."

really an instructive magazine, this "Jew. When Goldschmidt calls on the intellectual Jews to "parasitize a Rursus in Schopenhauer," the essential thing is that they "parasitize" wherever they stick their Syrian nose into someone else's property.

Self-knowledge

Sometimes it seems as if the parasite's subconscious breaks through after all. In a careless moment, he sometimes writes things for which he must have slapped himself a hundred times later. Such a gaffe was recently made in a Galician newspaper in Berlin:

The Jewish-Communist newspaper "Welt am Abend" reports in its issue of the r). 7. In 1027 the Jews in Soviet Russia wrote a horrible tragedy: "And the Jews themselves, after a few years of revolution, had fallen into such misery that they really had no choice but to throw themselves into agriculture and seek their existence through productive work."

rrr

The words "productive work" are also locked in the original. However, can there be a more dreadful punishment for the "elect" than to stain their "hands" with work;

Syrian controversy over Rolumbus

Ernst Toller from Rrotoschin stated, as we noted with due admiration, that the ideal of reporting was the most stupid of all ideals. Sometimes, however, the wise men from Syria think differently: when it comes to portraying a great European as one of their own.

For a long time, the Spanish Jew Blasco Jbanez had been trying to make Christopher Rolumbus a Jew. The "world press" seconded to this with the usual soft drum sound. Until the "Voss. Ztg." became careless. On August 14, 1927, she "investigated" the question and, after citing two "reasons," confessed:

The third reason, however, is the most important and also the most probable: if Rolumbus had been of Jewish descent on his mother's side, a Jew, a Spaniard, and an ardent Catholic, if this assumption had been proven, it would be a sufficient reason why Rolumbus concealed his origin from the Roman woman Jsabella, whose anti-Semitism was well known. In addition, the annals of the Inquisition list an Andreas Tolon (Rolumbus), who had a trial in 1489.

"Has Rolumbus now had the characteristic characteristics of the Jewish raffle; According to the writers of his time, the notes of his friends, and also the letters of his son Fernando — which are preserved in the Archives of the Indies in Seville — Rolumbus had physically, mentally and morally all the peculiarities of the Jewish raffle, with its merits as well as its defects."

It's a pity, it's a pity that the "Voffische" doesn't list these "shortcomings and advantages". Had she not had to cite, among the greatest defects, cowardice (Toller's wisest ideal); And if this deficiency (seen from our point of view, preference, from the Jewish point of view) had not made the whole undertaking impossible;

And then, poor Rolumbus is said to have been really bleary-eyed and flat-footed;

He who has the land has the power!

Some time ago, the Jewish "manor owner" Moffe demanded land for the Jews, now this new conquest is in full swing. In the big cities, the Hebrews are sometimes already too dense, so now the focus is on the still German landed property. Leaders in this ramp of parasites are the so-called Jewish front-line soldiers. Among others, Prof. Gppen also spoke in her speech. heimer. According to "B.T." (S. Dkt. -917) as follows:

"Gppenheimer gave a vivid picture of the great property that had arisen from violence, the rule of the sword. The bourgeois revolution, however, had stopped at agrarian feudalism, and the latter still continues to have an effect everywhere. As Germans, we have the task of helping to abolish the feudal large property. The front-line fighters have to stand in the first place. Anti-Semitism is intimately connected with the spread of feudalism. He shifted the "blame" onto the Jews in order to shift his own guilt. The settlement is therefore also a Jewish question. (!) The Jews are to be champions against injustice and hatred and to cooperate positively in the creation of peasant land for the broad Maffe. The ramp against the annihilating institution of the great country, possessed by the Jews also prescribed by the precepts of their religion. Gppenheimer also pointed to the decline of the jüdi. descendants; There is only one salvation against extinction: back (>) to the land! Here is the slurry of the Rraft. The Jewish Front League had already done good work in the settlement area. Gppenheimer concluded with a glimpse of the hall in which they were sitting: the old manor house! (!) Feudalism is still alive, it only recently gave the money to the black, zen feme regiments: whoever has the land has the power. (!) They failed to take it away from them when there was still time! (!) Now it's time to get all the rrapt for the saving idea of the settlement."

So it is openly about the conquest of the power of the Jews! The banks are Jewish. The industry is controlled by Jews. Now the land, and the end of the D e u t s ch e n has come.

The "unfettered sex" is a weapon of war

That someone should undertake the subjugation of a people by means of a large brothel operation will sound unbelievable to our democratic contemporaries. But that's the way it is. Artur Landsberger, who is highly revered by the whole Rurfürstendamm, has one of his "American" reporters, Adamsohn by name, develop such a rriegsplan, the most intellectual height of the Syrian girl-merchant world view. In his novel "Asians" (p. 94) this hero explains the exploitation of the geishas as follows:

"The Goto-Romitee meets in every city that hosts more than five hundred Rurtisans. It has the laureates of the small towns come to these cities and take part in the gican-dochu of the city in question. — we spread our net over the whole of Japan, we have a decisive influence on all the instruments of love in that country. Everyone will play the melody, whistle the song we indicate. Think of Japan as a giant body. Every country is nothing else, whoever regulates the abdominal functions of this Röcper has influence over the whole Röpper, has power over him. The battle for world domination must be fought between America and Japan. By a Rriegr that would be cruel. Through diplomatic haggling" That would be a constant unrest, combined with continued armaments. But there is a third method: America is absorbing Japan. It doesn't just trust love. It seizes the country by its most developed instinct. Here, where the sexual act is a natural function of the other woman, and therefore does not have to overcome mountains of moral resistance in order to attain it, as is the case with us, it is only necessary to give the necessary stimulus in a skilful form — and the unfettered sex weakens itself in a frenzy, the duration of which is determined by us.

"By creating ever new stimulants, one can explain this intoxication in permanence and make this country the island of the possessed."

As attentive observers claim to have discovered, this kosher recipe is also carried out on a large scale in Germany.

Pure Girl Traffickers

Although Bernhard Weiß, the mighty member of the Berlin police, knows nothing about the trafficking of girls, the "German National Committee for the Combating of the Trafficking in Girls" is of a different opinion, and Dr. Rundt, the editor of the question, had stated in 1027 in an extensive report (which was also available to the London Ronferen):

"In the whole district (Silesia) 100 smugglers were arrested in the last few months alone, and in Breslau itself in the first 10 months (1920) another 44 Eastern Jewish smugglers were arrested for passport offences. As a rule, in cases where such people are arrested, the Jewish Workers' Welfare Service intervenes with money and lawyers to help their co-religionists.

"Since, however, we were able to ascertain that a not inconsiderable proportion of the smuggling cases also involved female persons, including young girls travelling alone, who were brought to or via Germany for obscure purposes, the conclusion cannot be dismissed out of hand that this was often done for immoral purposes."

The "Jewish Review" (No. 93, 1927) was indignant about this; the Jacobsons from Breslau deny everything. Naturally.

They had now also called on the then Prussian Minister of the Interior, Grzesinsky. This illustrious gentleman, of course, assured us that the letter of Ministerial Councillor Rundt was highly disagreeable and detrimental to German interests; but the letter of Comrade Grzesinfky contains the following verbatim sentences, for which the tugs of the "Jewish Review" should tear out their black locks:

"I, too, can only regret that the National Committee has circulated this report in the manner you have indicated. It gives a completely crooked, at least today unjustifiable,

picture of the conditions at the top. It is not possible to cross the Silesian frontier and must give rise to arguments, especially abroad, which are not conducive to the German cause. However, I believe that I am justified in assuming that the Foreign Office, to which the Central Association of German Citizens of Jewish Faith has also submitted the facts, will take appropriate steps on the basis of my statement on this petition to prevent further harmful effects of the report abroad."

Grzesinsky "regrets", but admits that the circumstances were as Rundt described.

And the fact that the Hebrews themselves tell us this must have been very bitter to them.

But whether Bernard knows will allow himself to be converted; We do not believe that he knows what he knows, and he knows nothing.

Felix German

In 928 Rathenau's successor, the director of AEG, Felix German, a Jewish big capitalist, brother-in-law of the German-agitator Otto Hermann Rahn in Neuyörk and at the same time the warmest friend of Soviet Russia, died. In detailed reflections, the English press acknowledged the "importance" of Dr. Felix German for the economic and political development of Germany after the Rriege. The conservative Morning Post writes: "His work for the renewal of German trade relations with the rest of the world was the basis for Germany's foreign relations in the post-war period. He advocated both cooperation with France and change with Russia."

This, of course, is only a small part of the truth, and so we will quote a sweet chat from a "sophisticated" scripture, one of those in which a naughty cow of Syria tells more than is usual among Jehovah's well-disciplined grenadiers. "Das Magazin" (No. 42, 192s) told of the "Salon German" in Berlin. The whole diplomatic world frequented there, the

Bolshevik Emil Ludwig, Mrs. Stresemann, in short, everything that belongs to "society" in today's democracy. And then we learned, without

Astonishment, continued:

"The lady of the house is music-savvy, her closest relatives practice music as Rünstler. Her only daughter is the wife of Leipzig's general music director

Brecher — her brother is the well-known song composer Robert R. Rahn. Mrs. German comes from the well-known Mannheim merchant and banker family, whose prominent member is her brother Otto H. Rahn, the great New York banker and runstmäzen. Of course, German is of particular interest in politics; Thus, during the upheaval of the state, the Rauchstraße became one of the focal points of the young republic. Haus German was one of the few private. Houses in which the first German Reich President Ebert frequented. And with him came his party comrades Breitscheid, Hilferding and Loebe. This is where they met. prominent Soviet Russia with Maltzan, Rathenau, and Wirth, and with the leaders of German business. And what did not advance at the green table, it was completed in the house of German at the white table."

I.e. am g e d e ck t e n T i s ch des Dauses German. Isn't it lovely to see the Marxist Rapital priests sitting so piously at the table of high finance after "their revolution" and letting "their" policy "complete";

And we want to record another freshly baked commitment from the German-Rathenau area. This time it comes from the pen of the Zionist and Bolshevik Artur Holitscher. In his book "My Life in this Time" he recounts:

"One evening, soon after the collapse of the army and the proclamation of the republic, I met Rathenau at the house of my publisher Fischer. After the fish had been served, Rathenau suddenly laid down his napkin, and, turning to me, said the following in the sharp, clear voice of a man who has carefully considered and prepared his words:

"How could it happen, Mr. Holitscher, that in these days the youth of Germany has passed me by, who have created this revolution in truth, without thanks or greetings?" And after a pause with a raised voice: "Without thanks and

rrS

Greeting! In 400 years—in 400 years, history will tell us that in the first days of the German revolution, Germany's youth passed me by without thanks or greetings!" These words have not been disputed by the witnesses, what do you call a man who, as the emperor's highest confidant and official, prepared the revolt behind his back?

World domination triumphs

The Jews point to the so-called "Protocols of the Elders of Zion", which herald the Jewish domination of the world and money, as the spawn of a falsifying lunatic. Now Judaism celebrated its New Year to the whole world. On the occasion of this feast, the "Jewish Press Center Zurich" (No. 511) published

a leading essay, emphasized by special writing, in which the Jewish world domination was prophesied as for the most part complete, and the remnant to be strived for was prophesied as once completed.

"The biblical parable of Joseph and his brothers, enlarged in gigantic proportions, takes place on the other side of the ocean. The brother chased across the sea, the slave slave of the 8veat8kop8, has become a ruler in the mightiest empire on earth, saving his once rich brothers from bitter hardship.

"The American immigrant, the 'stone that the builders had disregarded, has become the foundation stone', also the foundation stone of Eretz Israel!

"And Ahasuerus gazes dreamily into the apocalyptic picture of the countless Babylonian towers on the banks of the Hudson rising into the clouds ... the unheard-of human monkeys that swarm in and out of these giant honeycombs like bees, cattle of his people, who in hardly a lifetime grew from ghetto dwellers to the greatest builder of all time... and discerns the counsel of the Lord. And he is shown the small, world-dominating island of Albion, which with wise governance controls five parts of the world according to its will ... he sees there sons of his people rising to become celebrated masters of this art of statesmanship. and realizes the ultimate purpose of the appearance. It tears the

Curtain on the future . . . and Ahasuerus sees unexpected visions... a powerful Jewry in the middle of Asia, celebrated as a helper in the resurrection of the Chinese Roloffes, whose shouting falls over the whole of the old world ... fairytale-like crops flare up ... The 22Y

Horrors of Galuth disappear. Israel has become one in spite of its dispersion. However, the spiritual axis of humanity will be Yerushalafim ...

"All these mighty (sources of spiritual, moral and material forces) rush together and flow to the original homeland!

"Ahasuerus, shocked, senses the connections of the great event, he strides past the milestone 5698 with renewed courage and more optimistic than ever he murmurs his ancient blessing again: ,. . . the year of redemption and salvation!'"

In black and white, one could really ask for even more: in America all-Jewish power, in England Jewish money in the most authoritative place, the new Lbina already financially dependent ("it has just received its first Dawes loan from Wall Street"). And everything is to be concentrated in Jerusalem one day!

The Naked Central Association

As is well known, we in Germany have been dubiously blessed with the so-called Central Association of So-called German Citizens of the So-called Jewish Faith. Week after week, this famous organization struggles to make it clear to the Germans that Raffe is a terrible, cultureless prejudice, that the Jews are only a "religious community" and are otherwise the best of all Germans.

An organ belonging to this Z.-V. is particularly close to the Hamburgec "Israel. Familienblatt". In No. zs of the ro. In September 1928, a Dr. Lewin examined the Jews, their origins, environment, influences, etc. Of course, he wants to emphasize the latter in particular. Nevertheless, he makes a confession that the woolly hair of most of the members of the Z.V. will rise straight into the air, since it destroys the entire laborious work of gassing. So we read:

"... But a certain type of human being will remain if the only means of creating new types, mixing, is not carried out completely. We have already seen that this was not the case at all in the past. That Judaism would cease to exist completely with its complete implementation, I need not elaborate further. For the time being, we remain a physical type of a certain uniformity, and anyone who denies this should take a look around a Jewish assembly, and he will notice it. It is wrong to think that this can only be

especially where, for example, Jews and Northerners live together. In l'Argent, Zola describes how Saccard climbs the stairs to Gundermann, the Jewish banker, 'with the instinctive hatred of the southern French against the Jew'. So even the dark-haired southern Frenchman recognizes the type of Jew. And Zola is a realist writer who observes relentlessly and — he is not an anti-Semite.

Certainly, there is no method of proving this in detail by means of measurements and calculations. Aberwerwert denies that the Jewish man is a physical type in his own right, even in Germany, who misjudges the real world of facts. That spiritual character traits are bound up with the Rörper, that the soul is essentially conditioned by the behavior of the physical type, appears today to be proven."

With this, Dr. Lewin agrees with the entire evidence of German racial research. It goes without saying that he then rails against the idea that otherness is not to be confused with inferiority. A Jew cannot be expected to profess to be a parasitic anti-race. And he proudly continues:

"Thus, in the midst of an oppressive environment, we Jews have preserved a peculiarity that presents itself physically and mentally. As long as we remain Jews, not mixed and crossed with the peoples in whose midst we live as faithful citizens of the state, we will have to appear to them as people of special individuality, even if we absorb completely all their cultural assets, all their education and all their knowledge of them. We'll always see it in
This is an inseparable necessity from our existence as Jews."

And we do not want this "own note" and hope that the Jewish "peculiarity" and its bearers will one day have completely disappeared from Europe.

The Purim Ride of the Zeppelin

It would certainly be construed as "anti-Semitic paranoia" if we were to associate the zeppelin ride to Palestine with the Jewish festival of Purim. But since the Jewish correspondents themselves have declared that it was "no coincidence" that the trip coincided with that feast day (commemorated to commemorate the extermination of 75 ooo Aryan

This is all the more probable because the representative of "Prussia" in the German Reichsrat, Ministerialdirektor Dr. Ladt, a devout Jew and Zionist, had deigned to board the Zeppelin.

The thoroughly kosher "Neue wiener Journal" by Mr. Lippowitz & Lo. We now bring the report of a beautiful celebration of purim on the Zeppelin (if the old count had dreamed of it!), which we hereby submit to the goyim. (There was evidently a mistake in hearing or printing in the publication, since the "NWT." speaks of Dr. Barth, when it is probably Dr. Badt.) So we read the following about the lovely purimidyll:

"Now came the preparatory day of Purim, on which occasion Dr. Barth, like all pious Jews, had fasted, since the consumption of food and drink is not permitted until evening. Before that, however, Dr. Barth did the rest, which

should be received with satisfaction among the Orthodox Jews of the whole world. From a silver container, the pious ministerial director took out a 'Esther scroll' written on parchment, which, as is well known, is a part of the Old Testament and describes in detail the origin of the Purim holiday. Dr. Barth had procured this "scroll" in Berlin especially for this purpose, in order to be able to read it at the appointed time, as custom requires.

Then Dr. Bartb began to read it aloud in a singing synagogue tone. The Jewish passengers of the airship, among them the correspondent of the Voffische Zeitung, Dr. Weisl, listened reverently to this Bible reading, which made a peculiar impression in the celestial regions. In the twinkling of an eye, the Rabine of the pious Prussian ministerial director was transformed into a small synagogue, where a simple purimfeiec took place. The other Zeppelin passengers were also attracted by Dr. Barth's singing lecture. Dr. Eckener, having been made aware of this strange religious celebration, also looked into it for a moment, surprised by his friend's practiced cantorial functions. The Purim celebration left a lasting impression on all those present in the air, whereupon the 'R a r m e l' wine, which, as mentioned, was available in large quantities on board, was awarded in a joyful mood. The next day, the zeppelin flew over Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv, where Jewish purim was celebrated by all residents."

really a lovely picture.' For the purim festival, a product of German genius is ready to accommodate a "small synagogue" with "large quantities" of kosher Rarmel wine. And in the miracle of the construction of the Zeppelin, the "prayer" text of All-Judaism about the insidious staging of the

slaughter of the Persians...

really, a "Periclean age", as Alfred Rerr called the ten years of the German Republic in the Berliner Tageblatt.

The commander of the airship "Graf Zeppelin", Dr.-Ing. h. c. Hugo Eckener, sent the following letter to the chairman of the German Reren Hajessod (Palestinian Development Fund) after returning from the Oriental voyage of the "Graf Zeppelin":

"Dear Mr. President!

At the same time, I would like to express my heartfelt thanks on behalf of the passengers for the bottles of fine Palestinian wine so graciously donated to the participants in the Orient cruise. We have drunk the wine when, in a most impressive flight from the Dead Sea, we rose again above Jerusalem, and, seized by the strange experience in our hearts, we again rose above the brightly shining capital of the Dead Sea.

and heard the cheers of the people echoing up to us. It was a solemn hour, which was justly consecrated in so noble a wine.

Yours sincerely,

Dr. *$. Eckener."

Ford in resignation

Henry Ford stakes his ambition once a month to renounce his knowledge of the past and to ask for mercy from the great ones of Israel. The Jew Eugene Meyer, who once carried out the financial preparations for the war under Wilson and was quite rightly portrayed by Ford as a Jewish economic spy, has been chosen by Hoover for high posts. Ford doesn't mind. The Jew Einstein represents America in Prague, the film Jew Mayer does so in Angora. Ford is not protesting. The Jew David Sarnoff is the actual author of the Koung Plan, which interprets us all. Ford has no objection . . .

But Ford does more than that.

Recently, the Great Jew Brown celebrated some business party, day. The "Truth" in Vienna proudly reported on this (No. rz of June 7, 1929):

"Henry Ford sat at the honor board alongside the president of the American Jewish Lommittee, Louis Marshall, who, it is recalled, accepted Ford's apology and his Declaration of Honor for the Jews in 1927. Henry Ford circulated a written statement among the guests at the table, in which it was said: "I am happy, here too fine to pay my tribute of admiration to my friend David A. Brown, and to the great Raffe who counts him with pride and happiness among their own, Mr. Brown is a shining example of great charity. meaning of the Jewish people. He is zealous in improving the conditions of the world, educating the uneducated, healing the sick, and caring for orphans. The intensive and intelligently purposeful participation of the Jews in the promotion of the bourgeois sense of justice and social justice stamps them

David A. Brown is one of the noblest sons of this people. — The American press publishes Ford's statement in great detail."

The theoreticians of the German Republic

Mindful of the well-established principle that where there is publicity, there is good business, some republican luminaries have come up with the idea of illustrating the great achievements of post-November governmental art in a series of writings under the title: "You and the State." In the Wirth weekly

"Deutsche Republik" there is a self-denunciation by the author of a "republican civics education", in which the following mood is made for this advertising work:

"The motto that stands above the series is synonymous with its basic conception: 'You and the state should show that it is not a question of a contradiction — on the one hand the state as an impersonal tax-collecting entity and on the other hand a citizen as a tax-paying subject — but that one approves and complements the other. Both concepts belong together, merge into a higher unity, and in the series of publications the citizen is to be shown what he receives from the state in the way of stimuli, achievements, and objectives of a human kind, and what he in turn must give in exchange for making the state a real people's state. Head of the Press Office of the Prussian State Ministry. In this volume, the whole interplay of the forces between government and parliament is presented by means of practical examples. Then 'One Hour of Justice' by Dr. Werner P e i s e r: here a modern lawyer speaks and shines a razor-sharp light into the whole so complicated structure of today's jurisprudence, legislation and administration of justice. Ministerial Councillor Dr. H i r s ch f e l d of the Prussian Ministry of the Interior gives an unusually clear account of the administration of the state in 'A Look into the Administration'."

Goslar, Persians, Hirschfeld, a l lesluden, writing about the glorious November Republic! In the name of Republican leaders! what kind of republic is this republic?

No German learned yet

In 1929, in order to celebrate the so-called Weimar Constitution, the city of Berlin threw away a quarter of a million marks to buy black, red and gold flags, sausages, etc., to be distributed among the people. Among other things, propaganda towers were erected: To commemorate all the plumes of the World War and — "To the victims of the Republic"!

The man who wrote this probably meant to say: to the victims who suffered for the republic (that is, probably the glorious Rathenau, the great Erzberg, etc.), and by this republican phrase everyone had to think of the victims of inflation, of the 16,000 suicides a year who, because of the achievements of the republic, open the gas tap or go into the water. to the army of the unemployed, to the pkicht-born, to the emigrants . . . The Jewish arrangers of the festival have apparently not yet learned to speak German.

which is understandable, since the recurring Jewish Finance Minister of the Republic, Mr. Hilferding, does not yet speak proper German. What's the point!

Crushes

The great Jewish congress in Zurich in 1929 had delighted all the elect, although among the very devout believers their Talmud did not seem to be sufficiently preserved in all the arrangements. Thus we found some drops of bitterness in the Frankfurt "Israelites", but also some delicious confessions (Nos. 29, 19-9):

"It (the Zionist organization) was primarily concerned with money, and since in this insight the Rrieg has directed the whole stream of gold from all over the world into the pockets of the American banks, a symbol for the organization of economic relations in general, it is not difficult to understand that in addition to the firmly anchored Zionist supremacy in the Agency,

only the American dollar plays a halfway decisive role. In our democratic age, the whole structure of the Agency is an almost unheard-of unique feature of autocracy and oligarchy."

Now we know who, for the most part, are the "Americans", in whose circles the "river of gold" has been "directed" ...

Ready for the whip

In Berlin there was — oh wonder — a theatrical scandal, piscator, the Bolshevik, performed a play by Walter Mehring, "Raufmann von Berlin", which is the most foul insult to the German patrons of the German homeland that one can imagine. The rapporteur of the "Leipz. N. N.", quite frightened and shocked, reports the following:

"Yet, how imprudent of him to reveal such a hateful countenance! Is this man, who is certainly otherwise very clever, almost overly clever, this overly witty man, not at all aware of the effect he must have on the German people? Is he willing to breed anti-Semites? Or does he, who tries to settle accounts for an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, think of the German people so low that he thinks they are ready to take slaps in the face without objection? Maybe he's such a bad psychologist; he who sows hatred—he should steal it—must reap the whirlwind!

"I've never been 2tntisemit in my life and I'm not now. It is with all the greater concern that I regard the activities of certain young Jewish circles, who, swollen by racial arrogance and megalomania, do not shy away from displaying a defiant and in every way intolerant nature, and thereby irresponsibly and frivolously destroying a rift that unfortunately already exists.

Enlarge. In this play by Herr Mehring, which is set in the German inflationary period of unfortunate memory, there is not a German person who is not in some way vulgar, stupid, false, deceitful, crooked or stupid; in full, garishly lit contrast to them stands the noble, naïve, intellectually superior, decently minded and finally — fooled poor Gstjude Simon Lhaim Raftan, who comes to Berlin with a hundred dollars, quickly makes his fortune, attains power and prestige, but finally at the beginning of the money stabilization by a scoundrel German-blooded lawyer, in association with a better oriented co-religionist, is brought back to the begging staff. Müller and Rohn finish off Raftan. But long before that, Müller is Raftan's evil genius, his real Mephistopheles, who incites him into all sorts of evil things, and even drives him — the innocent, the clueless! — a kind of Rapp putsch. But the rabble of German officers must first be seen, which Herr Mehring dares to put on the stage as a representative of the German military spirit. Starting with a goofy general who is still hallucinating from the Rriege; lingering voluptuously with a business-savvy, duplicitous, bloodthirsty colonel, and closing with a group of stupid and good-for-nothing young Gffiziers!

"In front of it, however, sits a parquet of elegantly dressed gentlemen who eagerly applaud and laugh at such things! The worst, however, comes — or at least came — last. Three shovels of dirt sneer sweep up all kinds of paper money spangles; it follows, equally glossed, the steel helmet of a German soldier; and concluded — at least at the premiere — believe it or not:

the corpse of a gray man, who with the words: 'Dirt! away with it!' was thrown at the rarren.

"When, however, even this hardened audience revolted against such infamy, and when the better and, thank God, greater part of the Berlin repertoire duly denounced it, this last 'punchline' was omitted from the second performance (which I was able to attend). But no one will want to admit that enough has been done with this small 'sacrifice' of the offended German national soul."

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Dr. Franz Servaes, the Rritikec of the "L. VL N.", who was appointed by the Semi. Rürschner is portrayed as a Jew is outraged, but also appalled: by the imprudence of going to such extremes. But in order to give our readers the final proof of what is possible in this republic of Müller, Ebert and Levi, we reproduce the text of the performance in question, published with joy and pride by the "Diary" (No. Z4, 1929).

Street. The street sweeper superintendent with two street sweepers, broom, shovel and rarre.

The first street sweeper sweeps up a scrap of paper: — Man, that used to be very rich!

If one person had it all,

How there was nothing to eat — but there was food!

The Overseer: — Is everything under the broom! Rommt everything under the broom!

The first: — That's what we used to be for

To have them all,

because you have to do everything for it

Could have

because it used to be money, because people fought for it! The second: — Dirt! The Overseer: — Away with it!

The first street sweeper sweeps a rolling steel helmet:

— Gee! That used to be the power!

That used to sit on a roppen!

And in return, they gave the Ropp something to eat! — Rommt alles under the broom!

Rommt everything under the broom!

— That has the

Wearing a steel helmet because it used to be in power, because it used to be money, because people fought for it! — Dirt!

— Get rid of it! "

The first street sweeper bumps into a corpse with the broom:

— Gee! That used to be human!

It used to have a steel helmet!

That used to live — that ate away! — Rommt alles under the broom! It's all under the broom!

— That once

To be allowed to shoot because they once wore the steel helmet, because that used to be money, because they fought for it! — Dirt!

— Get rid of it!

The editor of the "diary" is the Jew Leopold Schwarzschild, who has just published an appeal by the League for Human Rights, which states: "All of you for whom justice is a matter of the heart and a matter of civic and cosmopolitan responsibility, give your donation . . ."

We ask: Is it not one of the most primitive human rights to have Walter Mehring, according to a court order, whipped in an open marketplace because of his mockery of two million dead German soldiers?

And Leopold Schwarzschild with him, who does not protest, but expresses the baseness without saying a word;

In the role of the friend

A very strange theatre is taking place in Austria right now. There, after the terrible mismanagement of both Marxism and the bourgeois parties, the Home Guard had gained an ever stronger position. At first it was the Christian-social bankrupts who approached each other with pious eyes. in order to "participate in the construction of the beloved Öster.

Reichs". And the Jewish stock exchange in Vienna also became a little uncomfortable, and lo and behold, the Hebrew preffeleute and financiers also came to llush as faithful "friends". The "Neue Wiener Journal", the all-Jewish newspaper of Monsieur Lippowitz, an absolutely French-minded organ, made itself available, and since then it has supplied the Austrian Home Guard with "spirit" and political guidelines. It vigorously and daily insults Austro-Marxism, and does not stop at the leading Jews of the Social Democracy. And the well-behaved Home Guards can't contain their joy at so much sympathy from the "old-timers" and still believe in printer's ink.

But sometimes the Jews do get careless. Thus, on November 1, a Dr. F. Löhner-Beda wrote a large essay in the "N. w. I." entitled "Who harms Judaism?" with the subtitle "Only the Marxist Leaders Promote Anti-Semitism." This essay now states, among other things:

"I am of the opinion that, if there is any danger to the Jews at all, it is conjured up exclusively by the Jewish leaders of the Social Democracy. It is, by its very nature, difficult to overcome the latent anti-Semitic instincts (which, hand on heart, somehow, somewhere in the world)

every Christian!) among the members of the Home Guard, when the Jews Austerlitz, Braunthal, Lolbert, Pisk, Pollak, etc., beat out daily of abuse against every anti-Bolshevik, and the leaders of the most radical Marxism mocking Christianity are the Jews Otto Bauer, Danneberg, Pick, Allina, and Ronsorten. And above all, must it be the Jew Hugo Breitner who directs all the hatred of the population against a strangling tax system through his own person to the poor Jews of the Leopoldstadt ghetto! The run to plunder the bourgeois economy by means of autocratic, self-created tax laws and to use the trillions for party purposes would certainly also bring together an Aryan Bolshevik, without thus nourishing the pogrom instincts. This is how much sense of responsibility and conscience this Jewish Austro-Marxist ought to possess, not to seduce his brethren by personal ambition, unec- lust for power, and his pleasure in parading victims! if Breitner left, the atmosphere would be cleansed of a lot of toxins."

Here the all-Jewish mode of operation has been completely revealed: the ^eimwehr Jew implores the Marpist Jew to let the extermination of the Austrians be carried out by the Aryans, and not to push himself forward in this ritual business. Applied to the Home Guard itself, the slogan is to see to it that this popular movement becomes a protective instrument for the Jewish stock exchange, the Jewish department store.

Will the Home Guard leaders still awaken, or will they wait until they are spiritually and politically poisoned;

personalia

Gras Hermann Keyserling

A few years ago, the teacher of wisdom made a name for himself when his magnum opus, the "Travel Diary of a Philosopher", was published. All the world asked: Run the "travel diary;" Terrific, globetrotting, phenomenal! Representation of the Orient and Occident! Finest soul analysis ever!

And really, Reyserling's book was interesting. A clever man ("volcanically stimulating" as H. St. Lhamberlain called him) on a trip around the world interweaves changing personal moods with the ever-changing environment, building new philosophical aestheticisms on a black, shiny Negro back; breathes even in the Red Sea and in the face of the Indian Ocean; depicts the Rul in contemplation of Chinese chopsticks. He is never closer to Indian wisdom than when looking at Japanese Buddha images. Reyserling has a girlish shyness about any "ristallisation". Again and again he wants to give himself up and immerse himself completely in the psychic beings of foreign peoples, and finally prophesies that, "if anywhere," we will complete ourselves in America. Reyserling carries it heavily: "How easy it is for inner natures of little intelligence!" "Ours remains uncertain until he knows, and he knows so hard." The poor man.

Although the outwardly robust, inwardly mimosa-like Count cannot find the rraft in any agglomeration because of the sheer melting of the soul, he is deeply convinced of his humanity miffion; of his "pioneeringism": "My path will indeed become more and more the path of all, because the process of intellectualization is progressing inexorably." Unfortunately, the hundreds of millions of Europeans are now unable to sail on luxury liners.

to India and China, and to give any hint of a

In order to follow the path of Count Reyserling. The path of the future does not seem to us to be a problem of the intellect, but a problem of the will; we do not believe that the coming form of life in today's rotten world will be forged by ingenious eclectics, but by unbendingly steely men of will. Above all, however, not by people with such embarrassing complacency and philosophical roquetry as Reyserling.

One of his guns once aptly said: "Hermann can take his ego in his own hands. Then he puts it on a table like a Christmas tree and admires it." The "Travel Diary," the "School of Wisdom," etc., are delicious testimonies of this self-admiration. The Count's well-groomed moustache, which, according to Chinese custom, runs out like a long needle, is also to be seen as an outward sign of the inwardly assumed circumference between East and West.

It goes without saying that Reyserling also thought about "Germany's true political mission". This happened according to the Rriege. during this he spoke and wrote of the Russians and their allies as "we" and "us". And what does the all-pervading philosopher now discover? First of all, that the old monarchy was a mere façade, and that the revolution would therefore only bring to the last expression what existed! Conceded! But what did this already exist consist of? Every conscious German says that the plutocratic-democratic system, already represented by Rathenau, which sucks us all dry, became master of us all, in order to symbolize itself completely in the rule of the Barmats and their friends. So it was the mockery of social thought that triumphed. Count Reyerling thinks differently. He says: "For years, the German Reich had been essentially a social (!) We recommend this passage to the "Vorwärts", the "Berliner Tageblatt", etc., in order to make propaganda for the rolody of international high finance as for democracy. According to Reyserling, it is true that low forces were at work, but they would only have "helped the high to victory". Dawcs, Erzberger, the German Reichstag, etc., can thank the philosopher of their glory . . .

In Bolshevism, Keyserling sees the "embodied will to the death of a dying world." Very nicely said. But is not this Bolshevism the straightforward continuation of the "high" that was led to victory in 1919? Well, Keyserling also finds Bolshevism "ideal" in the sense "that the will to die can also be ideal." It is possible to achieve this ideal

"As long as the masses do not consist of angels," which is about the most shallow phrase with which "intellectual" philistines "deal with" Bolshevism. Bolshevism is not ideal in its essence, not even if everything consisted of angels; rather, its essence is the annihilation of the soul, the killing of the creative personality; it is the system of racial destructiveness of Jewish

character, carried out by bastards, of nature. got rid of big city masses. Keyserling's sentence: "If Christ had believed that his kingdom was of this world, if he had had the power and consequence to proceed to fine reasoning on a large scale, he too would have become Lenin," could have come from the mouth of Erich Mühsam or another Schwabing apostle of the Salon.

In a movie theater the other day, I saw a movie in which a clumsy man has the following conversation with a lady:

He: It's nice weather today.

She: But look, it's raining heavily!

Him: Yes, but if it didn't rain, it would be the nicest weather.

This is a parallel to the logic of Reyserling's comparison. The fact that Christ did not want to establish his kingdom here is what constitutes his nature; that Lenin knew nothing of any other empire than the most brutal destruction of personality was his nature. It is often simply unbelievable what nonsense is spouted about Bolshevism today. But we are in a bad state if we ever wanted to recognize men like Keyserling as "pioneers." Germany's mission is, first of all, to remove the mist of eclectic mosaic. To dispel wisdom and to put a stop to feminists who, far from Moscow, present Bolshevism as one ideal among others.

The delicate-hearted pioneer of the human being wants nothing to do with anti-Semitism. Naturally! A man of today, who

He rejects the "ristallization" of the ego is merciless in one respect: anti-Semitism is a scandal for him. It would also be outrageous: how could rabbis, "Franks. Ztg.", the "world press" make propaganda for "modern spirituality" if one were an anti-Semite! The whole reputation as a "great philosopher" would be with the devil after a week! We do not know whether the Count, who was otherwise enterprising, had such thoughts, but we will assume that the reasons of his "spiritual" companions did not affect him, that his own nature therefore drove him to regard a Negro as absolutely perfect. But the attempt of the Nordic man to defend himself against the bastardization was indignantly rejected. Keyserling writes in his magnum opus: "^vie Negroes of Aden are absolutely beautiful, because the racial type is perfected in them." And he went and got the president of the B'nai B'rith Order for German, land, Rabbi Baeck, as the main teacher for his "School of Wisdom" to teach the Germans how to think! (Read, for example, Baeck's book "The Essence of Judaism." Out of him he. It can be seen that Rant, Goethe, etc., really did nothing else than appropriate Jewish wisdom. Perhaps the Count will get a flat-footed gymnast from the Maccabi sport next time. club to show us the right ideal of beauty . . .)

In addition to the rabbi, Keyserling also devoted himself to the more harmless good Tagore, who was shown around in Berlin and elsewhere for a heavy entrance fee in front of the "Berliner.Tageblatt" audience to marvel at. Incidentally, Chinese, Tibetan, and Indian secret teachings are concocted in the School of Wisdom: philosophical Art Nouveau is thus approaching its most beautiful perfection.

The busy Count Reyserling has also taken up astrological journeys (or they have sensed a foreman in him). In the first issue of the monthly magazine "Der Gkkultis. Mus" (September, 925), Keyserling wrote the editorial, while his picture (with his head bent to one side in the Chinese manner) occupies a place of honor. In this essay, Reyserling writes:

"What it (the school of wisdom) does is not theory, but

Magic. Their (from the Rules of Scientific Instruction 24b

fundamentally different basic laws have always been known, even if they are still poorly understood. The only thing that is completely new is probably the technique of our great autumn conferences, at which I readjust the world's problems both in themselves and in the souls of the partners, and solve them by treating them polyphonically and orchestratedly."

"I hope I have said enough to encourage a closer study of the Darmstadt Centre. This is really a magical centre, although there is nothing extravagant, nothing occult in the usual sense, and the first lesson which every new student is taught is that one may have more, but by no means less, than common sense, and that it is immoral to have views (instead of insights)."

After describing previous successes, Reyserling concludes: "This will continue until the same applies to all problems and so many individuals that a new deeper level of meaning and thus a new higher type of human being has been historically determined."

As you can see, the Grand Cophta of Darmstadt has set himself distant goals: he wants to create a new type of human being who is to determine our history. Therefore, we have every reason to take a closer look at the "Darmstadt Center", its master and his worshippers. Reyserling is a witty, well-read man, of effervescent eloquence — many say chatty, kcit — who, without any real inner weight, is no longer able to muster a belief in real values, but is strong enough to help all rodents of German ethnicity to a "scientific" transfiguration. A dissolution philosopher of a femini. of the modern age. This may sustain and glorify him. But a child that finally wants itself will one day put Count Hermann Reyserling in the cabinet of rarities. As one of the best pieces.

The Diligent Reward

There lives in Germany — presumably in a beautiful villa in Grunewald — a friend of Walter Rathenau's and writer, whose name was Emil Ludwig. That is, as he calls himself and explains, not

to have borne the name of reward. But do not deny that his father listened to this designation. Now this Ludwig-Lohn has two books

written. About Raiser Wilhelm II and Bismarck. To "educate" the German people.

He introduces himself as a "well-meaning man". He attributes good qualities to the former raiser: to appear "objective". He also brings documents that are unquestionably genuine. But then, little by little, it drips poison. Drop by drop. And the result is not a man — with many faults, for that matter — but a fool ...

Now there have been terribly wicked people—goyim—who have carefully checked Ludwig-Lohn's statements. And these impudents have imprisoned the fox in his own trap. Dr. Meisner, a well-known sober scientist, proves that Ludwig-Lohn describes some things, let's say, very "inaccurately", but then directly invents anecdotes. He shows that the author simply omits the essential elements of the raiser's speeches, although this gives a different meaning to what has been said. And since the kosher reward declares at the beginning of his work with a glance at Iahve: "For the sake of justice, we have not allowed any of the raiser's opponents to have their say", it is amusing when it is stated exactly that said wage has just used the most gloomy (sources and rant books with preference (e.g. "Secret Life of the Berlin Court"). But he doesn't quote it, the good reward.

Frhr. v. Eckardstein, Th. Wolff, Erzberger, etc., are also consulted by Ludwig-Lohn, Wilhelm's enemy, Geh.-Rat von Holstein, is led into the field, a word taken verbatim from Hammann (Deutsche Weltpolitik, p. 40). He is generous, the reward . . . So it is that such a liberal historian as Pros. Delbrück gives an exhaustive verdict on Ludwig's book in one word: "Ritsch".

But this Ritsch has its purpose. The "Berliner Tageblatt" suddenly expressed itself quite carelessly when Ludwig-Lohn's latest work "Bismarck" began to make the book market unsafe. In No. 574, 1920, the fine newspaper wrote:

"The statue that Master Lederec erected over Hamburg was fixed in the minds of a hundred thousand minds by Bismarck. Irony, folkish, titanic ... Emil Ludwig's book will be the image that the great
sculptor of the politically influenced legend, destroy and erect another in millions of roes."

So the hero Bismarck must be destroyed. Indeed, a deed worthy of all the life's work of a descendant of the Sanren of Abraham, Jsaac and Jacob.

Meyer-Meyrink in flutes

We have dealt with the former banker Meyer, who now calls himself Meyrink, and who shook the dust of Prague from his feet because his name had fallen into disrepute. Now, in spite of the fact that Mr. Meyrink had already

written so much, he could no longer hold it; He had more to write. He recently published the "Goldmachergeschichten" (Goldmaker's Stories). But lo and behold, an employee of the "Münchener Zeitung" expressed his modest opinion that Meyer-Meyrink had not only written, but also copied. Namely from a work published fifty years ago entitled "Legends and Fairy Tale Figures, as well as Ghosts, Miracles and Superstitions of the German People" (Verlag Burmeister & Stempell). The M.Z. was mischievous enough to substantiate this with a series of examples, some of which we will also provide, in order to make this lamp of democratic spirituality and "simpliziffimus" champion shine in a bright light. . . .

Meyrink's writing (who repeatedly denies being Jewish) contains three stories: "The Monk Laskaris", "The Strange Guest" and "The Adventures of the Pole Sendivogius".

So some comparisons:

Meyrink: The monk Laskaris, which has been imposed on us poor citizens and merchants;"

"Well, listen," cried just now, "And why shouldn't they, a broad-stout, full-cheeked one?" Mr. Zorn asked back. philistines Mr. Zorn, to whom "Does he perhaps believe, Mr. Neighbor, pharmacist, by that I take my concoctions and pills

Legends and fairy tales from the BREATHE AIR AND COME OUT OF THE HOLLOW ten... hand can mix together;"

The group of bystanders

"Well, listen to him," cried a Citizen laughed; however, the cloth coarse, full-cheeked bourgeois Merchant was not fooled. the owner of the elephant, the He winked mischievously. valiant wrath, by eyes of the assembled fellow citizens. cr slapped him with the flat of his hand, and said to the apothecary, "Slap him on the shoulder." "Listen, "Yes, yes, mixtures, dear friend, He times, dear sir, can have a say, we know that; Of course, they don't really cost him! — Pressing heavy money ... if he didn't have the lazy him, the heavy worries too, Heinz... But it's bubbling

Like a little fountain of Moses (!) the blue streams of gold and silver just stood out to him. .."

Anyone who is able to put himself in the spirit of those times will find it comprehensible that the apothecary's shop could hardly contain the crowd of guests who gathered at his house the next afternoon, and that Master Zorn himself, like his laboratory assistant, is very busy.

Slapping him on the shoulder with the flat of his hand, "Listen, he can't really have a say in it! Is it also oppressed by the heavy grates that have been imposed on us?"

"And why not?" asked the apothecary. "Does he think I can concoct my concoctions and pills out of air;" (Meyrink obviously enjoys the air grip: you can see how his hand moves...)

The others laughed, but the speaker was not to be fooled.

He winked his eyes mischievously, and said:

Yes, the mixtures (Meyrink says yes twice) — to be sure, they cost money, and heavy stuff. — if he didn't have the lazy Heinz, who spits out the bright gold and silver flutes out of his fiery throat

Anyone who is able to put himself in the spirit of those times will find it comprehensible that the apothecary's chamber could hardly contain the crowd of guests who assembled the next day, and that he himself, like his apprentice, had to work hard to make the quick arrangements.

in order to satisfy the noisy desire for Raffee (!) and empowering Lcbcnswaffles to satisfy.

"It is not true what I have seen. It is vain deception. The metals don't change. It is no different, only the evil spirit enters and weaves the false pretense before our eyes."

p. 25..... And he returned, lively, lively, submissive as ever, though a little disheveled by the wind that had played around him and his horse in the Saxon heath, the proud feathers of his beret...

p. 48. Already the shadows of the evening were stretching. In the depths of the mountain gorge rauschte that Forest waffle with a strong roar and from a distance pulled the rähen towards their nest in the fir thicket.

S.) 7Z. Again the spring scattered its blossoms, and the birds began to sing their first songs from the newly leafy bushes; Then the

Mary, too, suddenly came out of the dullness with which she had so long tormented herself in vain. Her pale cheeks changed color again...

longing for an invigorating life-weapon.

p. 467- "It is not true what I saw, it is vain deception; the metals do not change; only the evil spirit enters and weaves the glow before our eyes."

p. 473..... and He returned, lively, lively, submissive as ever, though a little ruffled by the wind that swept over the heath, the proud feathers of his beret ...

p. 4S7. Already the shadows of the evening were stretching. In the depths of the mountain gorge rauschte that Forest water with a stronger sound and from a distance Räähen moved towards their nest in the fir thicket.

The Philosopher's Stone

Again the spring scattered its blossoms, and the birds began their merry song; then Mary suddenly awoke from the dullness with which she had struggled so long in vain. Her gaping cheeks turned again. .

The Adventures of the Pole Sendivogius

p. 204. It almost seemed to the Ge. as if the smouldering life in the tortured man were rekindled in the frequent company of the young gentleman, who . . . He knew how to stop with comforting words the dark shadows that darkened the hopeless soul of the prisoner.

p. 207. In idiosyncratic vanity, in self-created, ambitious blindness, the crowd of fame and success seekers crowd in front of these entrances and misinterpret the admonition again and again, because they... only seems to point back to that dark mediocrity . . .

p. 2) 3. The twilight cast blue shadows over the thick foliage of the pleasure garden, into which Sendivogius now looked down with an absent look. .

Alchemy

p. 403. It almost seemed as if the fading life of the latter were being rekindled in the company of the young gentleman, who, with a consoling word, knew so well how to stop the dark shadows that darkened the prisoner's soul.

p. 404. In idiosyncratic Be- p. 405. The twilight descended, in self-created purple shadows into the dense glare the multitude of foliage of the pleasure-garden, into the ambitious swept past it, and with a dreamy eye misinterpreted Sendivogius's admonishing voice, which now looked down.
seems to lead only to dark mediocrity.

as you can see: Meyrink even "used" the same name — according to "M. Z."

A year and a day ago, Georg Raiser, the lover of Rurfürstendamm, was sentenced to prison for stealing paintings.

Now Meyer-Meyrink is in trouble. The "Berliner-Tageblatt" democracy has no luck with its reports ...

Meyrink tried to defend himself: he would have written off only — half of it ...

Tableau!

Chaplin in Gethsemane

we have already spoken several times with Charlie Chaplin, the "Home-rifchen Reporting of the ro. We also know from the same illustrious lips that the whole "world" is hostile to Germany, because it has not chosen the Galician Chaplin as its ideal, as the "great democracies of the West" have done. Now a Jewish newspaper in Präger feels compelled to show us the somewhat married Chaplin again. The "Präger Tagblatt" (May 1927) described Chaplin "as a private person" to the astonished world in more than two full-page columns. There we learn very interesting things that allow us to look deep into the unchanging Syrian "soul".

As is well known, a few years ago the young Jewish millionaires of Lhikago murdered Leopold and Loebeinenanderen Jewish boys. Not out of hatred, revenge or any other emotion, but out of sport, to see what sensations one experiences as a murderer. The magnificents were not executed. Naturally. The electric chair is only for Aryans. The two Jews were sent to prison. There they worked as "teachers" of the prisoners.

It goes without saying that Charlie Chaplin is just as enthusiastic about this hopeful murderous couple as the "voffische Zeitung" is about the r-

The murderer Schlesinger was interested in the hopeful musician "with the narrow finds" who tore up the rails to plunder a train. The representative of the "Präger Tagblatt" now knows how to report to the astonished world:

"Chaplin is keenly interested in everything pathological, and it always upsets him very much. The famous murder case of Leopold-Loeb depressed him for weeks. 'Centuries of Rultur', he commented, perhaps descendants of

the people who helped write the Bible, and wild as tigers/ The secret of a high intelligence, combined with savagery, fascinated him. I listened to him talk for hours about the anarchists of Lhikago."
. One can understand the "fascination", how dissolved with delight Chaplin would only be if he had known the Bolshevik Jewess Rosa of Odessa, who burned out the eyes of bound Russian officers with a glowing cigarette.

The Jewish scribe has heard somewhere that many a genius rose from the simplest of backgrounds to the highest heights, nay, that one or the other was not a great writer. Since the Galician Chaplin does not know how to write grammatically either, he immediately moves higher up:

"Like other geniuses, Charlie can't spell spelling, but he has a big, beautiful vocabulary and knows the tight. language. He seldom makes a mistake in pronunciation." — In all modesty we think we may remark that the Jew from the "Präger Cagblatt" can hardly be a judge of whether the other Jew has already given up the habit of mumbling.

So Charlie was half mumbling, half telling stories. Here's what we hear about: "I was in love with Charlie's way of
I don't agree with the storytelling, although I have to say that he succeeds. His stories are inherently vulgar, only his genius for facial expressions and life. They elevate understanding to a higher level."

In other words, a piece of "immortal Jewish Riste". Perhaps the most beautiful and genuine thing is the ending: "For a long time afterwards I saw Charlie walking alone down Sunset Boulevard. His robe was bent low, his hands in the pockets of his coat. He didn't look up. My first impulse was to rush off and offer him my hand. Then came memories of the dark world I come from. I let the splendid young cynic wander alone through his garden of Gethsemane."

The Zotenerteller in --------- Gethsemane. The mockery shows how much the
The spirit of the Shulchan is also at home among the "advanced" "liberal" Jews.

After this achievement, the author of the essay, who calls himself "Tramp Jim Tully," will be highly respected throughout Israel.

Emil Ludwig (Salary)

Among the large number of new German publicists, such as Thomas Mann, Stephan and Arnold Zweig, and the whole series of pacifist champions for whom German interests are nothing, but "European" and Jewish interests are the guiding stars of their actions, among all

Emil Ludwig has recently taken a leading position in this position. He evidently owes this to his attempts, by means of a strange interpretation, to deprive historical personalities of that note which has a nationally conscious and powerful effect, but instead to ascribe to them qualities or to artificially exaggerate existing secondary traits which turn the character in question into its opposite before the eyes of the German people. Thanks to this objectively untrue account, Ludwig's book on Raiser Wilhelm, the book on Bismarck has enjoyed general popularity in the international press, has been translated into other languages by like-minded and anti-German writers, where Ludwig's books now do the further to see Germany in the eyes of other nations in a way that as it seems agreeable to the international driebfelder of certain writers and the dark plans of political groups hostile to Germany.

Emil Ludwig, born as a reward, was an intimate friend of the late Walther Rathenau, about whom he trumpeted the greatest hymns of praise at the time, praising him as the founder of the Rriegsgesellschaft, in the opinion that he was pronouncing a very special praise. "The people should know their saviours!" exclaimed Emil Ludwig, but Walther Rathenau wanted to go later than the terrible people. He no longer knew anything about this "salvation of the people" and tried untruthfully to pass on the foundation to himself, which he certainly did not succeed in, since his friend's glorifications had already been written down in black and white.

When Walther Rathenau had forced his appointment as Reich Foreign Minister, Ludwig Lohn cheered him again and wrote an essay which, if it had come from our side, would certainly have brought the most beautiful trial upon us: In the Neue Zürcher Zeitung, Rathenau's friend declared that Rathenau was a "riot of foreign countries, especially England." Thus a German Foreign Minister (or more correctly, a Foreign Minister of the Republic) was publicly presented as an instrument of a foreign power, in a sense that this was not to be a reproach, but a praise.

In his logical development, Emil Ludwig-Lohn later became more and more the favourite not only of the salon bolsters.
but also the direct darling of the Bolshevik "Red Flag" and the Bolshevik Piscator Stage in Berlin, which, as is well known, has indulged in the mockery of everything German, in the mockery of everything Christian, which even in today's world is the most popular.

Berlin has not yet been surpassed.

This is the man who today is praised as the "great German historian" by all the international newspapers of the world.

Recently, the Rowohlt publishing house, which published the works of Emil Ludwig Lohn, has published excerpts from assessments of Lohn's writings under the title "Emil Ludwig in the Judgment of the World Press", which appear to be highly significant both for him and for the newspapers abroad. The collection is introduced by a so-called autobiography, which is, however, more than clear. Ludwig Lohn explains that he is particularly interested in the intersection of genius and character, that he feels bound neither to a nation, nor to an age, nor to a worldview. Presumably, Emil Ludwig does not even know that with these words he has pronounced a devastating judgment on himself, as a so-called historian. For a person who does not feel bound to any nation is naturally incapable of interpreting the driving forces of the actions of a Bismarck, for example, even remotely correctly. All documents put together are thereby necessarily deprived of their living coherence, and in place of these organic ties comes the non-German, Jewish intellect and colors even apparently unambiguous documents. There is a German proverb that says: "The printed word does not smile." This word means that each sentence has a certain tonal colour which cannot be reproduced in print, a tone conditioned by its character, which can only be felt by those who are determined by the same motive force derived from the rational. For this reason, Emil Ludwig-Lohn was ruled out from the outset as a critic of Bismarck.

Lohn's entire confession is supplemented by another: "In a different form I seek to work against war, the present technology of which excludes heroism. Europe has become a superior fatherland; since the plane Berlin and Paris
to neighbouring cities, European ranks have turned into civil wars. I belong to a number of sensible committees, both national and European, but I do not belong to any party, nor to a group; Born a Jew, after a few decades of formal (.') belonging to Christianity, from it in the days of the Rathenau murder, in order to keep to my tribe in the time of persecution." These words say that one day the supposedly international Ludwig Lohn suddenly became fully aware of his Jewish political ties, that the Jewish driving force was only waiting for an occasion to assert itself against all so-called human whitewash, which is now completely
has happened.

Lohn's books, then, are written to render service to "his tribe." A German Reich will one day be able to crush them.

Now some voices of the "world" . ..

The May issue of "Vanity Fair" — one of the largest "American" monthly magazines — writes: "We propose Emil Ludwig to the Hall of Fame because... he believes in the United States of Europe."

The French "Lhantecler" notes with satisfaction: "The fact that copies of the works of Emil Ludwig are circulated and read by the Germans is highly interesting. . ." And a certain Pierre Loewel (!) writes in the German-baiting "Avenir":

"He (L.) has made the most terrible accusation against the Rriegskaiser. He shows the frightening chain that can exist between the fickleness and unscrupulousness of a ruler infatuated with his power and the fate of his people. It impressively shows how the personal will of William II weighed on all the essential questions of his country, and that he was indisputably the instigator of the ruin. There is something encouraging about the fact that this dramatic book from the pen of a German stands a m m t." As can be seen, the French see Lohn's work as an exoneration for the purposeful organizers of the World War, i.e., Poincar, Izwolsky, Sazonov and their financial backers.

The minter "Montagsblatt" is also satisfied: "The people
the poet and thinker was ashamed for an epoch to live inwardly and intimately, wanted to admire it, then it had to raise the men who were to be admired to a pedestal. Now, introverted, it is toppling these monuments. Ludwig also helps, but with a strong arm he catches the figure of Bismarck and saves it for the people . . ."

And when the Präger Tagblatt, which is maintained with Czech money, in the opinion of expressing praise, writes that Ludwig knows how to dissolve a landscape into words, it has pronounced judgment on him. This is precisely the essence of Jewish Talmudic studies, to burden the essential in a game of words.

Even a historian like Delbrück, anointed with a democratic <bl, judges Ludwig's works to be Ritsch, which is entirely our opinion.

On the stomach in front of the dollar

Emil Ludwig-Lohn, the anti-capitalist Bolshevik, regular guest of the millionaire German, was known to be in the USA, where he found a well-prepared asphalt press, which made heavy advertising for this personality disfigurer.

He was also with Rockefeller. And in the face of this dollar king, he raved about the great Rothschild as only a small Jewish ^osen-bearer handler from the farthest part of Poland had ever done. Namely, in the "German" "American Gerald" in winona (July 17, 1928):

"At that moment I recognized the old Rämpfer, who a generation ago had escaped the quarrel with the state power and finally won. I see this hand, with which the ancient, serene and pious man can still strike the table today, how sixty years ago it clenched into a fist silently and invisibly to the enemy, when it was necessary to fight ruthlessly in order to conquer or succumb. Behind his chair I see the whole salvation of the gods who have passed away before him, and whom he has surpassed in success and vitality. I see the man who, from the headquarters of his office, is waving at the petroleum seed from the earth.

and made itself and America subservient. again I admire the lhemie of ^atur, which in the same organism can consume the substances a dozen times over, renew them completely, and still keep the vessel fit for life. At the same time, I see how this man would have become a great general a hundred years ago, and how Napoleon would become a great entrepreneur today: all conjured up from the stroke of one hand."

In Germany, the anti-capitalist "R o t e F a h n e" will again write lovingly about wages. That's how wicd's done.

Dr. Bernhard Weiß

As is well known, Dr. Bernhard Weiß, whose first name is strictly protected by law, commands Berlin as police vice-president. For while it would otherwise not be a criminal offence if, for example, we were to say Hans v. H. instead of Paul von Hindenburg, it has already cost several new German subjects heavy money, even prison sentences, if they had written or spoken not of Bernhard, but of Isidoc. For this purpose, special "quick judges" were provided, who did not grant the offender a probation period, but immediately put him in the hole, as is part of today's justice system.

A young lady named Doris Wittner has now undergone the pleasant edition in the "Neues wiener Journal" (August 5, 192s) to acquaint us more closely with the glorious career of the pleasant contemporary Dr. Bernhard Weiß.

The astonished world now learns, among other things:

"Bernhard Weiß, the son of a respected old Berlin merchant, has had an astonishingly rapid and successful career. The offspring of a Jewish daus who was as wealthy as he was religious and charitable, he hardly ever knew material concerns. It is all the more praiseworthy that the secure life of his parents' home never for a moment became the languidling lapua of a rich idler to the carefree adolescent. In his blood dwelt and stirred the unconquerable longing to surrender to the

state, to which, at least on paper, he is a fully entitled

citizen, as such. Bernhard Weiß passed the state examinations at an early age and with distinction.

". . . Then the waves of defeat and overthrow swept over all the German

districts, and Bernhard Weiss, the sincere democrat, suddenly found himself entering a new era, between new men and faced with new tasks. He was again appointed to the administration, i.e. to an authority subordinate to the Prussian Ministry of the Interior. His unusually keen sense of people and events, his personal intrepidity, and his knack for treating people made him appear to be particularly qualified for the higher police service, which was also subordinate to the Prussian Ministry of the Interior. Under the aegis of Berlin's Chief of Police Ernst, he began his current job as a senior police officer.

". . . Despite his youth, Bernhard Weiss embodied all the necessary qualities of a leader. Soon there was hardly a political or criminal cau8e co-teaching with which Bernhard Weiss had not been concerned. At police headquarters, his mental agility and drive quickly gave him a dominant position. Strikes, mutinies, reactionary and communist machinations, political murders and crimes committed by political extremists and utopians demanded a ruthlessly radical personality, but also tact and diplomatic intuition, as chief of the political police.

What would have seemed impossible, even inconceivable, under the cmcien reßime, in the times of Germany's serious discord and distress, when the fatherland seemed to be shaken and endangered from without as well as from within, it became an event: a Jew was allowed to occupy one of the most important state offices. A Jew could, could, and had to prove himself as a faithful servant and successful defender of the fatherland, especially in the hours of extreme need. Bernhard Weiss did not disappoint the hopes placed in him. Wherever a sound faculty of judgment has not been distorted by party-political strife or murky racial incitement, he has generally received gratitude and praise from all strata of the population for his faithful fulfilment of duty and his passionate zeal in the interests of the people.

state. From the Lhef of the Political Police he passed over to the Lhef of the Rriminal Police, and even as such he found himself confronted with a multitude of difficult tasks in an era of the highest increase in criminality, as is always the case after rriedes and overthrows of the state, which he knew how to master as skilfully as before the political problems of his service. As a Jew, he was often attacked and pelted with dirt by demagogic racial snoops, but he remained a loyal son of his religious community. For a time, he was even an active member of the board of the Jewish Liberal Association. He only resigned when he rightly believed that his state office — he had meanwhile advanced to the position of Berlin police vice president — was not compatible with a specific religious statement. His fervently pious father, Map knows, had the joy of witnessing his son's unusual rise. The merchant Map weiss was imbued with a Jewish idealism that he left to his son as his noblest inheritance. The spiritual, which leads beyond the day, spoke to him in the form of striving for Jewish

ideas. This was preceded by his tireless work, which he never set aside, for the benefit of the College for the Science of Judaism. It was his pride to be one of the trustees of this educational institution, and he would certainly have been most pleased to know that when he retired from a richly fulfilled life about a year and a half ago at the blessed age of about S) years, his son also succeeded him honorably as curator of the College for the Science of Judaism."

The beautiful Doris has really composed a most lovely idyll, which the reader will certainly appreciate in due respect: the father, who is as rich as he is pious (always licensed together by Jewish philanthropists); the small falsification of equating the present state of affairs with the fatherland; the spirituality of the Son, which goes beyond everyday life (what else does he have in store for us;) etc.

we have no doubt that Bernard knows that he knows how to
worthy of Judaism and will render many services to his people.

Until the interim of German life will have come to an end.

Thomas Mann

In Munich, Thomas Mann has once again made a name for himself.

The editor of the "Süddeutsche Monatshefte" had taken the trouble to ascertain, on the occasion of the new publication of the "Reflections of a Non-Political," the various deletions which had been made by Thomas Mann quite incidentally in view of the fact that Mr. Thomas Mann had changed in the course of the consolidation of the November Republic from a patent, national to an asphalt democrat of Jerusalem street life. The said Thomas Mann had not made any announcement to the public about these strange deletions, but apparently in order not to burden his "unbroken democratic character" too much with his own words. The evidence of the "S. M." was therefore felt highly embarrassing in the circle of the Mann, Pringsheim, Voßler, etc., and led to an excited exchange of letters, which was later published in the "S. M." From these the German people learned that a supposedly German writer had spoken of the ocean conquerors from East to West as the "two airmen dripping," of course, by the Germans; Thomas Mann probably saw the Irishman as reporting. In addition, Monsieur Thomas Mann thought that Munich's "nationalist crop stand" was worse than the performance of "Ionny spielt auf", about which people had been so indignant.

One could see from these remarks the deep aggrievance of the pacifist

admirer of Max Hölz that Munich was for impotent aesthetes. no longer have a proper understanding. However, this is by no means meant to include general praise for today's Munich, because the decline of Schwabing has given us the musty atmosphere as a substitute

clericalizing narrow-mindedness, mixed with the age-old particularism. In other words, the racially chaotic Schwabingism has been replaced by provocative, mind-numbing provincialism. Munich is not a German-conscious city of Rultur today, and it would be a nice task for the formative forces that still exist to join forces here in order to convey Rraft currents again in a two-front position of German runst and morality.

This slight digression may be permitted in order to ward off from the outset the objection that German nationalism in the Rampf against Schwabing "Rultur" waste identifies itself with the system of government that it has developed in Schwabing.

He found it beneath his dignity to have his representative make a speech at the grave of Franz von Stuck, as to why, because Stuck allowed himself to be burned, but the burning of him was a terrible rebuke for the mediaeval journey.

what had the present-day darling of the pan-Europeans on the Spree, the Seine, and the Jordan to have deleted from his apolitical considerations?

"Ronservative and national, these are one and the same — as true as democratic and international are one and the same — whatever democracy may say against it."

"German humanism is different from democratic 'human rights'; cosmopolitanism is different from internationalism; the German citizen of the world is not a political citizen, he is not political — whereas democracy is not only political, but politics itself. Politics, however, democracy, is in and of itself something un-German, something anti-German; and the self-contradiction of democracy, or at least of a certain democracy, consists in the fact that it wants to be democratic and national at the same time, declares the name of the "Fatherland Party" to be an affront, and takes mortally ill when anyone makes a pretence that it considers it less reliable in the national sphere than the ronservatives. In truth, it may be patriotic in that it is honestly concerned about the economic welfare of German, its happiness and even its power (for economy is the means and expression of power) and just thinks that only democratic 'understanding' serves Germany's economic prosperity — it is not and cannot be national: Their abstract concept of humanity, their entire spiritual tradition, belies this claim."

"The conflation of the democratic and national ideas is today an inadmissible liberality, an intellectual impurity."

"It is so, and not otherwise, that in Germany the affirmation of the national implies the negation of politics and democracy — and vice versa. One feels anti-political by feeling conservative-national. On the other hand, one is not a politician and a democrat without being anti-national, without being a cosmopolitan radicalist. In the intellectual sphere, the call for Germany's 'politicization' does not mean a call for Germany's power — we experience this every day — but rather the will to revolutionize and politically disintegrate Germany."

"But as far as democracy is concerned, which gets a red gown as soon as it is declared to be less interested in the national economy, its sensitivity to it is At best, ignorance of its own deeper will on this point, unless it is hypocrisy and tactics."

"Ripe for democracy; Ripe for the Republic; what nonsense! To a people, this or that form of government and society is in accordance with it, or it is not in accordance with it. It's made for it, or it's not made for it. It will never be 'ripe' for it, and certain South American peoples do not have the republic and 'freedom' because they were 'ripe' for it in the past..."

As you can see, there was a time when Thomas Mann still had some power of judgment. But since, as is well known, in the midst of today's so-called "society" no state can be made with it, but this "society" controls the entire large-scale society from the various ghettos, the capable Thomas Mann, capable of development, could not remain behind, true to his decaying Thomas Buddenbrook, and became so spiritualized that the kosher "Franks. Ztg." graciously condescended to call him one of our most subtle thinkers. Furthermore, since in the equally kosher "literary world" of Willy Haas, Thomas Mann played himself up as a name that was pronounced at the same time as the idea of Germany ("Germany"), the man was of course not allowed to toast in Warsaw and New York.

just as Thomas Mann's brother, Heinrich, is now writing a jazz comedy and the Jew Nelson is making the "music" for it (his memories of the blood from the land of Gosen are coming back to life), so Thomas Mann also traveled under the delight of
whispers of Moffe and Ullstein and Singer to Paris and Warsaw in order to spout stale pan-Europeanism in these capitals, and then to print reports on these journeys that interested no one but the Vosslers and Eloeffers.

And Thomas Mann even sent his half-Jewish offspring — "Decay of a Family!" — to North America to give lectures as a "representative of the German youth." With this hopeful offspring of the Mann-Pringsheim marriage, it has the following circumstances:

As is well known, the hopeful Rlaus of Thomas Mann has written a lesbian

play "Anja and Esther". Quite unheard-of rumours circulated through the Schwabing circles of Munich, Vienna, and Paris: Thomas Mann deplored the immorality of his offspring. Because of this vile rumour, Father Mann then declared "officially" that he had no intention of considering the work of his son, the "gifted nineteen-year-old", from the point of view of national training. ("New Viennese Jouc-
nal" of 4 March) 926.)

And he was right, Thomas Mann! After all, anyone who wants to make a fool of democracy today must no longer pay attention to such backwardness as national feeling.

Thereupon a representative of the "Neues wiener Journal" (owner Jud Lippowitz) got in touch with Miss Erika Mann and questioned her. The newspaper reported on this (March 6, 1926):

"And Erika Mann tells us that she and her brother Rlaus spent a Jabr at the Hochwaldhausen mountain school. This is a significant answer for those who know that this mountain school is an educational institute for young people who want to learn too little at school and too much from life.

"Well, you didn't do any good)

"If you like, I didn't do any good, and my brother Rlaus didn't do any good either. But to our credit it should be said that we did not stay long at the Bergschule Hochwaldhausen either, only for one year, and then returned to our hometown of Munich. I re-entered the girls' grammar school. At the same time, however, I perfected myself on the accordion and in louplet poetry. .

"One wonders how all this could be done by a young lady.
who looks out of wonderful brown eyes with a kindness that even the strict mountain school of Hochwaldhausen could not destroy. A young lady who seems to have matured far beyond her age and yet radiates with southern German cheerfulness, sometimes even shaken by that laughter that can only be found in Munich. Of a young lady in whose face male and female features are characteristically accentuated."

So they "did not do good," but nothing could destroy their "goodness"... Thomas Mann had been given a new motif for a new novel "The Decay of a Family", but had not yet exploited it.

Apparently, this gave rise to new German "suppressed romplexes" and led to the genuinely democratic rants about the "two airmen's droplets".

As you can see, one can expect great things from the Mann family — in the sense of democracy. But the Germans at least know that Dr. Thomas Mann has voluntarily and definitively renounced their cation. which we very much welcome, since it has relieved the coming Germany of the same saying.

The Heine Shame

At Dusseldorf on the Rhine, on the banks of which white and colored Frenchmen exercise an unheard-of tyranny over Germans, the great disgrace is being prepared: it is now certain that this city will receive its Heine monument. The magistrate donated 10,000 marks; Private individuals from the upper ten thousand Syrians will do their part to bring it to completion, and the so-called German press cannot contain its joy that the great moment has "finally" come when a monument is to be erected to the great Heinrich Heine in Düsseldorf. In fact, this unfeigned joy corresponds to the sentiments of our entire so-called national bourgeoisie, whose members once at the age of puberty had something of Heine's mermaids and mermaids.

Moon Ghosts, but don't give any further thought to the real Heine. And so it is possible that, under the protection of the Centre, democracy and Social Democracy, a monument is erected on German soil to one of Germany's greatest coagers, a Franco-Jewish spy.

"We don't want to be," Heine exulted years ago, "no sans-culottes, no frugal citizens, no cheap presidents; we establish a democracy of equally glorious, equally holy, equally blessed gods. You demand simple pursuits, abstinent manners, and unseasoned pleasures; we, on the other hand, desire nectar and ambrosia, purple cloaks, precious perfumes, lust and splendor, laughing nymph dances, music and romödes." "Mankind is weary of all wafers, it craves fresh bread and beautiful flesh . . . we must put on new shirts and new thoughts for our wives, and we must smoke all our feelings, as after a plague has been overcome."

like after surviving a plague. This, and no other way, is what Heine calls the Christian religion. The center doesn't mind.

Who could be surprised that Heine should wipe the German philosophers and poets off their pedestal as an impudent Jew."

His life story cannot be described, because he had neither life nor history." Rant! Of course, Heine also dislikes his style, although for a moment he toyed with the idea that Rant's train of thought might perhaps need the school's form after all. But no, Rant is and remains simply "a Philistine". Only a genius, says Chaim Bückeburg, has new words for new thoughts, "but Immanuel Rant was

not a genius". Well, if only we had at least the genius of Heine. A real consolation. "If you call the best names, mine will also be called." It just depends on whom.

Goethe. According to Heine, he owes most of his fame to the Schlegels. "One heard only Goethe and always Goethe,

in spite of the fact that there were poets who did not yield much to him in terms of imagination and imagination." Poets, such as the singer of the "Loreley" (which is quite bequeni "modeled" after Count Loeben and Eichendorff).

One fine day, however, Heinrich Heine was very badly near Goethe when he stood before him in Weimar. To the question of what Herr Heinrich Heine was about to write, the answer had come—I don't know what to call it, let's say proud—a Faust. "And you have nothing else to do in Weimar;" it echoed back, but not icily, as is always claimed, but certainly with superior cheerfulness. "I involuntarily looked to the side . . .", said Heine; so the heart fell into the pants after all;

He was right, the LKaim Bückeburg, when he said on his deathbed: "I don't need to go back to Judaism, because I have never left it." A pure Jew will ever have to do that, even if the baptismal water is in his boots. "Moses took a poor shepherd tribe and created out of it a great, eternal, holy people, a people of God, who could serve as an example to all other peoples, yes, as a prototype for all mankind; he created Israel!" It is a pity that he did not know Heine, Barmat and Rutisker; he would have sung an even greater hymn of praise.

The Syrians always think that they don't know anything about them. Heine, too, muttered something about it, raising his eyebrows. "You thought you knew the Jews because you saw their beards, but nothing more ever came out, and as in the Middle Ages, they are a walking mystery in modern times. It may be ent. on the Day of which the Prophet prophesied that there will be but one host and one flock, and that the righteous one who has endured for the salvation of mankind will receive his glorious recognition."

In the meantime, a little more has come to light than the beards. We can even see a corner of the innkeeper. And soon the Christians will be the flock that he will drive home with an iron stick across the windy heath to shear.

A Frenchman, Monsieur I. I. Dubochet, once received the following letter from Heine: "Our (!) Enemies are on top in Germany.

rbö

The so-called "national" party, the Teutomaniacs, boast of ridiculous and crude self-conceit, their boasts are unbelievable. They

We dream of playing the leading part in the history of the world for their part, of regathering the lost tribes in the East and West in the German nationality, and if

you do not hasten to give them Alsace, they will soon demand Lorraine from you, and God knows where their German arrogance will stop. Their wish is the Rrieg, and on this point they are united with our princes, who would like to unleash the zeal of their rebellious subjects on foreign countries. I have received very sad news from the Rhine: the most devoted friends of France, who have been working for twenty years to destroy the power of Prussia in the Rhineland, no longer dare to fight against the encroaching national spirit, and have planted the flags of the German Raiserreich."

as DrumoNt said: patriotism is the last refuge of the big crooks!

All this does not prevent a city on the Rhine from erecting a monument to this R a n a i l l e in the midst of a terrible oppression by Henry's friends, but miserably forgetting Schlageter.

Is there no one in Dusseldorf who would bring a resistance to life)

Lessrng, the keynote speaker

The keynote speaker of the Stuttgart Crooks' Congress of 1929, professor in Hanover, Zionist, Dr. Leffing-Lazarus, has just presented himself to the public again in the "Präger Tageblatt" (a Czech government newspaper written in German). He recounts his "Rricgserinnerungen". "The Hospital" is what he calls this melancholy struggle of the people at the Rlagemauer, which reads thus:

"When, immediately after the outbreak of the World War, in August,9 I surrendered to the district command as a volunteer doctor, I was not inspired by love of the fatherland, nor by love of humanity, nor by any motive force worthy of praise, but by the

rby

I had the desire to flee from the fatherland and humanity if possible. I fought against the 'Big Time' wherever I could... First of all, it was possible to be freed from the weapons exercises. To put it more correctly: it managed to squeeze me. For four years I had to go to the mustering every month. The retirements became more and more strict. I kept using new lists to avoid the front... My military passport was from the year S9ö. In the paffe was written: "Dr. med The fact that I passed the medical doctor's examination, but not the state examination (which alone grants the qualification to practise medicine), did not weigh a doubt.iel in days when doctors were needed in masses ...

"The first military hospital, in which I prepared for the duties of a military doctor during the summer of 1914, stands before my memory like an operetta. If I managed to find a place as an assistant teacher and as an assistant doctor at the same time, I was able to make myself "indispensable" in this or that position and, if possible, in both, and was "complained" from two sides. This foresight proved to be correct. . . . My third hospital... In the "Gffi- ziersrestsheim" there were excellencies with two kinds of pats. One kind of mind was not fond of the craft of riding, the other kind of mind consisted, on the contrary, of 'conquering natures'. One had senselessly ordered too many companies to their deaths, the second had had men tied up and beaten ... In such cases, when it was a question of princes and counts, it was said to be 'overstimulation of the nerves', and until the matter was forgotten, a holiday was prescribed. There was a shock of German reports in the pretty gray deck chairs. ..

"My last hospital... had three hundred beds for sex, sick, and they were always occupied... So I had fallen into a horde that was, so to speak, ashamed . . . But the fact is that in the first year of the season whole regiments in Belgium and France were poisoned, partly with gonorrhea, partly with primary syphilis. just as the insect, threatened with death, still rapidly practises the act of reproduction, as if the sacrificed individual wanted to save himself in the duration of the species, so nature was loosened immediately before the last gathering. Even animals, even carcasses of animals, were abused."

So that's all a so-called German professor from the Rriege has seen. And he was the protégé of the former Prussian Minister of Government, Dr. Becker, and anyone who has read his self-confessions will not be surprised by this.

Sklareks

When Barmat's fame has faded away, a new dynasty rises to the heights of democracy: the Sklareks. They were well known, certainly: just as Sigi Bösel had bought the saloon car of Raiser Wilhelm II, so the Sklareks had become the owners of the former royal Bavarian stud farm, their racehorses ran in all the feudal republican races, their magnificent villas were crammed with rusts of all

kinds, noble guests of the republican-loyal parties rode par force hunts in the forests of the former German estates. At the bars and pubs of the Rurfürstendamm, the fraternal triumvirate let champagne and sparkling wine flow, French, of course, for 50 marks a bottle. Collieries of 4,000 to 5,000 marks were nothing out of the ordinary. When they appeared, the porters gave light signals, and the "ladies" of the neighbourhood came to sweeten the hours after the day's burden and trouble for the constitutionally loyal tugs and their guests.

These burdens and troubles of Dause Sklarek consisted largely in forgeries. They expelled Rleider en masse (God the Just, that is an element of life), the loyal republican officials of Berlin, its mayors, their wives and daughters were bribed with cheap furs, breeches, tuxedos, Social Democratic upstarts and families were allowed to live with them for weeks at a time, champagne was drunk and par force hunting, friendly relations were maintained with all parties, even German nationalist "anti-Semites" did not disdain it, To go out with the Sklareks, let alone the DDP., the party of the mayor of the capital of the republic, Dr. Böß, against whom all constitutional powers refused to issue an arrest warrant, despite the fact that he had been publicly accused of passive bribery. It was too big: a Berlin postal clerk, however, who did not receive two telegrams.

and thereby damaged the "state" by a whole r.55 marks, received several months in prison. Warnings about the Sklareks thus fell under the mayor's loyal table . . .

And the Social Democrat shouted: we have nothing to do with the Sklareks ... Until it turned out that the Galician pushers were registered members, had already become members at the time when their ostentation was known. Very small, the "Vor. the brothers are from the SPD. been excluded. To then bring a drawing: a clean slate, after which a German nationalist hurled licks in vain.

And SPD citizens. Master Schneider declared: all slander, that he did not know the Sklareks, that he sat at home and led an idyllic family life. Until it turned out that he had drunk all too often at the freeloader's table, addressed the pushers on a first-name basis and trotted behind them to the race-courses; just as once Comrade Prime Minister Scheide, man had trips to Holland paid for by Barmats, and comrade former Chief of Police of Berlin Richter old sleeping pants and gol. which toothpicks with a bow had gratefully received from the same sliders.

And meekly, the "Vorwärts" reported: Comrade Mayor Schneider was also from the SPD. been excluded. In addition to everything else, it had turned out that the "labor leader" Schnei, who had already stolen from German workers during Germany's most difficult time, had been dismissed without notice. which in intimate circles had apparently been regarded as proof of competence to appoint the comrade as mayor for Lerlin.Mitte. But no prosecutor of the Republic

was found to arrest Monsieur Schnei. It was with difficulty that he was ousted from office. because he had calmly resumed his "official duties" in the town hall, as if nothing had happened.

And then you heard, the SPD. would also have given Comrade Mühl. the Berlin City Council suggested that he resign.

It's all evil, very evil. Because once upon a time, the SPD saw itself. He had already been forced to "exclude" the comrade former Reich Chancellor Bauer (under whose glorious government Versailles was signed). He had allowed himself to be endured by Barmats, and had testified before the parliamentary committee on his larmat profits.

deliberately lied to. But the good farmer had to be removed after a while.

He knew too much. . . .

And today, together with Mrs. Ebert, he inaugurates monuments to Fritz Ebert, to whom the Barmats owe smooth journeys between Holland and Berlin.

The big question is: what else do the Sklareks, Schneiders, etc. know about the SPD.) If they know a great deal, and if they threaten quietly but vigorously, nothing will happen to them any more than to the Barmats, who, received with flowers by like-minded comrades in Amsterdam, do just as much "business" today as they did in the past.

It is reported from Bad Misdcoy that Monsieur Leo Sklarek had deigned to live there, had rented the most magnificent villa, had — of course — sat as an honorary member of the Romitee at the celebration of the Weimar Constitution (as Leo Sklarek, manufacturer, Berlin), had worked as usual, and — had not paid the rent of his villa ...

A Berlin delicatessen gets in touch: Sklareks have set up a large factory of raviar, sparkling wine, pheasants, etc. from here, where; To starving Social Democratic proletarian leaders of the Berlin City Council.

Counterexample: on the frozen Lake Tieswanen, a student found a deer that had almost frozen to death. He would bring it home, raise it from the savings of his pocket money, until it became a healthy roebuck. Since, according to today's laws, it is only just permissible to save the lives of animals, but not to keep them, the father of the Rnaben registered the roebuck, and only asked to reimburse his son Mk. 50 for his expenses. This request was brusquely rejected by the hunting leaseholder: they had "done something inadmissible" and even wanted payment for it. The hunting tenant was Map Sklarek, the nobleman from Galicia. Champagne and raviar, furs and tuxedos on silk to bribe the greats of our time, brutality towards a bark that saved a poor animal from death and raises it with its pocket money.

It is only in this one case that the full shabbiness not only of the Sklareks, but also of their beneficiaries, becomes apparent.

Rev. Dr. Mönius

For some time now, he has been the editor of the Catholic "All. gemeinen Rundschau" in Munich, the three public
virtually unknown until 1929. Until one fine day one day one read in the "Bayerische Rurier", the Munich organ of the so-called Bavarian People's Party, an extremely warm recommendation of his book "Paris, France's Heart"; at the same time with excerpts from this work, the spiritual point of which is in bold type. "Ratholicism breaks every Na. tionalism is the backbone." Curious as we

are, ver. We created this "work of the latest luminary on the pacifist Fimmel", which, significantly, had been published by a company called "Limes Verlag". And our expectations were exceeded in every insight, because with this openness, even in today's Germany, hatred of Germans and French rule is rarely considered a propa for "Ratholicism" and "world peace". Ganda like this. It is therefore worthwhile to subject this work to a small examination.

The pamphlet is a single glorification of Frenchness, a contempt for the German national will, and at the same time a propaganda for the annihilation of the white man in general by advocating mixing with Negroes. On page 84 we read:

"The people who live side by side here in Paris without hostility, live, walk, amuse themselves, study, testify in all colours that Paris is Rosmopolis. Pictures upon pictures: a Negro as a bus, schaffncr; a mulatto woman as a street conductor; Hottentot. women kneel before a confessional; a Senegal boy serves as an altar boy; Mongolians sit in droves in the Luxembourg Garden; the Sorbonne is teeming with people of both sexes in all skin colors, all kinds of slurs and varieties on the boulevards and in the cafés. EinweissergehtArminArminArmeinColored; a colored man with a white woman who walks proudly, strides and does not blush. And in the dance hall: Whites, Rreo. Mulattoes, mestizos, Negroes and Mongols. And even what seductions of vice! Black Shame; Such a thing comes to the mind of a pure person. At the Moulin Rouge I was able to
once saw half of the blacks and yellows dancing with European women. Rosmopolis is not a swampy ground for a folkish question. The Grande Cation, like the Catholic Rirche, embraces the foreign Raffen without prejudice, Pius XL, in an allocution for the Miffions, has bred the arrogance of the Westerners and protected the other Raffes from the stigma of inferiority. France, for all its pride in its fine Latinity, is far from a conceit and therefore also claims the moral right to let foreign allies fight for it. Moreover, France used colored soldiers because it had them, while some other states perhaps did not use them simply because they did not have them. It is not the blood that forms the state, but the political will of the state. It is a romantic superstition about blood, which, in spite of all science, breeds its ideologies. The Tunisian, the Senegal or Rongo Negro, the Indian, the Tongkinger, and the Annamite can be as enthusiastic a Frenchman as the full-blooded Parisian."

The spiritual inadequacy of these words is certainly just as great as the secret hatred of a strong Germanness. It is interesting to note that the Catholic priest visited the Moulin Rouge. On page 90 we read the following confessions:

"Throughout the centuries, in all the countries of the Orbis Christianus, it has

been the glory of the episcopate and the Rlerus to stand on the side of the Pope, even against their own country. Gallicanism is nationalist MUS; Catholicism, however, breaks the back of any nationalism. France's Gallicanism is to be understood from the history of the country, and this history not without him. Other countries have different gallicanisms. Germany's fall from grace into nationalism is its Reformation. She did not curtail the Pope's rights, but denied them. It separated the Germanic peoples from the pope, just as photius did the Slavons. So these peoples fell for their tsars ... Since the Reformation, which was only partially successful, the Catholic part of the Protestant national body has been like a stake in the flesh. To the annoyance of the nationalists, it is ultramontane and prevents the formation of a nation-state."

There is truly no clearer way to express oneself. The "German" priest "understands" Gallicanism, but in Germany he describes it as a Catholic mission to prevent a nation-state! Continue p. sS:

"It was in the spirit of the time that the Catholic powers triumphed over the defeat of the Retzers, and the commemoration minted in 1572 coined with the image
of Pope Gregory III on the one hand, and the angel with Rreuz and sword on the other, and the inscription "Hugonorum Strages" is only the symbol of an unsenti. mentally sentient epoch. The Pope's Tedeum gave thanks for the victory of the Catholic religion. The Parisian blood-high of time has once again married France to Ratholicism."

Der — Deutschland gegenüber — Pazifismus fordernde Dr. Mö. So he is quite satisfied with one of the bloodiest extermination battles, because he served France under the "Latinity", the Rirche, and he continues to rejoice:

"The sword of Gideon came out of its scabbard and freed Frank, rich from his tyrants (Henry III). A fanatic Dominican monk of 4 years old had lied to the X-ray under the pretext of bringing important news and knocked down the enemy of the Catholic religion. Liberated, France breathed a sigh of relief and hope."

Are these words to be interpreted as they are, namely, that the author also approves of the murder if the rirche profits from the death of the person to be murdered? On page 107 we read:

"Germany has declared the Rrieg to France. France, however, hurled the ramp legend at the German government. Rreuz. Driving spirits sprouted in the country of Peter of Amiens and St. Louis, and the Rrieg was taken as a religious war. One may try to explain or excuse such a process as psychosis: what matters here is the fact of clearly recognized and fiercely felt opposition, which is not to be treated critically or polemically here, but to be stated in its reality."

Page 116: "Present-day France knows that it is most closely bound to the

Latin will of Rultur, and is now ready for the protection of the West in a well-structured, articulated line of battle like a legionary of Caesar, now like a Benedictine Rultur pioneer."

"The Occident is threatened today by Asiatism, Slavism, Germanism."

Page)Z7: "France is not the hereditary enemy, but the hereditary friend. Germany must integrate itself into the European community and not play the part of the Saxons, whom Charlemagne found difficult to defeat."

Page 154: "France, the eldest daughter of the Church and the Latin muttec soil of an ancient civilization, is regenerating itself from its own strength, however dazzling the external organization of German Catholicism may seem, France proves to be genuinely Catholic in spite of the secular varnish. One day the secular overpainting will be scratched off and the old magnificent painting will be restored.

Haven't March bells always rung under the winter snow? France is springing up towards a new spring, a Catholic renaissance, and perhaps this France will have much greater things to say to the world than before."

Page 156: "Ia, France is Gallia Sancta, the land of the saints. Since 1600, France's Catholic soil has produced fourteen saints. Germany has only one."

All of this can be printed in German with impunity today! while black Frenchmen were still desecrating German women on the Rhine, and the white French are interpreting us to the point of bloodshed, regardless of whether they are Catholics or Freemasons! And then it starts against Germany:

Page 140: "And if he (Napoleon, sleeping in 'unclouded glory'!) After all, if he did not love this (French) people, nor his Mamluks, he at least took care of them. But a fatherland which drives its subjects to their deaths with the slogan "Duke et decorum est pro patria mori" and puts all glory around the hero's death, but lets the invalids and victims of war starve to death, or even criminally steals from them and their surviving dependents, such a state has no ?oint d'honneur. In the Invalides, the veterans lived in small houses like the Carthusians, in their well-tended gardens, in grateful remembrance of their great emperor. They loved him so much that they would have been crippled or dead if they had been crippled.

he would have called her. To the grave of Napoleon not only his beloved people."

what Dr. Mönius has against the present regime, he is supposed to settle with his centrist friends, who brought us inflation (but the Republic Protection Act does not exist for him, although he portrays the Repu. blik as dishonorable). And then (page 191):

"Rational indignation and cramped heart aside! The Frenchman doesn't

care very much about these trophies. Securite is more to him than his vanity, and the reparations money more than the old wagon (from Lompiegne). To the German, of course, this carriage awakens all the tragedy experienced by a misguided and noble people when the steps of the peace delegation were directed towards Marshal Foch. The civilian Erzbecger had to take on the thankless task, which should have been a matter of honour for the Supreme Army Command. But it was too late. The deadline had elapsed for Wilson's fourteen points, and those who did not want to come to an understanding were dictated to a decree of violence."

Dr. Mönius does not know that Erzberger delivered us to the knife through his "indiscretions" at the court of the traitor couple in Vienna and many similar things. That he was doing it again the lie. Lischt, Germany would not have wanted an understanding, completes his self-portrait, continues:

"He (the Unknown Soldier in Paris) saw and experienced what the Napoleonic relief on the Arc de Triomphe tells: how the people rose up and followed the call of the Rriegsgenius. The country stared at guns. So he, too, went along, voluntarily or forced. With a clear conscience he could go out and shop; for his country was in danger: he had to defend it. That is why his people honour him, while elsewhere only the generals who have lost the Rrieg are honoured."

Read the enormity again. For France "Rriegs- gcnius", Rampf for the fatherland, for Germany — slander. fertilize... In Reims (side ros): "The demons of the Rrieges became mad here (in Reims). Infernal destructive instinct hangs the vernacular cloak of strategic necessity around his work." The agitation of French propaganda, which has been proven to be

was a lie, is being robbed again today by a German priest! Page 309:

"Oh, they didn't destroy a city in Reims! You have struck a country to the heart. More than that, blinded, they have thrust themselves into the heart; for the Rathedrale is wounded to death, the Rathedrale which lives on the juice of the noblest Germanic Raffe. Germanic peoples, like Hildebrand once did against the Sobn hadubrand, turned against the most sublime creation of the Germanic spirit. The demon of the Rrieges targets the most sublime symbols of spirituality. The Rönigin-Rathedrale, the old village of the Rönige, St. John's Church and the destination of St. Joan, was more than France's jewel: the heart of the nation leaping in joy. The statue of St. John stands in front of the main portal of the town hall."

Page rzo: "How shame burns in my temples! My pride, being from the land of Dürer and St. Elizabeth, is humiliated by such an artillery success. My hand trembled, when I had to sign the hotel's book of foreigners in view of the bullet-

ridden town hall, they have not the right to appoint in me the German who is complicit; we Christians are familiar with the idea of original sin and vicarious atonement. But the French don't hold a grudge."

And then this Dr. Mönius has the audacity to present himself as the true German. Page 511: "Yes, there is still an enemy within. It

is the one who, in his de-Germanism, pretends to be the patriot, but stamps the real German as a traitor and points him abroad. It is the enemy who sows hatred and sets nations against each other. But like F. W. Förster, I also believe, with Boutrap, that the dispositions of the two peoples are not contrary but complementary, and I hope with Renan that the two halves of the human soul will find each other when France and Germany have found each other.

"Strasbourg is approaching. Saverne: a bad name. After all, the world war began with Zabern: "The lieutenant won, that is, the General Staff."

Page zzr: "At home, the river that unites peoples greets me. But the cathedral flew like a seagull of God into the evening sky."

we find here the whole agitation of the French about a "German" with the exception of a "German", we find here the defence of the French nationalism, of the French war, of the French state, while Germany's national feeling is eagerly encouraged, and the intention is expressed that the Ratcolic will prevent the formation of a German nation-state.

we were waiting for the open rejection of such a book by leading Catholics. In vain...

And finally, Mönius "greets" the Rhine as "uniting peoples", i.e. he recognises the Rhine border, the eternal postulate and inciting Frenchness. what does the Catholic, the German Rhineland say to this — Lord; He is not a Dr. Mönius, he is the center!

But it's more than that! For we know of many cases in which German Catholic priests have been prohibited from any political activity, namely because they openly represented German interests and emphasized German national feeling. Not the slightest action has been taken against the parish priest Mönius in the town of Cardinal Faulhaber. And so Dr. Mönius set about compiling several Belgian special issues of his weekly, in which he took a complete stand of view, and which constituted a single insult to the German army. In the first issue, he wrote verbatim:

"what else has happened, even if there was no blood, exceeds the abominations of the Temple Desecrator Nabuchodonosor, via whose Scandals Us To instill disgust it is our Educators have Churches and altars were desecrated, tabernacles were smashed, the Holy Hosts were strewn on the ground, a pig was slaughtered on the altar, cibores

were placed at the entrance.
Sacred vessels defiled with excrement, the statues of churches beheaded. God does not allow him to be mocked, Is that to reproach the German soldier if the thought should occur to a believer in Providence that the Catholic God had not given such a soldier the way for a victory run?"

Nor has Cardinal Faulhaber done anything against this vile insult, which has passed over into many of the papers of hostile foreign countries. The Bavarian "Minister of Culture", however, did not
that Dr. Mönius's essays were distributed in a journal for children.

In addition to the Belgian collaborators of Dr. Mönius, we were not surprised to meet the traitor Mrs. W. Foerster, then it turned out that this Monsieur is co-owner of the Catholic "Allgemeine Rundschau", which thus represents a mouthpiece of the French League for Human Rights.

And yet another common thread in the literal sense emerged: the Catholic priest Dr. Mönius has a Mr. Winter coming and going as an employee. This Winter, however, is a former Bolshevik apostle of agitation, notorious for his active activity during the Munich Soviet Republic.

As you can see, everything that is hostile to the German comes together here. And Dr. Mönius is just a Rleiner. But a Rleiner who would not dare to come out in such a way if he did not know the thoughts of the great...

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